

THE HOME MEDIUM.
6885 HOUSES, ROOMS and BOARD
ads appear during
July in P.D. Wants.
Over 3400 More Than the Next Largest.
VOL. 53, NO. 355

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

FOURTY-TWO PAGES.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1901.

THE HELP MEDIUM.
10,944 HELP and SITUATIONS WANTED
ads appear during
July in P.D. Wants.
Over 3300 More Than the Next Largest.
PRICE FIVE CENTS

CITY OF 20,000 PEOPLE LAWTON BORN IN A SINGLE DAY

Transformation of a Treeless,
Houseless Plain Into a
Thriving Bive of
Humanity.

A MONUMENT TO PROGRESS

Anarchy Ruled for a Brief
Period, But Soon Gave
Way to Law.

RED MEN LOOKED IN WONDER

Scenes Described by a Staff
Correspondent of the
Post-Dispatch.

From a Staff Correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.
LAWTON, O. T., Aug. 10.—This week I
have witnessed the birth of a city, the
transformation of a wilderness into a
metropolis.

Yesterday a treeless, houseless, nameless
plain, a vast vista of solitude and silence.
Today the riot of children's voices, the
gentle speech of women, the hearty call
of man to man.

Yesterday an untouched prairie; today
the tough turf trodden into streets, dwell-
ings and stores and offices of lumber and
mortar erected, and, continuously, day and
night, the mingled noises of the hammer
and the saw, the chisel and the plane.

I have seen anarchy surrender to govern-
ment, license give place to law and the
reign of robbers supplanted by the rule of
honest men.

Lawton was born Tuesday at 9 o'clock
in the morning. Before night it had grown
to amazing size, an infant prodigy.
This newest daughter of Uncle Sam was
born with a whole set of silver spoons in
her mouth. She came into being with 20,000
sponsors, each claiming her as their own
protector, to nurse and rear into beauty and
felicity.

Not more quickly was Sennacherib de-
stroyed than was Lawton builded. The
wrath of God is terrible; the enthusiasm
of men is splendid.

It is inspiring to witness the building of
a city, the strenuous energy of the pioneers
hewing out homes and fortunes in a coun-
try hitherto populated only by nomadic In-
dians. One feels the thrill of discovery, of
achievement, being for the nonce a part of
this army of invasion that is rapidly for-
saking its tents for the permanent habita-
tions. The spectacle furnishes a lesson in
progress.

Lawton is the county seat of Comanche
County, one of the three new counties
added to Oklahoma territory by the open-
ing of the Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and
Wichita Indian reservations. By general
consent it appears to have been selected
as the metropolis of the country opened,
which is "the new country" in popular
phrasing.

Stripped in the heart of the Comanche
reservation, Lawton begins her existence
under finely favorable auspices. The town
site was selected by the government, a
half section, 320 acres, one mile long by
half a mile wide, being reserved for her
county seat. The mile length is from east
to west.

The townsite was platted by the govern-
ment, a courthouse square and two parks
being set apart, and the business and res-
idence sections designated. The business
lots are 25x150 feet, the residence lots 60x
120. There are 120 lots, all of which are
being sold at auction. The sale began at
9 o'clock Tuesday morning, simultaneously
with the opening of the new land of-
fice on the townsite for the filing of en-
tries on homesteads drawn at the last
week, in the great lottery of Uncle
Sam.

The sale of lots will continue until all
are sold, the proceeds going to the build-
ing of a county courthouse and the pub-
lic improvements of the city.

For several weeks the world has been
hearing of Lawton, and the impression has
been created that Lawton was a town. As
a matter of fact Lawton was merely a
name, an unpopulated townsite until the
opening of the new country last Tues-
day.

THE ALPHA OF LAWTON.

The Lawton land office, so called, at
which many thousands of homeseekers reg-
istered, was at Fort Sill, on the military
reservation, five miles from the townsite.
A few days before the opening a land
office building, one story high, was erect-
ed, the first wooden structure on the new
townsite. Adjoining this another building,
for the City National Bank, was construct-
ed, the west a one-room office for the United
States commissioner.

When, by the proclamation of President
McKinley, the new lands were opened to
settlement Aug. 6, these three buildings
were the only ones in Lawton. There was
not a single residential house on the town-
site.

But on three sides of the townsite was
a wonderful city. It was a city of can-
vas, a metropolis of tents. It was a city
of street organization, the thoroughfares
running along the four sides of a quadran-
gle a mile long and half a mile wide.

Not being permitted to pitch their tents
upon the townsite, the campers established
themselves as close to the coveted spot as
was possible. The city was centered on the
tent city was upon the claim section of
James R. Woods of Weatherford, O. T.,
who drew the capital prize in the big lot-
tery. Here was Main street, a mile long
south, a quarter of a mile, were several
streets, one of which was called Grand
avenue. On each side of Main street, from
the east to the west end of the townsite,
the gypsies lapped. Many persons who
arrived too late to secure street-front lo-
cations pitched their tents in the rear of
those already on the ground. From Main
street southward to the creek, a quarter
of a mile, the sloping plain glittered with
white canvas.

At right angles from the eastern end of
Main street ran Goo Goo avenue. This
unique thoroughfare was named by a man
from Missouri, who said that the name
made good poetry. The name was chosen
along to find a lot as he passed
was on the right of way of the Rock Island
road, which had been granted an extension
from Anadarko, the county seat of the
new county called Caddo, to Lawton. The
right of way lies 30 feet to the west of
the right of way line, adjoining the townsite
on the east. This 30-foot strip, half a mile
long, was occupied by the tent city of Goo
Goo avenue.

On each side of the avenue across the
white city, rope lapping rope, and in the
rear of the street front, as on Main
avenue, covering all the right of way. Far
beyond the railroad track, to the east,
the town of tents continued.

Goo Goo avenue ended at the northeast
corner of the townsite, where another
popular tent street began. This was the
last thoroughfare to be laid out, here another
tent city, a mile long, was being erect-
ed. The tents faced the townsite, a mile-long
strip pitched in the rear for a quarter of
a mile toward Fort Sill.

Just before the opening, Lawton's town
of tents began to grow along the western
end of the town site, forming a quadrangle
of canvas with an open space a mile long
by half a mile wide in the middle. As the

PHOTOGRAPHS, ILLUSTRATING SCENES AT THE BIRTH OF LAWTON, TAKEN FOR THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH



Miss Mattie H. Beal, the Missouri girl who won second prize, and her friend, Mrs. Clara Hewitt, assistant postmistress at Lawton. They were photographed in front of the tent where the ladies lodged, on the north part of the quarter section which, it was supposed, Miss Beal would take. James R. Woods, the first winner, chose his four forties in a row and cut off Miss Beal from the townsite.



Land office at Lawton just as the first ten fortunate homeseekers came out after filing on their homesteads, Tuesday morning.



Sunday morning scene on "Main street" in Lawton's city of tents. Placed side by side, with ropes lapping, these tents for business and living purposes would make a line twelve miles long.

great day drew near the enthusiastic
"squatters" with a pull began to camp
upon the townsite, along one of the future
principal streets, and a tent town of con-
siderable magnitude grew near the center
of the townsite. Here also were the tents
of the United States deputy marshals, the
county officials appointed by Gov.
Jenkins of Oklahoma and several news-
papers offices.

BEYOND MISS BEAL'S HILL.

Beyond the creek and up the hill south
of the city of tents lies the claim entered
by Miss Mattie H. Beal, the Missouri girl
who won the second prize. Miss Beal has
resided in Wichita, Kan., two months, but
she was born in Springfield, Mo., and has
lived nearly all her life in her native state.

"I am a Missouri girl," she says, "and
I am proud of it. The canvas conglomeration was not
gained the best perspective view of the
city of tents. The night was marvelous to
behold. Could a visitor have dropped down
from the clouds he might have imagined
that a vast army was encamped here, with
headquarters in the center and the camps
of the fighting men on the four sides.

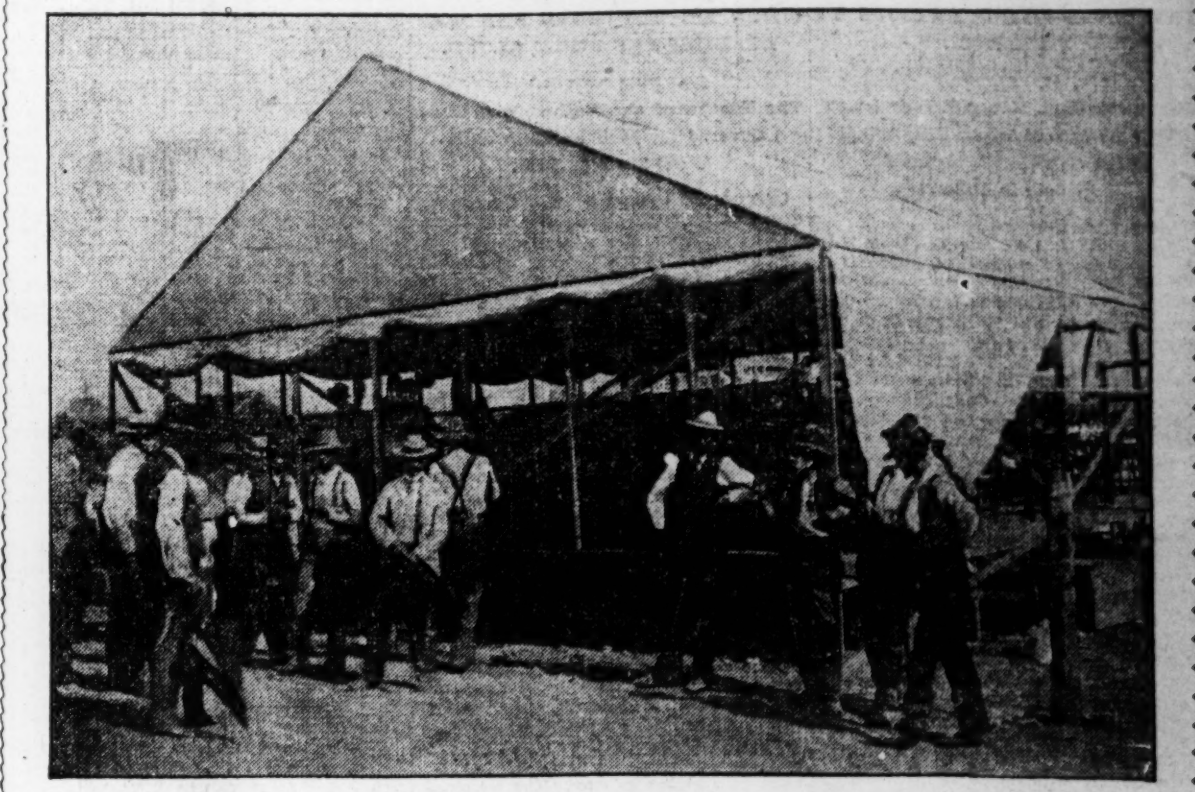
But the canvas conglomeration was not
limited to this great quadrangle. Stretch-
ing far away on every side, to the extreme
limit of vision, the sloping plain gleamed
with tent. Thousands were encamped
along Cache creek, pronounced "Cash-
ah," and along the smaller runs where, in sea-
sons of ordinary moisture, rippling waters
cover the clay beds of the streams. The
covered wagons, the prairie schooner, added
variety to these sections of the settlement.

Prairie schooners by the thousands were
in camp here, the homes or miles herded
near by or turned out on the surrounding
prairies to graze upon the sage grass and
mesquite. The families who had come in
overland camped beside their wagons, some

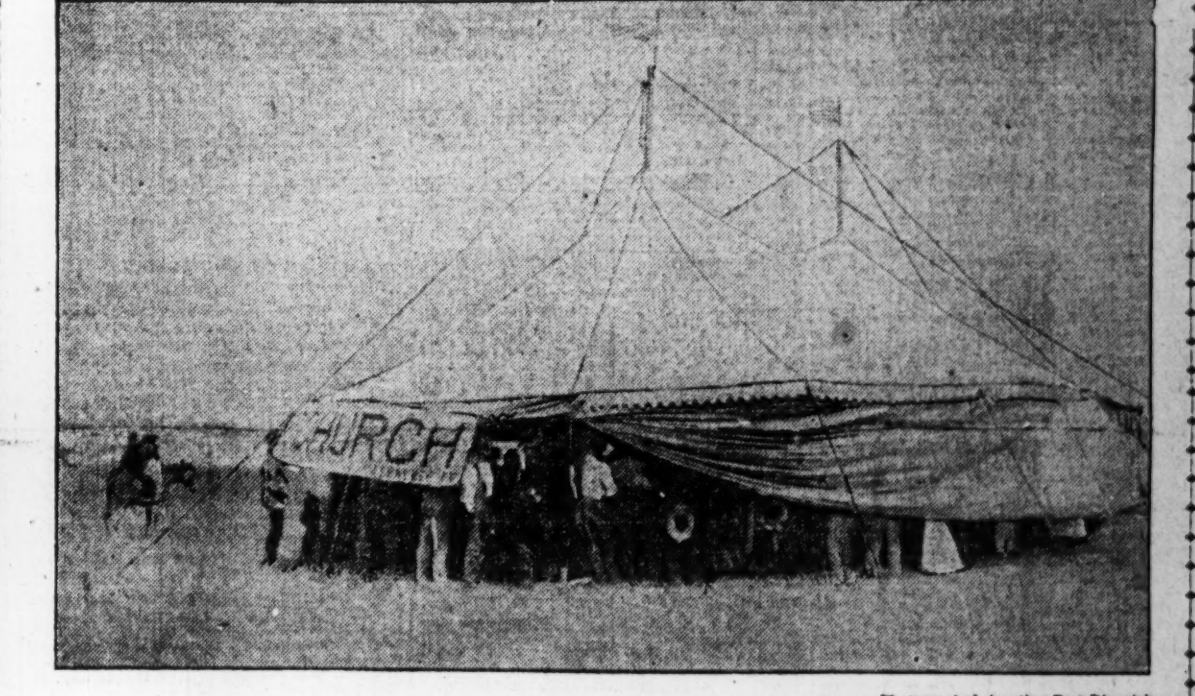
of them raising a sheet for an awning to
shut off the glare of the sun, others open to
the sky.

Looking from the top of the Missouri
girl's hill, I saw this marvelous host in
action. Again, at night, I saw the army in
bivouac, asleep. In the early morning I be-
held it awakening from its slumber and
watched the thousands of campfires built
among the tents, the thin blue smoke curling
up from the blackened coffee pots and the
frying pans where fat bacon and greasy
beans were being cooked for the breakfast.

As they dashed hither and yon on the military
reservation, the Comanches presented to
the eye all the hues of the rainbow.
As they dashed hither and yon on the military
reservation, the Comanches presented to
the eye all the hues of the rainbow.



Last day of the drawing of claims at El Reno, showing platform, booth and the boxes from which the names were taken.



Methodist Church in Lawton, during the first Sunday service held in the new city. At the moment the picture was taken, the tent congregation was singing the doxology, standing, while two Comanche Indians on horseback, at the left, observed the scene.

dians that the paleface medicine man had
come to supplant them.

A large red tent with a hardware adver-
tisement arose on the north side of the
townsite. A caravan of 60 prairie schooners
had brought overland from Marlow, 25
miles eastward, the stock for this store.

Here and there blossomed a striped tent
for residence or business. One big black
creation of canvas on the south side was
dubbed "The Black Hole of Calcutta." Poker
and faro and the roulette wheel,
flourishing within, put many a homeseeker
"in the hole."

I have said that this was like the encamp-
ment of a vast army. The statement should
be qualified. An army provides for its
place of encampment certain sanitary ar-
rangements which conserve the health of
the soldiers. Lawton, being unorganized,
important feature. As a result the sanitary
status of the tent city was anything but
admirable. This city, which blossomed out
into the street with buckets to be used in
the place of a sewer. It had practically
no water. Down along the bed of
Cache creek, men dug several wells, when
soon filled with seep water. This liquid
was a dull brown color, and it left a
dark brown taste in the mouth. It was im-
pregnated with gyp. This is an abbrevia-
tion for gypsum or alkali.

LAND PLENTY; WATER SCARCE.

The gyp water sold, and still sells, at
from 25 to 40 cents a barrel, two buckets
for 5 cents. There is no free water in
Lawton, unless one is close enough to a
well to carry water. Wagons go through
the tent streets all day long, and the cry
of "Water! Water!" raucous and ringing,
punctuates the air. Men and women rush
out into the street with buckets to be filled.
If one wants only a bucket, the dealer gives
a ticket for another and accepts a subse-
quent payment for two buckets.

Cautious men, who have families to sup-
port and know the cost of funeral ex-
penses, turn a few drops of acid phosphate
or quinine a lemon into the water before
they drink it, but in justice to Lawton it
should be said that this water, however un-
palatable it may appear on the surface, is
reasonably healthful, and the drinker who
becomes accustomed to it soon lapses into
a state of contentment like that of the
St. Louis native who has imbibed Cal-
seum for such a long time that he ceases to
hanker after water that is clear.

There is plenty of water on Mr. Woods'
claim, but it is understood that all the
tents on claim No. 1, as elsewhere,
are squatters. When they came in they
pitched their tents wherever they found a
desirable location, asking no favors from
anybody. When a group of temporary set-
tlers in a certain district felt the need of
water near their camps they went in "ba-
hoos" and dug a well. Fairly good water
was struck at 20 to 30 feet, and a primitive
windlass was rigged up for drawing this
necessary of life to the surface. Mr.
Woods, when he settles on his claim, will
find it honeycombed with wells.

On the Lawton townsite the water con-
ditions are different. At several points
well borers have been at work throughout
the week and holes have been bored to
the depth of 100 feet without striking a
drop of water. The townsite is on high
ground, and much disappointment is ex-
pressed because water has not been found.
But there are those who rejoice at the
failure to find water.

"It is the best thing possible," they say.
"Yonder are the Kiowa mountains, plain and
by visible a dozen miles away. In those
altitudes are fresh, clear lakes. We can

pipe the water to the city, and it will re-
quire little, if any, artificial pressure. The
water is perfectly pure, and we can have
water works to supply the whole city with
fine water and let the gyp wells go bang."

Water aside, Lawton begins business with
nearly everything necessary for comfort.
Nearly a third of business was repre-
sented in the Tent City before the opening
of the reservation. Some of these will be
permanence. Many will not stay. It is
simply a matter of the survival of the
fittest.

LAWTON'S BUSINESS ELEMENT.

Lawton has 125 lawyers.
Lawton has 87 restaurants.
Lawton has 150 real estate dealers.
Lawton has 22 doctors.
Lawton has two undertakers.
Lawton has one hospital.
Lawton has six churches.
Lawton has seven printing offices.
Lawton has two daily newspapers, with
five others, weekly or daily, getting ready
to start.
Lawton has 16 butcher shops.
Lawton has three grocery stores.
Lawton has two wholesale groceries.
Lawton has one wholesale and five retail
hardware stores.
Lawton has six dry goods and clothing
stores.
Lawton has 16 barber shops.
Lawton has one laundry and needs
100 more, for the present.
Lawton has eight drug stores.
Lawton has 250 assorted dealers, seem-
ing to be making money.
Lawton has three dentists.
Lawton has one jewelry store.
Lawton has one bottling works.
Lawton has—well, everything excepting
the dignity of age, and that will come in
time.

When the town began its official ex-
istence last Tuesday there were nearly 500
business houses, all doing business in
tents or under some kind of awning.
With a canvas population of 20,000,
these 500 assorted dealers seem to be
making money. But the coming brick and
lumber stores will be different from that
which resides in the tents. The first
who survive will be fewer. There will be
need for fewer stores, fewer lawyers, few-
er doctors. The population will seek its
proper level, and the fat cattle upon the
prairie elsewhere and Lawton will subside into
a solid town of much less population than
at present, but of much greater stability.
Today it is a mushroom. Tomorrow it will
be a hardy shrub. Ten years from now it
may be a flourishing tree. Just now, at
any rate, it is an interesting vegetable.

WAGON FOR LAW OFFICE.

There are constant comedies in Lawton.
One who has time to laugh finds much food
for laughter.

Mr. Morgan is a lawyer. They call him the
judge. He made a run for Lawton as soon
as the epic days of El Reno were over,
and set up his law office in a commodious
tent on the north side of Main street. Mr.
Morgan has a typewriter and a typewriter
girl. His chief exertions these days are
directed toward defending his typewriter
from importunate persons who want
typewriting done. There are not many typ-
ewriting machines in Lawton, and the own-
ers of the few that are here stand guard
over them with shotguns and revolvers.

There is another lawyer, a young fellow
from Wichita, who is determined to be
one of the survivors. He came to Lawton
with a law diploma and \$20.

"I am living on 30 cents a day," he said,
and going to stick. "When I go broke, if
I go, I'll take a job at carpenter work or
bed carrying and stand by the burg till
I can support me as a lawyer. Then I'm
a candidate for Congress, or anything that
comes my way."

This attorney has a copy of the Oklaho-
ma statutes, a coffee pot and a skillet. He
cooks in his tent, letting the smoke out of
a hole in the roof. He may be a future
Lincoln.

THE PROBLEM OF EATING.

Before I came across country from El
Reno to Lawton I was admonished to car-
ry supplies for a campaign. "You can get
nothing to eat there," I was told. "Better
take provisions to last you while there."

Arriving in the Tent City I found almost
everything needed for housekeeping. True,
there is no delmonico among the restaurants,
but there is one place, near the gambling head-
quarters, on Main street, where one may
get a porterhouse. This costs 50 cents. It
is the restaurant's specialty. The gam-
bling gentry from New York and St. Louis
patronize this place. They have money for
porter houses.

The unwary yokels whom they have
lured east at lunch places where regular
meals are served at 25 cents. These reg-
ular meals would not pass muster in El
Reno, but they do very well in Lawton.
Their worst feature is the breakfast which
they serve. It is marvelous that in this
new country, where the fat cattle graze
upon a thousand hills, one cannot get a
breakfast capable of being distinguished
without the use of a crosscut saw. The
beef is slaughtered down by the creek,
but the meat, when served, is like the
meat of a hog.

There are no eggs and no butter in Law-
ton. When these excursions the grocery
stores furnish practically everything else
in the edible line.

All the supplies are freighted over by
prairie schooner from Marlow, Rush
Springs and Chickasha, the nearest
Chickasha station, on the Rock Island Rail-
road.

When one takes into consideration the
fact that all the business houses enumer-
ated, and many more, are numerous to
mention, were conducted in tents, some-
idea of the unique character of the tented
town may be gained.

Since the beginning of the town lot sale
Aug. 6, under the direction of Commissioner
J. L. Hamilton, a number of wooden build-
ings for business purposes have been erect-
ed on the townsite. Special Agent O'Brien
of the interior department, a gentleman
of pleasant avocations, acts as auction-
eer in the erection of these buildings, which
cover a booth platform. The
of this gallery, about from 9 in the morn-
until 4 in the afternoon.

As soon as a local business man buy
(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO)

Krugent's MONDAY OFFERINGS

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AT CHARLESTON

Missouri World's Fair Commissioners to Make
Great Effort.

MANY VISITORS AT BUFFALO

GUESSES AT ST. LOUIS DIRECTOR-GENERAL ALL AT SEA.

Secretary Hitchcock Was Mentioned, as
Was Prof. H. S. Prichett—Mark
Bennett to Come to St. Louis
Fair at Once.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 10.—There are two names that were mentioned about today at the Pan-American Exposition in connection with the director-generalship of the St. Louis World's Fair. The newest name is that of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, secretary of the Interior, who, it is said, would consent to temporarily vacate his office in the President's cabinet in order to assume the duties of director-general. The possibility seems to have no more foundation than the more gossamer ones of the past. Prof. Henry S. Prichett is still most frequently mentioned. The professor, who is superintendent of mines at St. Louis, was reported to have been here for several days ago had reference to the director-generalship and that he would meet Prof. Prichett here, but Mr. Stevens' denial put a temporary end to that story.

Mark Bennett of Buffalo, who will be connected with the press and publicity bureau of the World's Fair, severed his connection with the Pan-American Exposition today and will leave next week for St. Louis.

Dr. David T. Day, who has been chosen as superintendent of the department of mines and mining at St. Louis, is just as busy engaged with duties of his office as he will be next week for Washington, where he will arrange with the government for a vacation from his official duties there, in order that he may accept the position of general superintendent of the department of mines at St. Louis. There seems to be no general satisfaction over this selection.

Dr. Day is one of the greatest mineralogists in this country and thoroughly familiar with the mineral resources and possibilities of all the states. He is now in St. Louis from the Pan-American list of officials.

Quite a number of distinguished St. Louisians were at the exposition this week. Dr. Day, who has been chosen as superintendent of the department of mines and mining at St. Louis, is just as busy engaged with duties of his office as he will be next week for Washington, where he will arrange with the government for a vacation from his official duties there, in order that he may accept the position of general superintendent of the department of mines at St. Louis. There seems to be no general satisfaction over this selection.

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She Has Already Given Independence
to Many Through a Self-Supporting
School for Needlework
and Shop.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Always anxious to better the condition of young women, and especially to save them from the drudgery of poorly paid domestic service, the beautiful Countess of Warwick has inaugurated a branch of the agricultural college at Reading for women, and hopes by its means to again widen the sphere of usefulness for her proteges.

Lady Warwick is the idol of the girls on her estates, for whom she has made the world so much brighter and life so much broader.

She is a clever business woman, and although sparing neither pains nor expense in the advancement of the women of the poorer class, she insists upon putting these schemes on a self-supporting basis.

Lady Warwick's connection with business began when as Lady Brooke she determined to help the daughters of the tenants on her estates in Essex to earn their own living without being compelled to leave home.

She was long puzzled over the solution of the problem, but at last hit upon the happy idea of opening a school of needlework with the establishment of a shop in which to dispose of the pupils' handwork.

The pretty little shop she opened in Bond street was soon filled with the successful success of the institution.

The school was soon on a paying basis, and the little shop is a substantial monument of practical benevolence.

Lady Warwick's devotion to the betterment of her girl tenants does not interfere with her social duties, and she is one of the most popular hostesses in London.

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She is a clever business woman, and although sparing neither pains nor expense in the advancement of the women of the poorer class, she insists upon putting these schemes on a self-supporting basis.

Lady Warwick's connection with business began when as Lady Brooke she determined to help the daughters of the tenants on her estates in Essex to earn their own living without being compelled to leave home.

She was long puzzled over the solution of the problem, but at last hit upon the happy idea of opening a school of needlework with the establishment of a shop in which to dispose of the pupils' handwork.

The pretty little shop she opened in Bond street was soon filled with the successful success of the institution.

The school was soon on a paying basis, and the little shop is a substantial monument of practical benevolence.

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COUNTESS OF WARWICK
AND CHILD

GAY COWES SOCIETY

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS
WEST'S SENSATION.

LADY MEUX'S FICKLENESS

W. K. Vanderbilt Said to Be Looking
Around for an English Country
Residence.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch.
(Copyright, 1901.)

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Lady Meux is fickle-ness itself. Her generosity to the Earl and the Countess of Essex was quite romantic, but she has fallen out with them.

She has also fallen out with several other of her aristocratic acquaintances and with her husband, Lord Althorpe, who she is expected to leave for a time.

She is now in the hands of a doctor, and her health is said to be very bad.

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A NEW GAS THAT DON'T EXPLODE

A Great Future Is Expected
for It.

MAY TAKE PLACE OF COAL

IS A PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM
AND AIR.

On Locomotives It Would Revolutionize
Railroading and on Steamships
Would Save Half the Usual
Expense of a Voyage.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—"To Europe in four days without coal" was the announcement the other day; but equally startling claims are put forth by Charles A. Kuenzel, a Hoboken inventor, for his dry, non-explosive gas made from 85 parts of ordinary air and 15 parts of kerosene.

Successful petroleum burning for making steam has been the subject of much discussion, but the idea is not new.

The idea is not new. The aim has been to burn the oil with enough air to make it more economical than coal or any other fuel.

Only a Recent Discovery.

Mr. Kuenzel says it is but a few weeks since he hit on his process for manufacturing a highly inflammable non-explosive dry gas largely from compressed steam.

Some estimate of the extraordinary cheapness of this gas may be formed when it is declared that from a single gallon of kerosene mixed with hot compressed air and this in the face of the solemn and oft-repeated statement that gas companies do not let it out for less than a cent.

How the Gas Is Made.

This gas produces steam without the aid of coal in any manner. Here is a brief description of its manufacture at the works in West Hoboken. An ordinary steam boiler is used. The water in the boiler is heated by a gas burner.

The gas burner is a simple device. It consists of a pipe leading from a tank of kerosene to a burner. The burner is a simple device. It consists of a pipe leading from a tank of kerosene to a burner.

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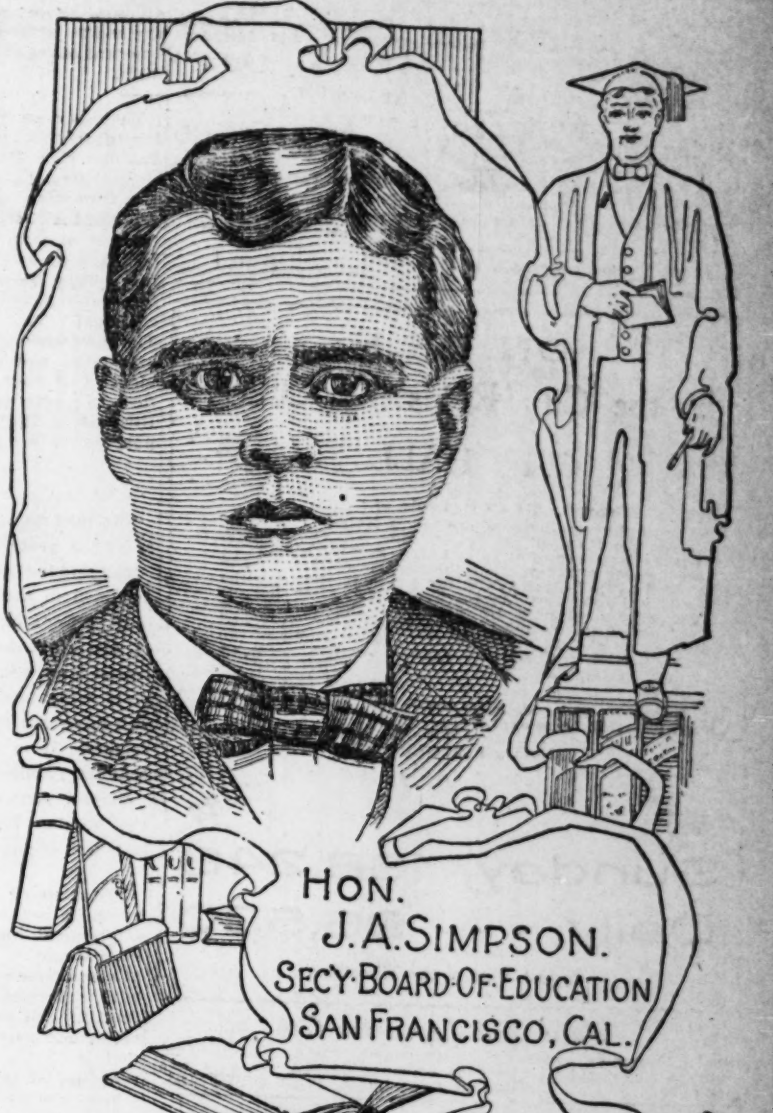
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TEACHERS AND COLLEGE MEN

Praise and Recommend Pe-ru-na.



HON.
J.A. SIMPSON.
SECY. BOARD OF EDUCATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Chair to keep from smothering. My legs and arms pained me most of the time. My feet were cold on the hottest day, my tongue was coated, I had chills from my head to my feet. I was weak and had very little life and everything looked dark to me, and often I wished for the end.

"I took all kinds of medicine—do not think there is a drug store in use that I did not get some truck from. I also used vapor baths, dieted, drank all the mineral waters, had many consultations with two of the best doctors of this city, used their prescriptions, but all seemed of no use."

"After months of this kind of work I fully made up my mind to try Peruna, and thank God for it, as I had not used over two bottles until I felt a change, and have been getting better ever since, and now I am well and strong."

All my friends tell me how well I look. Let me say to those who are sick, try Peruna if you have any of my symptoms; it will cure you. Don't expect to be cured by one bottle, but stick to it until cured."—J. Edward Clark.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

en, certainly good news for firemen who roast and die in those submarine torture chambers called fire rooms in big steamers.

"Using this gas," added Mr. Kuenzel, "seriously abolishes the smoke nuisance so especially where soft coal is used, as in Chicago, St. Paul, London, and Manchester. Gas would make railways and tunnels smokeless."

Regarding the use of gas for driving ocean steamships, he said:

"It is a great value would not be confined to economy in coal alone. At least one hundred of the hundred and fifty stokers of the fire room could be freed from the fuel. One man could attend to ten boilers."

"There would be less danger of explosion from oil stored for making the gas than from coal, which forms in the coal bunkers. The advantage is that the gas is not so inflammable as coal, and it is not so difficult to handle as coal."

I had observed this and inquired the cause. The above explanation was given.

Among other strong claims made for this new gas, besides saving it will not explode in a crowded room might be filled with it and no one suffocated.

When you open the door of the engine the reverse of the temperature goes up, which motive power produced by the gas heat exceeds that of a coal fire. It is not so under the boiler. This is said to account for the singular fact that little heat is felt by one standing at the door of the boiler.

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Poison Oak Poison Ivy

BOTANICAL REPTILES

Their Sting Sets the Skin on Fire and Fills the Veins with a Violent, Lingering Poison

These plants seem to partake of the nature and character of the serpent; in winter time being comparatively harmless, but when warmed into life by spring and summer heat they become extremely venomous and spiteful, emitting a milky juice that burns and blisters like a fiery acid, producing quick inflammation and painful swelling. Some persons are so susceptible to these vegetable poisons that coming in their vicinity will produce almost as much discomfort and pain as handling them; their thin and sensitive skins seem to absorb from the surrounding atmosphere the acrid juices emanating from these plants. There is seldom a picnic or family gathering in the woods but that some member of the party comes in contact with Poison Ivy, Oak or some other hurtful plant or weed, and through the open pores the poison is carried to the overheated blood. Poison Ivy is found clinging to tree trunks,

BLOOD SATURATED WITH POISON OAK.

Mr. John Friel, of Bear Station, Del., writes: "I was poisoned with poison oak which went through my blood, and my condition became so serious that the doctors all said I could not get well. I remained in a precarious condition, confined to the house, for six months, when I saw S. S. S. advertised and began its use, soon realizing that it was doing me good. I continued the medicine and was cured entirely. I think it is the best blood medicine made."

Like edges and a downy appearance underneath. While the two plants are entirely unlike in appearance, the poisonous effects are very similar. After the swelling subsides the skin remains for a long time in a rough and inflamed condition, dotted here and there with bad looking ulcers and little festering sores. It is truly remarkable with what regularity and certainty the disease returns, and always on schedule time, appearing the same month, day and hour, almost, that it did the year before. Don't be deceived should all the signs of the poison vanish soon after the first attack—the acrid juices have been taken through the open skin pores into the blood, and the most persistent and faithful use of external remedies can never dislodge them, and next season, and for years to come, you may expect to endure the same bodily tortures; the blood in the meantime becoming so saturated and charged with the poison that each succeeding attack leaves the body weaker and recovery more uncertain and slow, and thus the once simple malady ends disastrously.

For every poisonous plant, tree, shrub or flower, nature has wisely provided an antidote or cure. The roots and herbs of which S. S. S. is composed quickly, surely and permanently overcome and drive out of the blood and system the effects of Poison Ivy, Poison Oak, Virginia Creeper, Thunder Weed, Sumac and vegetable poisons of every variety. S. S. S. will be found an invaluable and perfect antidote for poisons of this class. There is never any return of the aggravating symptoms after a course of S. S. S., as it destroys every vestige of the poison.

Don't abandon hope because of repeated failures. State your case to our doctors; we feel sure they can help you. Medical advice will cost you nothing and is strictly confidential. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free. **SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.**

BE A MAN

Throw Away Your Medicine—Our

VACUUM ORGAN DEVELOPER

WILL RESTORE YOU

NO CURE NO PAY

75,000 IN USE NOT ONE FAILURE NOT ONE RETURNED

Our Vacuum Organ Developer should be used by every man. It cures where everything else fails and helps to do it. It restores small, weak organs, lost power, failing membranes, drains, cures of youth, etc. Stricture and Varicocele permanently cured in 1 to 4 weeks.

No Drugs to ruin the stomach. No Electric Belts to blister and burn. Our Vacuum Organ Developer is a local treatment applied directly to the weak and disordered parts. It gives strength and development wherever applied. Old men with lost or failing manhood, or the young and middle aged who are suffering from the effects of youthful errors, excess or over work are quickly restored to health and strength.

Our marvelous machine has astonished the entire world. Hundreds of leading physicians in the United States are now recommending our appliances in the severest cases where every other known device has failed.

You will see and feel its benefit from the first day, for it is applied directly at the seat of the disorder. It makes no difference how severe the

LIVE FROG IN HIS STOMACH

Remarkable Case of a Bound Brook, N. J., Man Who Swallowed a Tadpole.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—One man whose stomach, and not his throat, has been for several years the habitation of a frog, is one of the curiosities of Duck Watch Hospital, a hamlet nestled among the Watchung mountains about five miles from Bound Brook, N. J.

Edward Blazier, a farmer, has been afflicted for some time and his symptoms have baffled the skill of the physicians of his family, who one by one gave up the case as incurable. Notwithstanding the fact that he was unable to work and was slowly wasting away, Blazier was the possessor of a ravenous appetite, being particularly fond of meat.

When Dr. Fred A. Wild of Bound Brook took up Blazier's case two weeks ago he proceeded to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the symptoms. When questioned Blazier said that he suffered pains in the region of his stomach and occasionally experienced a sensation as if something animated was moving about. Further questioning brought out the fact that the family were in the habit of using water from a nearby spring, and that Blazier had a belief and he urged an operation, which was performed last Thursday, when the doctor removed from the patient's stomach a full-grown bullfrog more than six inches long. When taken out the animal was dead, having been killed dur-

ing the operation. It was similar to ordinary frogs, except that an examination showed that it never had the use of its eyes.

Blazier is now on the road to recovery and is the center of attraction for all that neighborhood. He now recalls a circumstance which happened about five years ago when his wife was ill. He had gone while there took one himself. When he returned to the house he complained of having swallowed something of a foreign nature, although he did not know what it was.

He is convinced that at that time he swallowed a tadpole, which in course of time became a frog, undergoing the different changes within his stomach.

Tutt's Pills

This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness

And ALL DISEASES arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion

The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. Dose small; elegant; sugar coated and easy to swallow. Take No Substitute.



RETURNED EVERY SPRING FOR 10 YEARS.

Mrs. A. N. Bennett, of Topeka, Ga., whose case is similar to thousands of others who come in contact with these plants, says: "When eight years old my little brother and I were poisoned by handling poison oak, and it broke out on us every spring for sixteen years. Some one recommended S. S. S., which cured us completely, and we have seen no signs of the eruptions for several seasons."

In May the Triloba pine trees in bloom will be white as melting silver, and the Japanese quince trees will show red dots in the rainy sunlight that attaches crystal dew to stems. The alcaeus will assume tints of burnt almonds.

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Returning from a dinner of paralogical monitions, his eyes fixed on the familiar ideas of bull gowns. The climbing roses, the great ivy, the great red ribbon in the Legion of Honor, the well-kept magnolias will be pink as the petals of the roses, white, yellow, pink.

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MORGAN'S GARDEN ALWAYS IN BLOOM

Financier Will Have a Wondrous Beauty Spot.

FLOWERS FOR EVERY MONTH

IT WILL BE IN THE VERY HEART OF NEW YORK CITY.

He Says It Will Be Only a Few Hundred Yards Where the Things of Nature Will Grow and Be Green.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—J. Pierpont Morgan's garden on Murray Hill, in the heart of the city, is to be amazing.

He disclaims this. He says: "Oh, no! It will be only a few hundred yards of soil, where things of nature grow, become green and bloom."

"It will be the intimate and particular enjoyment of an old New Yorker whose nature is to be sedentary. You may find me in that garden in the trees or in the shade, reclining extremely the lassitude that the open air gives me."

A Japanese store in green bronze, so life-like that the coiled regard it with surprise and joy. The garden is to be a special feature of the place, a palette of green from dark to tender, including the green of cryptomeria. It will have all the varieties of green that, in the absence of flowers, the eye can desire.

Small trees there are to be placed as art objects, and large pieces of furniture are to be placed in rooms with similar fastidious taste every month. A certain yellow Japanese is to come into bloom there in December, the hum of the hummingbird, and it is to be a calendar garden, an automatic of orange blossoms there. Through the iron worked gate in the wall passes by the iron gate, the iron gate is used on the month, even the date, perhaps, by the colors and the flowers.

In April the deutzia, that is, the emblem of spring in the far East, will show little white blossoms, and the Japanese quince trees will show red dots in the rainy sunlight that attaches crystal dew to stems. The alcaeus will assume tints of burnt almonds.

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Barry's

ST. LOUIS—
The Week's New Book

"FACE TO FACE"

By ROBERT GRANT.
Author of "Unleashed Bread."

The interesting adventures of an English girl who was taken for an American by a rich young American who pretended he was English.

Criticisms of the Press.

"The story bears a singularly close resemblance in style to Mrs. Burnett's 'A Fair Barbarian.'"—*Brooklyn Times*.
"Well written, with a good deal of piquant humor."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.
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"Clever."—*Philadelphia Record*.
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"Delightfully ingenious treatment."—*Evening Post*.
"Capital character drawing."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

These books are uniform in size and general appearance; neatly bound in cloth, fully copyrighted, printed from the identical original plates of the higher-priced editions which formerly sold at from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per copy, but now offered for a limited time at only

Copyrighted Novels Now Ready for Distribution at a Quarter Each.

- 15—"Face to Face," by Robert Grant.
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25c A COPY
By Mail, Postpaid, 30c per Copy.

COUGAR HER COMPANY

BEAST JUMPS INTO WAGON WITH MISS BOWLER.

GIRL'S AWFUL EXPERIENCE

She Beat Him Over the Head for Two Miles and He Left Her When She Reached Home.

TACOMA, Aug. 11.—Miss Mary E. Bowler, aged 22, of Cavendish, Idaho, had a thrilling experience last week with an enormous cougar. Details of the story reached here today.

Accompanied by several other members of her family, Miss Bowler had been out picking fruit in a rented orchard several miles from any house and on a ranch which was not occupied. The family lived in a small house in the country, thickly wooded.

About sunset the young woman started to pick fruit in a light wagon, partly filled with fruit baskets. She was to prepare supper, leaving the rest of the family to follow with the lumber wagon an hour later.

About half a mile beyond the orchard the young woman was startled to see an immense cougar creep out of the brush within 10 feet of her wagon. Her horse shied and she was thrown out of the wagon.

The cougar started to race, and, within a few minutes, had jumped into the wagon, leaving only a light seat separating him from Miss Bowler.

Realizing that her life depended upon her presence, of mind, Miss Bowler seized her whip, which, fortunately, had a heavy handle. With this she repeatedly lashed the cougar over the head, sometimes with the butt end, and at other times with the whip.

She guided the frightened horse, which broke into a gallop, drawing the wagon over stones and stumps, which she was warding off the infuriated beast, since the latter was in danger of being dashed out of the vehicle.

Object was to keep the cougar from jumping over the seat beside her until her home should be reached, when she felt sure, he would jump out.

At the edge of the woods, where her home came into view, the cougar leaped out of the vehicle.

Miss Bowler had just strength left to throw the cougar out of the wagon, and she did so, but the beast, being overcome with nervous prostration. She is still ill from the shock but will recover. Her family and neighbors have organized a party, which is now hunting down the dangerous beast.

BAD COIN IN THE BLACK HILLS

Counterfeiters Caught in a Timber Camp Cabin With a Complete Outfit of Tools.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Aug. 10.—Capt. Seth Bullock, forest supervisor, M. B. Ocm. South Dakota, a forest ranger, and two others have made the greatest raid of counterfeiters recorded in the West for some time.

Suspicion has been resting on three men who have worked on timber contracts in the forest district west of this city for several months. They worked a few hours a day and spent the remainder of their time in the West, which was without wives and located in a very secluded spot. Counterfeit coins have been in circulation in the camp for several weeks.

The cabin was finally raided by forest reserve men and a complete outfit of counterfeiting tools for the manufacture of silver in denominations of \$1, halves, quarters and dimes were found, together with some coins already made. It is believed that there was a heavy shipment of coins made a few days prior to the arrest.

The names of the men are Joe Delich, Harry Burnett and William Portland. They are in jail here and will have a preliminary hearing next Saturday. Before United States Commissioner Coohey they pleaded guilty. The men are all young and intelligent. It is believed they are professionals, of their execution of coins is perfect. It is feared they have been at it long enough to make a large amount of money. The evidence against them is complete.

WEAK, WASTING, STRICTURED

19,846—CURES LAST YEAR—19,846

Stricture Is Instantly Relieved and the Obstruction Dissolved Like Snow Beneath the Sun—IN FIFTEEN DAYS.

Varicocele Is Cured and Weak Men Are Restored by the Magic St. James Treatment Applied Locally and Directly to the Affected Parts.

HOME TREATMENT

"Gran-Solvent" dissolves Stricture like snow beneath the sun, cures Varicocele and Enlarged Prostate, and strengthens the Seminal Ducts, stopping drains and emissions in FIFTEEN DAYS.

No drugs to ruin the stomach, but a direct local and positive application to the entire Urinary Tract.

Every sufferer from Stricture, and its offspring Varicocele, Prostatitis and Seminal Weakness, should write to the St. James Association, 17 St. James Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, for their illustrated work showing the parts of the human system involved in Urinary Affections, which they send to male applicants, securely wrapped in plain package, prepaid.

FREE TREATISE COUPON

Free treatment for Stricture, Prostatitis, Varicocele, and Seminal Weakness. Write to the St. James Association, 17 St. James Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, for their illustrated work showing the parts of the human system involved in Urinary Affections, which they send to male applicants, securely wrapped in plain package, prepaid.

Please send to me a copy of your Complete Illustrated Work upon the Male Sexual System, securely sealed, PREPAID.

ST. JAMES ASSN., 17 St. James Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

THE Keeley Cure

2803 LOCUST ST., ST. LOUIS.

The only Positive Cure for Liquor Drinking, Morphine and other Narcotics, and strengthens the Seminal Ducts, stopping drains and emissions in FIFTEEN DAYS.

Correspondence and Consultation Confidential. DR. J. E. BLAINE, Physician and Manager. Home Treatment for Tobacco and Narcotics. Local and long distance telephone. Lindell 144.

AFTER A HERMIT'S ESTATE

Caverly Became a Recluse From Disappointment in Love, but Accumulated a Fortune.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 10.—Columbus heirs of L. N. Caverly have selected J. C. Brown of the Columbus Railway Co. to go to North Carolina and protect their interests in the estate.

Caverly became and lived a hermit in the wilds of Fayette County, North Carolina, because of disappointment in love. Forty years ago he was a young business man in Newburg, N. Y., and was known among his fellows for his exceptional taste in dress and his addiction to society. He fell in love with a society girl, who was the belle of that particular season, and won her. After the marriage day had been set she threw Caverly over for another man.

Caverly sold out his possessions in the North, bought a tract of land in North Carolina and since lived there, the life of a recluse. But his business instincts did not desert him, and he is now said to have accumulated a fortune in land speculation. His relatives here were as much surprised to learn the place of his death as they were to hear of the fact of his demise. They had lost track of him years ago. He never married and died intestate.

It was Swimming the Stream and Sam Reynolds Made a Cast and Got Sorry.

RUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Aug. 10.—While fishing for bass near the state line Sam Reynolds saw a wildcat swimming across the river in front of him. Without regard to the consequences Reynolds cast his line toward the animal, but the next instant he regretted it. The hook caught in the cat's ear and it at once turned and swam toward the boat. Reynolds paddled away, but the cat proceeded to climb in, when Reynolds struck the animal on the head with the paddle, and the movement caused the boat. A fierce battle in the water followed. The wildcat followed, but half a dozen blows finished it. Reynolds lost his fishing outfit, but he has a wildcat's hide.

"Strong and hearty boy, is it, and no pain? That's good!"

The joy of a new arrival in the family is usually overcast by the shadow of the pain and discomfort the expectant mother must bear. If she knew of and used "MOTHER'S FRIEND," this would be all dispelled. Tell your friends about it, as being a simple liniment, exclusively for external use, that relaxes the muscles so that pain and suffering are unknown.

It will be used by anyone, and on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle, or can be bought at all respectable Druggists. "M. F." is a registered trademark. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"I'm so glad I told her of 'Mother's Friend'."

RADWAY'S
ALWAYS RELIABLE
THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY.
Cures all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Piles, Etc., and renders the system less liable to contract disease.
DYSPEPSIA.
RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. 25 cents a box. At Druggists, or by mail. RADWAY & CO., 50 N. 3rd St., New York.

DR. COOK'S IMITATORS.

During my twenty-three years' experience as a specialist of male maladies I have originated and perfected certain positive cures which other doctors claim to possess. They endeavor to imitate my methods. While some of them adopt fictitious names similar to my own name, and while others



DOCTOR COOK.

My cure for weak men does not stimulate temporarily, but restores permanently. It stops every drain on the system, builds up the muscular and nervous system, purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses and heals the bladder and kidneys, invigorates the liver, revives the spirits, brightens the intellect, and, above and beyond all, restores the wasted power of sexual manhood.

Specific Blood Poison.

My special form of treatment for specific or contagious poison in the blood is practically the result of my life work, and is endorsed by the best physicians of this and foreign countries. It contains no dangerous drugs or injurious medicines of any kind. It goes to the very bottom of the disease and forces out every particle of impurity. Soon every sign and symptom disappear completely and forever.

Nervo-Sexual Debility.

My cure for weak men does not stimulate temporarily, but restores permanently. It stops every drain on the system, builds up the muscular and nervous system, purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses and heals the bladder and kidneys, invigorates the liver, revives the spirits, brightens the intellect, and, above and beyond all, restores the wasted power of sexual manhood.

Reflex Diseases.

Many ailments are reflex, originating from other diseases. For instance, sexual weakness sometimes comes from Varicocele or Stricture. Innumerable blood and bone diseases often result from blood poison taint in the system, or physical and mental decline frequently follow impotency.

In treating diseases of any kind I always cure the effect as well as the cause.

Correspondence.

One personal visit is always preferred, but if you cannot call at my office write to me your symptoms fully. I have the most perfect system of home treatment, and I will send you a complete set of instructions, and give to each patient a legal contract in writing, backed by abundant capital, to hold for my promise. Physicians having stubborn cases are cordially invited to consult me.

COOK MEDICAL COMPANY
610 1/2 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

JOYFUL NEWS FOR WEAK MEN



Stop Drugging. Stop Dosing Yourself.

Nature calls for new strength, and you will never be cured until you supply that strength. This is not found in drugs, all of which are temporary stimulants. The real strength of nerves and vital organs is electricity. That is what the body has lost, and what it must get back.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt
supplies this. It is an absolutely positive cure for all forms of Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Loss of Impotency, Varicocele, Weak Stomach, and all that oppose and vitiate the system. Weakness, Confusion of Ideas, Kidney and allied complaints, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc., etc. It has cured thousands every year after every other known remedy has failed.

CAUTION—Beware of medical chances offering "Electric Belt Free." This offer is only a trick to lock a package of medicines upon you. C. O. D. Write to me for an explanation of the trick.

I will give a test free of charge. If you can't call I will send you my beautifully illustrated book with full information free. Call or write now. Don't delay.

Office Hours—8 a. m. to 6 p. m. **DR. M. F. McLAUGHLIN**, 704 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Send for Catalogue. 23d and Locust Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Beethoven Conservatory of Music Established 1871.
ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC TAUGHT. THE BROTHERS EPSTEIN, Directors.
One of the oldest and best-known musical institutions in the United States.

RULES AS SULTAN IN COLORADO
Wealthy Mexican Holds Strange Sway on His Estate and Has Forty Girl Slaves.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 10.—Near Walsenburg, this state, there lives a rich Mexican with a little kingdom of his own and a large harem. The name of this emulor of the Sultan of Turkey is Juan Dios Montez. Within his household he has 40 beautiful Mexican girls, all his slaves.

J. R. Killian, a lawyer of Walsenburg, has made complaint to the governor and says the laws of Colorado are being violated by Montez and his people. In addition to having more wives than the law allows Montez is head of a strange religious sect.

Mr. Killian, during his visit to the Montez

GOVERNMENT CORN PUTS CORN AT 54

Eleven Points Below Estimate of Experts.

EXCITEMENT ON THE CURB

SEPTEMBER CORN ADVANCES ALMOST THREE CENTS.

The government crop report, issued Saturday afternoon, placed the situation of corn at 54 per cent, oats at 74 and spring wheat at 80.3. Oats and spring wheat were placed above the estimates of the experts, but corn was 11 points below the lowest estimates. Never before in the history of this country has the condition of corn been as low as now.

Nearly all the members of the Merchants' Exchange were in the rotunda of the exchange building when the report came in. They had just after the market closed at noon. Great interest was centered in the report. There had for some time been much wild speculation on the condition of corn. All the crop experts had sent out estimates and none of the estimates were alike. Rains had fallen and the drought was broken, but the speculators were doubtful as to whether the growing crop had been benefited. The farmers had been sending in reports that the crop was good, but the country quit buying corn after the rains and the excitement was over.

As the time for the publication of the government report drew near trade in corn let up. Speculators referred to wait. When the government's estimate was placed on the blackboard Saturday there was wild excitement on the curb. It was so sensationally low it gave promise of not more than 1,000,000 bushels, almost less than half a crop.

Most of the St. Louis speculators were long on corn and when the estimate was posted there was a shout of applause which could be heard for miles around.

Great Excitement

Prevailed on Curb.

The curb opened with great excitement. The market closed today with September corn selling at 59 1/2c, but September opened on the curb, after the government report came in, at 52c, an advance of 2 1/2c, and sold up to 59 1/2c. The market closed at 59 1/2c and calls from 62 1/2c to 63 1/2c.

The report on spring wheat, while showing a loss of 15 points in July, advanced the estimates of the experts. Wheat advanced with corn on the curb. September corn at 59 1/2c, sold up to 71c and ended off at 71 1/2c, a gain of 10c over the estimate. The market closed at 71 1/2c and calls from 73c to 74c.

The corn, according to the government report, 35.5 points lower than on Aug. 1, 1890, and 10.5 lower than the mean of the past 10 years.

This confirms all the bullish reports which have been published recently. It bears great little encouragement from the report. It uncovers an alarming state of affairs. While the corn crop is cut in two, very little of what will be raised will be of any value. It will be the poorest quality, with only a few kernels on each cob. Very little of it will be fit to ship.

The last obstacle to a big advance in corn was the report that the government had been misled by the early corn was dead in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas. The report now says that the government had been misled by the early corn was dead in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas.

Good rains fell last week in the corn belt. The downward tendency checked when it was discovered that the crop was beyond the point where rain could help it. Reports from states east of the Mississippi river, however, were not so encouraging. The government report confirms them, showing the condition of corn in Ohio to be 23 in Indiana and Illinois 31. The government report on Illinois is 9 points above the report of the state board of agriculture.

All the bullish news caused corn to gain strength, advanced steadily and reached 59 1/2c after the setback Monday and Tuesday. Trade, however, was very light, the speculators preferring to wait for the government report.

When the market closed Saturday afternoon September corn was 52c for the week, closing with 59 1/2c. December was 54c at the close, 52c at the week, at 52c.

The receipts of corn during the week were light. The country sold little and was a light buyer after the rains. The total clearance for the week was 60,000 bushels. The government report places the condition of corn in Iowa and Missouri lighter than the state board of agriculture. Missouri report showed 21 per cent to be the condition of corn, but the government report gives Missouri corn at 23c. The Illinois state report, 42 per cent, is 9 points below the government estimate.

Cash corn did not leap up with the future markets. No. 2 mixed closed at 52 1/2c, No. 2 yellow was 52c stronger, selling at 53c.

Wheat ruled firm all last week. Foreign buying held prices up. France was the largest buyer. The foreign news was very bullish. Reports from Russia told of great damage to wheat in the provinces of Siberia and the valley from drought. The government report places the condition of spring wheat at 80.3, which is above the estimate of the experts.

When the market closed Saturday, September wheat was 74 1/2c for the week, closing with 74 1/2c. December was 74c at the close, 72c at the week, at 72c.

Foreign markets ruled strong all week and the foreign demand for American wheat was exceptionally good.

The receipts at the primary points last week fell off. The Southwest, where the drought was the most severe, sold little. The farmers claiming they could get more for their wheat at home for feeding purposes than in the markets. Toward the close of the week the receipts at St. Louis fell off alarmingly.

The harvesting of the spring wheat crop is progressing favorably. Northwest wheat experts estimate a yield in Minnesota and the Dakotas at 185,000,000 bushels. The government report places the condition of spring wheat at 80.3, which is above the estimate of the experts.

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DANCING FOR MAIN PITS LIQUID GAS

SENECA INDIANS WANT THE DROUTH BROKEN.

IS A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

Rain Came a Week Before It Visited Any Other Part of the Indian Territory.

VINITA, I. T., Aug. 10.—The Seneca Indians, who reside in the Seneca and Wyandotte reservations, 25 miles east of this place, have been holding a protracted "dance for rain" for some time and are still dancing and will continue to do so until a sufficient amount of rain has fallen to insure the late crops. It is their custom to dance for rain at any time their reservation is in need of rain, and especially during a drouth. These Indians also have many other dances, of which the most popular are the "strawberry festival," "green corn dance," "supper for the dead" and the dance on the hunting grounds.

The strawberry festival occurs when strawberries are ripe. The band of Indians gather under their large shed at their accustomed dancing grounds and dance for several nights. Strawberries are mashed in a large kettle and made into a soup, and the Indians make it so that each Indian gets a good supply of the soup during the dancing nights.

The green corn dance is the festival that follows the drying up of the corn, and it was held on the Monday following the 15th of August.

The supper for the dead is held 10 days after the death of a member of the Seneca tribe. A table is spread with many good things to eat at the home of the deceased and a plate is fixed for the departed Indian and a place of things that is eaten is put on his plate and left for him. A watch is kept through the night and the dancers are not allowed to sleep.

When the Indians dance for rain they all gather under the large shed in the reservation prepared for their dances, and the dancers are not allowed to sleep. The dancers are not allowed to sleep.

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MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF OIL IS NOT STRUCK.

THE ONLY OIL COMPANY IN EXISTENCE THAT ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEES TO RETURN ALL MONIES SHOULD THERE BE NO GUSHER.

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED BY A BANK.

If Oil Is Struck the Shares Will Be Worth at Once Several Times Their Cost and Bring Big Dividends.

This is the first opportunity ever offered to purchase stock in an oil company owning oil property situated in the midst of

THE GREATEST GUSHERS.

THE KING OIL CO.

Or Beaumont and El Paso, Texas, Is capitalized with \$300,000 ONLY, and each non-assessable share sells for

ONE DOLLAR.

In view of our BANK GUARANTEE the investor takes no risk, but acquires the opportunity to make big profits. We ask the most thorough investigation relative to our holdings. The officers and directors of this company are all men of honest and correct business habits. Send in your business remittance TODAY for as many shares as you desire at one dollar per share.

This is not a speculation. It is a positively guaranteed investment, with dividends assured or money returned should there be no oil struck.

Only a Limited Amount IMMEDIATE ACTION Necessary to Secure Stock.

For illustrated pamphlet, photographic views, and other information address or call on

LACLEDE INVESTMENT CO.,
712 HOLLAND BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE HEYWOOD OIL CO.

Of Beaumont, Tex., have three of the greatest gushers the world has ever known, easily capable of producing net, 125,000 barrels of oil per day. To hold storage tanks, to buy tank cars and to lay pipe lines, so as to market the oil rapidly, we have been selling the final dividend of its treasury stock at par, one hundred dollars (\$100) per share. There are 21 wells at Beaumont capable of producing twice over more oil than is produced in all the rest of the world combined. Of these, 16 are owned by companies equipped to market oil. Note their capitalization:

The Gulf Oil Co., with 9 wells, is capitalized for \$15,000,000
The National Oil & P. L. Co., with 1 well, is capitalized for 5,000,000
The Higgins P. & O. Co., with 2 wells, is capitalized for 2,500,000
The Lone Star and Crescent Co., with 1 well, is capitalized for 2,500,000
The Heywood Oil Co., with 3 great gushers, is capitalized for only \$100,000

The Heywood Oil Co. is making contracts and selling oil in enormous quantities. It has one contract which alone nets it \$12,000 a month, or 1 1/2 per cent a month on its entire capitalization. It confidently expects to pay

Dividends of 40 to 50 Per Cent a Year.

The treasury stock is nearly all sold. The company's

First Dividend Will Be Paid October 1.

It is the intention of the leading stockholders to take the remainder of the treasury stock themselves at that time. It is becoming too valuable to be sold at par. It has been quoted recently on the Houston and Beaumont stock exchanges at \$120 a share, asked. The company has notified us

WITHDRAW THE TREASURY STOCK FROM SALE AUGUST 15.

The stock is about to pass into the high-dividend-paying class of choice industrial. Only four more days remain to secure it at par. We will sell you one share, or more, as you desire. Make remittance by draft or postal or express money order, payable to the Heywood Oil Co. Do not send personal checks. The right to purchase or reject any application is reserved. Address communications and make applications for stock to

LACLEDE INVESTMENT CO., AGENTS, 727 Holland Building, St. Louis.

St. Louis Trust Co.

N. W. Corner Fourth and Locust Streets.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$8,000,000

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

The Most Modern Safe Deposit Vaults in the West.

Boxes for Rent, \$5.00 and Upwards.

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J. D. A. SCUDLER, Second Vice-President.
JOHN H. WILLIAMS, Cashier.
A. C. STEWART, Counsel.
T. W. WEST, Assistant Secretary.
ISAAC M. ORR, Trust Officer.

Fortunes are being made in a day in the wonderful oil fields of Texas. Great opportunities are offered for modest investors. A few months' savings carefully invested will guarantee a competency for life. This is no idle suggestion. Rockwell, from a small investment in the Pennsylvania oil fields, has become America's wealthiest citizen. Why not you? Be thoughtful. Grasp the opportunity and reap the reward that is due the Fertile Brain. The results are certain, there can be no failure. We have just added to our building two tracts of "Spindle Top" and have completed sinking wells. This means your stock will be worth many times its par value in 60 days. If you desire to invest, do so at once; the chance will not be offered many days.

The Equitable Land and Oil Co.

OF BEAUMONT

Offers a sure investment. The element of chance is almost entirely removed, with 1,250 acres of land carefully selected and scattered over the Greatest oil field in the world. There can be no failure. Par value of stock 10 cents, fully paid and non-assessable. No income tax on dividends (less than \$50 shares). Write at once for prospectus and further particulars to

H. G. NOEL & CO., Fiscal Agents for the United States,
Suite 621 Union Trust Building, ST. LOUIS, MO. Tel. Kinloch B 54.

Stock will be forwarded to any Bank for delivery upon notice of deposit to cover same. Remit by express, P. O. money order, bank draft, etc.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY,
Fourth and Pine Streets.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$7,000,000.

DIRECTORS:

ELMER B. ADAMS, President.
WILLIAM BACON, Vice-President.
CHARLES L. BROWN, Cashier.
HARRISON I. DRUMMOND, Secretary.
DAVID R. FRANK, Trust Officer.
AUGUST GRANT, Trust Officer.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF ST. LOUIS
Pays interest on deposits subject to check and on time. Savings deposits of \$1.00 and upward received and interest paid thereon.

JOHN F. STEPHEN, Fourth Vice-President.
W. A. McILLAN, Treasurer.
R. E. DOUGLASS, Assistant Treasurer.
GEO. A. HILL, Secretary.
ADOLPH B. STELLER, Assistant Secretary.

A PRE-HISTORIC SERPENT

Bones Found of a Reptile Which Was 75 Feet Long and 8 Inches Thick.

SIoux FALLS, S. D., Aug. 10.—An important discovery of the fossilized remains of a prehistoric serpent has been made by workmen engaged in constructing a dwelling house on the corner of Seventh street and Third avenue.

A few days ago while digging a trench for a foundation for a new building, the men found a round body eight inches in diameter which crossed the trench. When digged out, it was found to be a fossilized serpent. It was the first, the round body was again exposed.

At this point it was about six inches in diameter. In proximity to it was found the bone about the size and shape of a sea lion. It is estimated the serpent must have been fully seventy-five feet in length.

Arrangements are being made to have the bones removed to the University of South Dakota and placed in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution. The body is perfectly ossified, but is very brittle. The ossification is in layers, and the layers of the skin and flesh are distinct and easily identified. The fang apparently is of bone.

Found His Runaway Son.
Special to the Post-Dispatch.
SIDALIA, Mo., Aug. 10.—Jesse Renfro, a runaway son of a local farmer, 20 years of age, was apprehended at Green Ridge, Mo. No. 2 mixed sold 2 1/2c higher at 52c, and No. 2 white at 53c.

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BUY MINGO GOLD

At 2 cents per share while it lasts. A legitimate mining enterprise. Mines in Gilpin County, Colo. A fine, capable management. Small investment now brings a big return later on. Bank references.

THE BENZIE INVESTMENT CO.
34 and 15 Nevada Building, Denver, Colo.

DEADLY OIL FOR THE MOSQUITO

To Drive the Pest From Staten Island.

A CAMPAIGN OF SCIENCE

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY IS TO HELP.

Oil to be Sprayed From Beneath the Surface of Swamps and Stagnant Pools is Expected to Exterminate Them.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—An alliance has been entered into between the Standard Oil Co. and Dr. Doty, the health officer of the port, for a war of extermination against the malaria-breeding mosquito horde which has so long held dominion over fair Staten Island.

Active operations by a corps of sanitarians under command of Dr. Doty will be begun in a few days, and while the initial attack will be in the nature of a reconnaissance in force, it is confidently hoped that the campaign will ultimately be pushed with such vigor as to make a mosquito as extinct as the dodo, and incidentally to rid New York's lovely suburb of the curse of malaria.

A supply of ammunition, sufficient for immediate needs, has been supplied by the oil cohorts in the shape of oil, which will be carried into action in a big iron tank wagon suitably supplied with pipes and pumps for the distribution of the oil over the surface of the swamps and stagnant pools, which are the breeding places of the pest.

Men of Dr. Doty's quarantine staff will attend to the application of the oil. They will be assisted by a strong corps of sanitary police, who will be especially detailed for the purpose by President Sexton of the health board.

A novel and ingenious device is to be used in the application of the oil to the pools, which promises to give excellent results.

Previous efforts to destroy mosquito germs have simply consisted in pouring the oil over the surface, and in most instances failed to effect any great mortality of germs.

Dr. Doty finds that many of the germs flourish just below the surface. To attack them he has hit upon the device of perforated pipes, similar to a small scale, in the perforated "butter" of a fire engine suction used for drawing water from the river. He proposes to suspend the perforated ends of the pipes from small floats, which can readily be drawn to all portions of the pond.

In this way the oil will be discharged through hundreds of small apertures below the surface, so that the water will be thoroughly impregnated before the oil rises to the surface and all submerged insects will be affected by it.

Oil will also be liberally sprinkled on the marshy shores of the pond and will be introduced into all cesspools through the sink pipes.

So far all has been the only agent used, but Dr. Doty has hopes of discovering some cheap substance which will do the work even more thoroughly.

Particular attention is being paid to the particular variety of mosquito which alone of all the stinging, stinging creatures possesses the fatal property of inoculating its victims with the germs of malaria.

These dreaded insects are known as anophelids and may be readily distinguished from their less noxious relatives by a peculiar iridescent coloring of the wings. "I shall begin operations," said Dr. Doty, "in the little ponds of Staten Island, which is a hotbed of malaria and mosquitoes."

It is not within my province to cover the whole island, but I hope to give an object lesson which will show how the twin plagues of mosquitoes and malaria may be done away with.

CITY NEWS.

"St. Louis' Greatest Store," that means CRAWFORD'S, of course, has some very attractive things on display for tomorrow; the ladies should be there bright and early in the morning.

MILLIONS LOST BY FIRE

Extensive Forests in Northern Ontario and Quebec Have Been Devastated by Flames.

QUEBEC, Aug. 10.—Tremendous damage has been caused by fire to the forests in northern Ontario and Quebec, especially in the neighborhood of the head waters of the Ottawa river and of its principal tributaries. In many districts the havoc wrought by the flames is complete.

Wild animals, including moose and deer, and game birds were all driven from their haunts to the rivers and lakes. During the progress of the fire they could readily be shot down or captured, as they refused to turn back into the woods. In several instances sections men on the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway found large numbers of partridges and other game birds on the track, so terror-stricken that they were easily made captives. Large game was much more afraid of the fire than of man, and in several instances made no effort to avoid capture. A number of wolves escaped the flames, only to be slain by the employees of the railway. The flames traveled with great rapidity, and in some cases over a hundred square miles of territory was burned over.

It is hoped by sportsmen that the fire will not permanently affect the hunting grounds in these favored sections of big game, but that the moose and red deer will quickly return and thrive on the luxuriant growth of vegetation which follows so soon in the wake of great forest fires.

The damage to standing timber by these fires is estimated at \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. One firm alone, that of (Hillman) Bros., puts its loss at \$200,000. Besides the losses incurred by lumbermen, the governments of Ontario and Quebec are also heavy sufferers.

Odors of Perspiration

Are destroyed and cured by Spitz Powder. This powder is the only antiseptic deodorant made. Everybody suffers more or less from bodily odors. These odors are offensive to the people from whom they emanate, as well as to all who come in contact with them in a business or social life. Spitz Powder gives freedom from these odors and renders the body clean and beautiful, for it is the most valuable toilet powder made. It may be applied to the body direct, to undergarments, dress, or to the hair. It is effective in either case. It is odorless. It is not a tannic mixture. It is the only preparation that will destroy the odors of perspiration. For the good it will do, there is no preparation in the world that equals it.

REAL AND SWEETENERS THE FEET.

Spitz Powder cures Sore, Tired, Tender, Swollen, Offensive, Burning, Aching Feet. The relief is immediate and the cure is permanent. It is the only guaranteed foot preparation made. In fact, Spitz Powder is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Try it for Chafing and Prickly Heat. Price 25 cents; all drug stores. Write for free sample. Mail orders are promptly filled. Spitz Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Sale of Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

Believe—and just at the time when you're thinking of reaping your supply. More styles than we can enumerate. Lace and embroidered—new—renewed and fancy handkerchiefs—large and small—scores of other styles—all of fine cotton—some with pure linen centers.

Some cut to exactly half price, others not quite so much—but all remarkable values.

4c Handkerchiefs at.....	2c
5c and 6c Handkerchiefs at.....	3c
7c and 8c Handkerchiefs at.....	5c
9c and 10c Handkerchiefs at.....	7c
11c and 12c Handkerchiefs at.....	10c
13c and 14c Handkerchiefs at.....	12c
15c and 16c Handkerchiefs at.....	15c
20c and 25c Handkerchiefs at.....	or \$1.45 a dozen.

Ladies' \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 Waists for 49c

A price smash without a parallel—absolute choice of any of our lines as you wish. These are spread out on the twice large tables in our mammoth cloak department.

—waists that were \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2, and some worth more—all at 49c.

Important assortment of finest materials in all colors and white. Not more than two waists to one customer. Come in to pick your first choice. Take any that you like best at 49c.

Flordora Shirt Waist Suits

A grand climax of this season's offerings—ladies' handsome Flordora Shirt Waist Suits—styles that have gained greatest favor in the Eastern fashion centers—worth \$4 and \$5 and \$6—all cut to \$2.00—an offer with but one aim and object—to make a complete clearance of all that remains of that recent important purchase we told you about.

The lot comprises 450 shirt waist suits—sailor blouse style or shirt waist effects—new decided dip front—triple ruffle graduated flounce, trimmed with insertions—stitched straps of pique or lawn tuckings—patterns are black grounds with white figures—white grounds and black figures—grass linen colors, pink, blue, lavender, etc.—all sizes—just the suit for all outings—chic, tasty and serviceable—\$4 and \$5 and \$6 values, remember—Monday at.....

CUBAN PARROTS.

Again tomorrow—we're ready to supply all comers with these clever Cuban Parrots—young, hardy birds in brilliant plumage—will make good talkers with a little training—worth \$3—special, while they last..... 3.37

Parrot Cages—a new line at extremely low prices.

Specials for

WORKINGMEN.

Make your money go as far as possible. Buy where you can buy the best. Here's a special lot of bargains for Monday that will convince all workmen that Famous is the store of all stores for them.

1000 pairs Men's Pants—good substantial casimere and chevrons in a great variety of patterns—all sizes—regular value \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00—cut to..... 95c

800 pairs Men's Pants—at less than the cost of the cloth—were \$1.00 and \$1.25—now..... 69c

Men's Cotton Pants—strongly made and good style—regular value 65c—now..... 35c

100 dozen Blue Denim Jumpers—cut full large and all double-stitched—regular value \$1.00—now..... 35c

200 dozen Blue Denim Overalls—with or without aprons—guaranteed fast color—stitched and folded—usual price..... 35c

50 dozen Brown Duck Overalls—made double-front and sold regularly at \$1.00—now..... 25c

FINEST KNEE SUITS IN THE HOUSE

A Grand Offer—Choice of the very best Boys' Knee Pants Suits in the house—none reserved—were \$8, \$10 and \$12—for \$4.65—all sizes to fit boys from 7 to 16 years—the choicest productions of America's best boys' tailors—swiftest domestic and imported fabrics in a world of fashionable patterns as well as all blue serge and clay woads. The best, the best, the best..... 4.65

\$4.00 Knee Suits—cut to..... 2.45

\$3.00 Knee Suits—cut to..... 1.65

\$2.00 Knee Suits—cut to..... 90c

Boys' Wash Sailor Suits—cut to..... 1.7c

all sizes to fit boys from 7 to 16 years—none reserved—were \$8, \$10 and \$12—for \$4.65—all sizes to fit boys from 7 to 16 years—the choicest productions of America's best boys' tailors—swiftest domestic and imported fabrics in a world of fashionable patterns as well as all blue serge and clay woads. The best, the best, the best..... 4.65

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Being the greatest of friends.

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BARGAIN COUNTER

A big lot of odd pieces, remnants and short lengths of white pique, Marseilles, lawns, India linens, curtain swisses, cross-barred muslins, etc.—worth 10c, 12½c and 15c a yard—will be spread out for your selection on the Bargain Counter tomorrow at, per yard..... 4c

Four great lines, worth up to 10c each, will be offered Monday at Famous at..... 10c

The Ladies' Comprise—

Ladies' Fast Black Cotton Hose—plain or drop stitch..... 5c

Ladies' Fast Black Cotton Hose—double knit, heel and toe..... 5c

Children's and Misses' Fast Black Hose—double knit, heel and toe..... 5c

Ladies' Black Hose—with white dots, stripes and figures..... 5c

Children's and Misses' Black Hose—with white dots, stripes and figures..... 5c

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WE LOST YESTERDAY TO THE CINCINNATIS

CRUSH AT THE TICKET OFFICE



Photographed by the Post-Dispatch.

Mr. Stimmel From "Over the Rhine," Who Has Heretofore Failed to Qualify, Pitched Winning Ball Against Jack Powell's Mediocre Article, and Astonished Even His Friends.

CINCINNATI 16 AND ST. LOUIS 14 HITS

Through the kindness and consideration of the St. Louis Baseball Club, Mr. Stimmel, who pitched for the Cincinnati Reds, broke a record at League Park yesterday. He won a game in the National League.

The score was 8 to 5, after 12 innings of battle.

Mr. Stimmel had the distinguished record of never having earned a paycheck since the necessity of the Cincinnati club forced him from the seclusion of minor league circles into the full blaze of National League glory.

Yesterday, with Jack Powell in the box for St. Louis, the Cardinals in fine fettle and fighting before their own dooryards, with Umpire Brown officiating, in short, with every condition against him, Stimmel turned, worm-like, and discomfited the locals.

The Cardinals are very tender over their defeat. To have lost with Hahn in the box would have been excusable. But to succumb to Stimmel!

Ach, Looie! It is to laugh. Powell was in the box too. He was clearly at a disadvantage. When a man is fighting for a meal ticket, a better man would have a small show.

And so Powell was hammered and slammed and bunted even worse than was Stimmel. There were some errors on both sides that figured in the game, but the chief feature was the bombardment. Home runs, triples, doubles and singles were knocked off Powell's mysteries in careless but disagreeable profusion.

When it was all over the team was all over. It was suggested that a little Stimmelant might revive it, but it was answered that they had too big a load of it already.

There was a time in the game when all was not clear with Stimmel and the road to laurels seemed full of cockleburrs rather than bays.

He was requested by a solicitous audience to retire to the dim shades of the tall timbers and there commune with himself as to what a bum article of baseball commerce he really was.

He was hammered and slammed and bunted for 14 hits and in one inning four runs were scored on him.

But the jacks and the runs failed to upset his equilibrium. At the critical point he only changed his method of delivery and continued towards the goal he had fixed in his mind.

He reached it—he had to! It was survival or die. National League existence, or minor league oblivion.

"To the mines with him," yelled the small boy.

But Mr. Stimmel will tell in the light for awhile.

There is no way in which the result of the game could have won, not even by fudging and bringing Tom Brown into the argument. Brown, it is true, was not always exact, and in that he is much like other umpires.

But whatever his mistakes, that could not have aided the St. Louis team, as if anything the visitors received the hot end of it from him.

Sam Crawford and his fellows simply had their swatting clothes on and won on the strength of it.

There was an abundance of good and bad playing to bring the 200 persons present to their feet with plaudits and jeers alternately.

The St. Louis infield pulled off a couple of rare double plays in which "Hot Mon" Wallace figured as usual, and the outfield made several that were of the grand stand order.

Some Plays Were

"Not So Nice."

But also several plays that had a decaying aroma about them were pulled off by the Cardinals.

In the third inning Dohbs pussed one back of third, after which Messers. Burkett and Wallace participated in a similar play and again this ball fell fat.

On the very next play Messers. Burkett and Haddock participated in a similar play and again this ball fell fat.

Capt. Dohbs appeared troubled with parents in the third inning when the dual rally of the Reds came. While endeavoring to make out of Dohbs' opening, the ball hit him on the foot and railed a few feet away.

Play then became afflicted with sudden discontinuation to untrack himself, and watched Haddock chase over from the other field and take the ball.

In the meantime the Reds were practicing 90-foot dashes merrily, and making great hits with the crowd.

The Cincinnati men, considering that they are aspiring to keep out of last place, played fair baseball.

Stimmel made a stop that made the crowd think of Lave Cross, and Magoun.

While warming up yesterday Ryan be-

came afflicted with precisely the same trouble that put Haddock out of the business some weeks ago.

Anyways, he didn't let his toes on earth, and was not again scored on.

He reached it—he had to! It was survival or die. National League existence, or minor league oblivion.

"To the mines with him," yelled the small boy.

But Mr. Stimmel will tell in the light for awhile.

CINCINNATI'S PITCHER STIMMEL



Photographed by the Post-Dispatch.

This box artist never won a game in the National League until yesterday, when he beat the Cardinals.

He was requested by a solicitous audience to retire to the dim shades of the tall timbers and there commune with himself as to what a bum article of baseball commerce he really was.

He was hammered and slammed and bunted for 14 hits and in one inning four runs were scored on him.

But the jacks and the runs failed to upset his equilibrium. At the critical point he only changed his method of delivery and continued towards the goal he had fixed in his mind.

He reached it—he had to! It was survival or die. National League existence, or minor league oblivion.

"To the mines with him," yelled the small boy.

But Mr. Stimmel will tell in the light for awhile.

There is no way in which the result of the game could have won, not even by fudging and bringing Tom Brown into the argument. Brown, it is true, was not always exact, and in that he is much like other umpires.

But whatever his mistakes, that could not have aided the St. Louis team, as if anything the visitors received the hot end of it from him.

Sam Crawford and his fellows simply had their swatting clothes on and won on the strength of it.

There was an abundance of good and bad playing to bring the 200 persons present to their feet with plaudits and jeers alternately.

The St. Louis infield pulled off a couple of rare double plays in which "Hot Mon" Wallace figured as usual, and the outfield made several that were of the grand stand order.

Some Plays Were

"Not So Nice."

BOSTON AND ORIOLES DIVIDE

Beaneaters Won First Game 6 to 4, and Lost the Second, 4 to 3 Behind the Score.

BOSTON, Aug. 10.—The teams divided honors again today, Boston taking the first game at Baltimore the second. Hard and consecutive hitting in the second and sixth innings of the first game gave the victory to the home team. Foreman pitched grand ball for the visitors in the second game.

Young was very steady, but was hit hard in spots. Attendance 3667. Score:

INNINGS..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Boston..... 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0
Baltimore..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Scored runs—Boston, 4; Baltimore, 1. Two-base hits—Collins, Suresh, Dowd, Stahl. Three-base hits—Suresh, Lewis. Stolen bases—Stahl, Dowd, Lewis. Sacrifices—Lewis, Stahl. Errors—Stahl, Dowd, Lewis. Umpire—Cantillon.

SECOND GAME.
INNINGS..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Boston..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Baltimore..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Scored runs—Boston, 2; Baltimore, 2. Two-base hits—McFarlane, Three-base hits—Freeman, Stahl, Dowd, Lewis. Stolen bases—Freeman, Stahl, Dowd, Lewis. Sacrifices—Lewis, Stahl. Errors—Stahl, Dowd, Lewis. Umpire—Cantillon.

DETROIT LOST TO MILWAUKEE
Molney's Wild Throw Gave Detroit Three, but Milwaukee Scored Four Runs.

DETROIT, Aug. 10.—Three singles, a two-bagger and errors by Casey and Nance in the eighth inning gave Milwaukee three runs and the game. Detroit's three runs were the direct result of a wild throw by Molney. Attendance 2559. Score:

INNINGS..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Milwaukee..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Detroit..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Scored runs—Milwaukee, 3; Detroit, 3. Two-base hits—Conroy, Sacrifice hits—Conroy, Stolen bases—Conroy, Dowd, Lewis. Errors—Stahl, Dowd, Lewis. Umpire—Cantillon.

WASHINGTON AND PHILADELPHIA COMPLETED THE SCHEDULE OF THE SEASON.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Washington and Philadelphia today completed their schedule for the season and split even on a double-header. Mercer pitched in great form and won the first game through masterly work. Washington solved Frazer at critical moments. In the second game the visitors slaughtered Gear in the eighth and ninth innings. Withe had the score at his mercy. Attendance, 2535. Score:

INNINGS..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Washington..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Philadelphia..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Scored runs—Washington, 3; Philadelphia, 3. Two-base hits—Frazier, Frazer. Three-base hits—Frazer, Frazier. Stolen bases—Frazier, Frazer. Sacrifices—Frazier, Frazer. Errors—Frazier, Frazer. Umpire—Cantillon.

SECOND GAME.
INNINGS..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Washington..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Philadelphia..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Scored runs—Philadelphia, 13. Two-base hits—Lajoie, Morley, Withe. Three-base hits—Lajoie, Morley, Withe. Stolen bases—Lajoie, Morley, Withe. Sacrifices—Lajoie, Morley, Withe. Errors—Lajoie, Morley, Withe. Umpire—Cantillon.

CHANCEY DEPEW ALONE IN LONDON.
LONDON, Aug. 10.—Senator Depew is almost the only prominent American in London. He has accepted no invitations to country houses as possible. The senator will not go to Homburg, but will spend another week in London.

CONSIDINES ARRANGED.
SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 10.—John and Tom Considine, charged with the murder of Chief of Police Meredith, were arraigned today before Judge Emory of the Superior Court. Both men pleaded not guilty and the trial was set for Sept. 18.

WASHBURN LEAVE UNION STATION AT 1 O'CLOCK, 1:30, 2 AND 2:45. From the foot of Olive street, 1:30 and 1:55. Returning trains 4 o'clock for Forsythe Junction and to the city immediately after the last race. Suburban cars run direct to grandstand.

ADMISSION..... \$1.00

JOYCE IS HALTING

HAS NOT YET SIGNED AS NEW YORK'S MANAGER.

BACK SALARY CAUSES HITCH
"Scrappy" Says New York Can Play Winning Ball and Predicts New Life for the Team.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—There is a slight hitch in the negotiations looking to the hiring of "Scrappy" Bill Joyce of St. Louis to manage the demoralized New York team. What the hitch is Joyce refuses to say. He has frequently asserted during the last few years that the New York club owes him \$500 back salary, and it is suspected that "Scrappy" refuses to sign until the old claim is satisfied.

George Davis still maintains he has received no official notification that he is to be replaced. But from outside sources he has doubtless learned what is common talk, that if the team continues to slump he is to be relegated to the ranks.

In the case of the New York club it is difficult to say what a slump means. It is the team with a game nowadays they immediately receive a new lease of life. Fortunately for Davis the first day they got to town the team woke up, played snappy ball behind Mathewson, and beat the champions.

The team is not playing under Davis, and Joyce says they can play winning ball. He even intimates they are able to beat out one of the four leaders—Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis or Brooklyn.

Joyce may take a little time. If he does he will have to strengthen his pitching staff, even if he is satisfied with the batting strength of the club. The team now has but two twirlers—Christy Mathewson and Luther Taylor—able to go into the box and do a day's work.

AMATEUR BASEBALL NOTES.
The Dietl vs. Baseball Club will play at Lehigh, Ill., this afternoon. Their battery will be E. Towers and Hackett.

The Cars Avenue softball team claims the championship of the city and is willing to play any team in St. Louis. Address Charles Powers, 1315 Hogan street.

The Dohbs-Brans will play the Bunker Hill team in the 14-year-old class. Address Perry Flemming, 704 Allen avenue.

The Waterloo softball team would like to arrange a game for Sunday, Aug. 11, with a club in the 14-year-old class. Address Perry Flemming, 704 Allen avenue.

REHARRISON WHITE WOULD LIKE TO JOIN some team in the 11-year-old class. He is a good pitcher and all-around player—Little Brownie, 1215 Hogan street.

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GOSSIP OF THE GOLF LINKS.

A tournament for members only will take place at the Glen Echo Club next Saturday.

A fine cup will be the trophy. About two dozen entries are expected. President McGrew will enter the competition, as will also Jesse Carleton, Albert Bond Lambert, Al Kelley, Don Carlin, J. W. Buck, Charles Parker and Theodore Benoit.

In this tournament the 18-hole course at the Glen Echo grounds will be used for the first time.

So popular has this club become this summer that it already has decided to enlarge its quarters.

Architect Bonasack is drawing the plans. The dining room is to be extended by an addition 10 feet square, and another addition in which members may bowl will also be erected.

The latter will contain four alleys. A good story is told on Instructor Ned McNamara of the Forest Park club.

He stepped into an elevator in the Union Trust building a few days ago, ignorant of the fact that the elevator boy knew anything about the Scotch game.

But whether the elevator conductor had ever played the game or not, he was familiar with some of its terms.

The conductor stopped the car at the eighth floor.

"This is not the floor I want," he said, when the door was opened. "This is the eighth and I asked for the sixth."

"That'll be all right," quickly responded the conductor, "Get off here and you'll be two up."

The Triple A team has lost Capt. Patrick, one of its valued members. He is an officer in the United States engineering corps, and is stationed in St. Louis until a recent order transferred him to Washington, D. C.

He took his clubs from his locker at the Forest Park clubhouse last week and made his fellow players farewell.

Another former member of the Triple A team, who is missed, is Conde B. Pallen, who is in New York.

Some of the Forest Park golfers think Willis Walton, one of their caddies, is the coming negro champion of the United States. He plays in surprisingly good form, and an 18-hole round in 56. He is the real dark horse of the Forest Park caddies' team of which the mighty Casey is the leader.

There are probably more golfers on the Forest Park links daily than on any other course in or about St. Louis, though the Glen Echo Club is visited every afternoon by some of the faithful.

AM VICKERY ARTHUR MEYER, Audenried Whitehouse, Theodore Hinchley, Bob Wade and Messrs. Hicks and Lowery are among the frequent attendees.

Many of the Country Club and Field Club players are spending the summer away from St. Louis and there is not the activity on these links now that there will be in September. Stuart Sticker, Country Club star, is still up in Michigan, while some of the Field Club cracks are over in Scotland.

MR. SPRAGUE SAYS
Country merchants will find the Delicatessen Lunch Rooms interesting places.

WARDEN WOOLDRIDGE TO WED.
The Bride of This Romance Is Dr. Ella Graham of Clinton, Mo.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Aug. 10.—The announcement of the approaching marriage of Warden Frank M. Wooldridge of the state penitentiary to Dr. Ella Graham of Clinton was made public here this afternoon. The wedding will take place soon, the exact date being withheld for the present, and will be the culmination of a romantic courtship which began in this city last spring during the State Medical Association meeting here.

Warden Wooldridge was here on political business, probably urging his claims for the wardenship, and Dr. Graham attended the meeting of the doctors. A courtship began, and the wedding is a natural sequence.

Some Plays Were

"Not So Nice."

But also several plays that had a decaying aroma about them were pulled off by the Cardinals.

In the third inning Dohbs pussed one back of third, after which Messers. Burkett and Wallace participated in a similar play and again this ball fell fat.

On the very next play Messers. Burkett and Haddock participated in a similar play and again this ball fell fat.

Capt. Dohbs appeared troubled with parents in the third inning when the dual rally of the Reds came. While endeavoring to make out of Dohbs' opening, the ball hit him on the foot and railed a few feet away.

COCKRELL'S DEAD TO BE SITE

FORMER BRILLIANT LAWYER
CONCLUDED LIFE AS A PAUPER.

DISSIPATION RUINED CAREER

He Held Responsible Offices in East
St. Louis, but Infatuation for
Women Caused Downfall.

Felix G. Cockrell died yesterday at poor
house of Marion County, Ill.

His end, as a pauper, was in striking
contrast to the brilliancy of the early part
of his career.

He was once postmaster of East St.
Louis.

He was for many years corporation counsel
of East St. Louis.

His private practice yielded him over \$10,
000 a year.

Infatuation for a woman who was not his
wife was the turning point in his career.

Disipation and poverty followed
in rapid order.

Cockrell had the best prospects of any
lawyer who ever practiced in East
St. Louis.

This unqualified judgment was expressed
Tuesday by former State Attorney Martin
D. Baker when he was told that Cockrell
was dead.

He attained a prominence and acquired a
practice which were equal to the prominence
and practice of any attorney in
southern Illinois.

Mr. Cockrell came to East St. Louis from
Marion County, Mo., shortly before Mr. M.
Stephens was elected mayor the first time.

When Mr. Stephens was elected he looked
about for an attorney whom he could appoint
corporation counsel.

The campaign had been a heated one and
he wanted a man who had been neutral.

Cockrell had arrived at the time when he
was in the campaign, as he had demonstrated
that he had ability, he received the appointment.

He held the office until the selection of
Henry F. Bader to succeed Mayor Stephens
in 1895.

During these years the annual income of
Mr. Cockrell was \$10,000. He received \$200
from the city and all the additional
practice which the administration
could throw to him. He received \$100
from the city and all the additional
practice which the administration
could throw to him.

He had an interesting family, consisting
of his wife, two sons and a daughter.

Family ties had been broken, but he was
nursed for a time by a woman who was
employed in his household.

He became entirely helpless and a collection
was taken up among the lawyers of
East St. Louis to send him to the county
farm and pay for his care.

It was arranged, however, some of his
relatives assisted in his care.

Mr. Cockrell was kept there at the
Marion County hospital.

An attempt was made to force the St.
Louis County authorities by Marion County
to take care of him, but they would not do so.

At the last meeting of the board of
supervisors a resolution was passed
that the St. Louis County authorities by Marion County
to take care of him, but they would not do so.

Ten days ago he was partially overcome
by the heat. His condition gradually
became worse.

Cockrell's wife is living with his brother
at Kimmunity, Ill.

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President Francis and Ex-
Senator Carter Will Visit
President McKinley This
Week.

A poster design conceived by W. B. Powell,
advertising manager of B. Nugent &
Bro., Dry Goods company, is typical of the
new St. Louis. All the new is invited to
come to St. Louis, with the assurance that
all comers will be "shown," in accordance
with the Missouri requirement. The figure
smiles a welcome to all. On her breast-
plate, in her hands and on her girdle are
the emblems of commerce and industry.
She is the personification of the new
St. Louis. The poster design was drawn
and the detail of the work was done by
Dobbin & Busby, illustrators.

The first building that will be erected on
the site of the World's Fair will be the
office of the Louisiana Purchase
Exposition Co.

Work on it will be commenced as soon as
a plan for the commission of architects
can draw the plans.

It will be a handsome structure and will
be used as headquarters during the Fair.
His cornerstone probably will be laid by
Nov. 1.

The officers of the company have de-
cided to erect the building immediately be-
hind the Exposition.

They say the building will facilitate
work and maintain harmony of effort be-
tween the administrative and constructive
departments of the exposition.

"We expect to put as many of our em-
ployees as possible in the building," says
Secretary Stevens to the Post-Dispatch.

"The building will be constructed to fit
our regular processes and we will keep
it in the best condition in better condition
than in our present quarters."

The building is small, but it will be
enlarged as conditions and the progress
of work demands. None of the
plans have been fixed definitely.

Personnel of
World's Fair Staff.

Secretary Walter B. Stevens is assisted
by Perry Bartholow, W. W. Park, Alex-
ander S. Vest, J. C. Thompson and H. W.
Kath.

Mr. Stevens is a newspaper man and is
35 years old. He has been employed by St.
Louis for many years. He was elected sec-
retary of the fair by the World's Fair As-
sociation.

Perry Bartholow is first assistant to Mr.
Stevens. He was born in Glasgow 45 years
ago and has been a newspaper man for
many years. He was elected secretary of
the fair by the World's Fair Association.

W. W. Park attends to the correspondence
of the secretary's office. He is a candi-
date for the Democratic nomination for
Missouri in 1910. He was connected with
the secretary of state's office for 12 years
before answering the duties of his present
position. Before that he was editor of the
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President Francis and Ex-
Senator Carter Will Visit
President McKinley This
Week.

A poster design conceived by W. B. Powell,
advertising manager of B. Nugent &
Bro., Dry Goods company, is typical of the
new St. Louis. All the new is invited to
come to St. Louis, with the assurance that
all comers will be "shown," in accordance
with the Missouri requirement. The figure
smiles a welcome to all. On her breast-
plate, in her hands and on her girdle are
the emblems of commerce and industry.
She is the personification of the new
St. Louis. The poster design was drawn
and the detail of the work was done by
Dobbin & Busby, illustrators.

The first building that will be erected on
the site of the World's Fair will be the
office of the Louisiana Purchase
Exposition Co.

Work on it will be commenced as soon as
a plan for the commission of architects
can draw the plans.

It will be a handsome structure and will
be used as headquarters during the Fair.
His cornerstone probably will be laid by
Nov. 1.

The officers of the company have de-
cided to erect the building immediately be-
hind the Exposition.

They say the building will facilitate
work and maintain harmony of effort be-
tween the administrative and constructive
departments of the exposition.

"We expect to put as many of our em-
ployees as possible in the building," says
Secretary Stevens to the Post-Dispatch.

"The building will be constructed to fit
our regular processes and we will keep
it in the best condition in better condition
than in our present quarters."

The building is small, but it will be
enlarged as conditions and the progress
of work demands. None of the
plans have been fixed definitely.

Personnel of
World's Fair Staff.

Secretary Walter B. Stevens is assisted
by Perry Bartholow, W. W. Park, Alex-
ander S. Vest, J. C. Thompson and H. W.
Kath.

Mr. Stevens is a newspaper man and is
35 years old. He has been employed by St.
Louis for many years. He was elected sec-
retary of the fair by the World's Fair As-
sociation.

Perry Bartholow is first assistant to Mr.
Stevens. He was born in Glasgow 45 years
ago and has been a newspaper man for
many years. He was elected secretary of
the fair by the World's Fair Association.

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CYCLIST RACED WITH A TIGER

Paris Author Narrowly Escapes Horrible Death.

M. ROSNY WAS THE HERO

HE RODE THROUGH ENDLESS OBSTACLES WITH BEAST AT HIS TIRE.

Though He Escaped Unscathed, for a Week After He Had Awful Dreams and Nightmares.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch. (Copyright, 1901.)

PARIS, Aug. 10.—A race for life on a bicycle from the man-eating tiger sounds more like a description of an incident from the latest thrilling story from boys than an adventure in real life, yet M. H. Rosny, the noted French author, traveler and sportsman, who has just returned to Paris from a tour among the islands of the Malay peninsula, has been relating the story of his race with a tiger.

"One evening," he writes in a Paris daily, "we landed on a clearing called Nieuwenhuys, and on getting up next morning I found that my host was already afield. A little later I was prowling about the plantation buildings, when my attention was attracted by a bicycle gleaming under a shed. I could not resist the temptation—I had not ridden since leaving France. So I sped along among the rice and coffee fields in the cool and delicious morning.

"After going about six miles I left the plantation behind me, following the track of bullock wagons into the heart of a forest, where I at last stopped.

Furious Beast at His Heels.

"While I was enjoying the exquisite beauty of the place, the sound of branches, and I became conscious that something massive but lightfooted was approaching. Thirty yards from where I sat a tiger had issued from the jungle. I dared not move a finger. To reach my bicycle I must get to the road. This was impossible without attracting the attention of the brute, and in two leaps he would be upon me.

"With extreme nonchalance the tiger now turned toward the depths of the forest. I could hear it no longer. I tore from my hiding place, tumbled and clambered over intervening obstacles, caught the bicycle and ran alongside my hands on the handlebars.

"In a flash, as I was jumping on the saddle, I caught sight of the great long body crouching for the leap. I heard the tiger at the first bound land not far behind me. In the minute space between the first and the second bound I got myself well started and balanced for the struggle. I heard his second descent, crashing and swishing in the branches and leaves on the ground.

"In my haste I had, of course, failed to insert my feet in the toe-clips, and was riding with the two hooks turned under. If I missed a pedal it was all up with me. I leaped over and pushed several long, powerful strokes that overcame the weight of starting with a very high gear.

"His fourth bound brought the tiger very near. The next time I felt the tiger very near. A second later his shoulder or paw touched the tire and made me swerve.

Tree Bars.

"The next leap, I thought, and the great beast will land on my shoulders and crush me down. But he didn't.

"What I no longer feared or even thought of now happened—I lost one pedal, then both. I regained them with some trouble, but on account of the delay a claw once more frayed my back tire.

"At this instant we came to a very narrow bridge—two boards side by side over an irrigation canal. The wheels went on it, true as an arrow. The passage must have slightly retarded the awful thing behind me, for I felt him to be farther off.

"We were now between two fields of bananas. A small tree had been cut and thrown on the road by some workmen, with its branches, leaves and all. It completely barred the way. There was nothing to do but try to get over at top speed. I sailed right in furiously, and though nearly thrown over, I succeeded in recovering my balance—went on, on, reached a smart decline and rolled down like a cannon ball. At a turning of the road the plantation buildings came in view!

"I cannot say when the tiger abandoned the race. But when I shot amid the group of my friends, fell and scrambled to my feet, completely out of breath and my eyes bulging out, my first instinct was to look round in the direction of the tiger, the brute still on my heels and ready to slay us all. All I could gasp was 'The tiger—where is the tiger?'

"My friends had not seen it, and the first curve in the road being over a mile away I had evidently seen alone in the race for some distance."

There are records of similar escapes by hunters on elephants or horseback, but M. Rosny believes he is the only man who has ever raced against a tiger on a bicycle. He himself confesses, he is very proud of it. Nevertheless, he is not anxious to renew the experience.

"For a week afterward," he said, "I ran that race again in day dreams and awful nightmares, and every time I passed in front of my mirror I saw myself as haggard as a lunatic."

VISITORS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Large Crowds in Attendance, Many of Them From St. Louis.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

CHAUTAUQUA, Ill., Aug. 10.—This has been Young People's Society Day and large crowds came in on the morning train. The program of the morning included the devotional services led by Rev. Jay A. Ford of Jerseyville, the kindergarten school, chorus class and School of Languages.

Following the entertainment platform addresses were delivered by representatives of the Young People's Societies.

At 4 o'clock a roundtable was conducted by the Young People's Societies and half an hour later the Women's Council held session in the Art Room, presided over by Mrs. F. H. Hickman, with Mrs. J. H. Hickman as chairman.

Tonight at 7:30 an entertainment was given by the Art Room, presided over by Mrs. W. H. Stutzman.

After the entertainment Rev. Frank Fowler gave a stereoscopic lecture on "Life in Tropical Africa."

Many visitors arrived at Chautauqua today, and the greater number came from St. Louis. St. Louisans are in evidence at Assembly Hotel, the following having registered today: Samuel I. Lindsey, E. S. Sover and wife, A. J. W. Stutz, J. M. McClelland, W. Stutz, Ira E. Jule and wife, M. T. Baird and wife, A. H. Robbins, George W. Louke, Jr., and wife, W. H. Anderson, St. Louis, Mrs. Evans, H. Bickelmann, J. N. Evans, T. Field, Miss Grace, L. H. Hickman, Ruth F. Hickman, Nellie R. Wark, Bertina O. Reigel, Emily S. Woods, Blanche E. Haglund, Louise Haglund, Helen E. Woods, Katherine Gundel, Mary Hart, Grace Van Felt.

Among other recent arrivals at the hotel are the following: The Misses Mabel C. and Nellie E. Wark, St. Louis; Mrs. Wm. Brown, Clarksville, Mo.; L. E. Williams, Miss Majory Betts, Miss Edna Sawyer, Alton; Miss Minnie M. Sudbrook, Belleville.

Frank C. Franks of St. Louis has joined his wife at the cottage of Mrs. N. B. Roeder.

Prof. R. P. Glosup of Brighton, Ill., principal of the city schools, arrived today. Henry Loud of Vicksburg is on the grounds

CLEAN SWEEP

SEMI-ANNUAL

Once more the big broom is at work. Its appearance of friends and patrons. They know what it means--prices are cut to the core--a genuine feast of bar

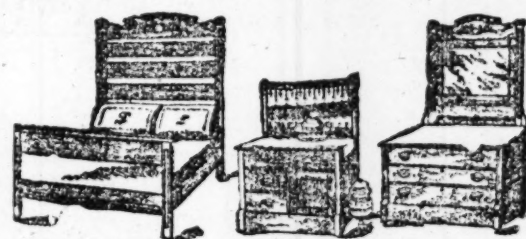
EVERY DEPARTMENT IS AGLOW

We've 85 Solid Oak

Combination Bookcases,

like cut, well made and nicely finished—We'll Clean 'Em Out at

\$7.98



Bargains in Bed-Room Sets.

42 Bedroom Sets, 3 pieces; like cut, hardwood, well made, worth \$18.00. We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$11.75

24 Bedroom Sets, solid oak, nicely finished, worth \$20.00. We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$14.50

14 Bedroom Sets, different patterns, with large French plate mirrors, worth \$35.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$25.00

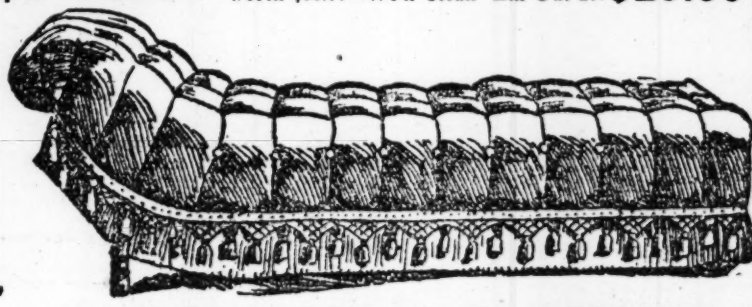


Bargains in Stoves.

48 Cook Stoves, like cut, No. 7—made in St. Louis, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$6.75

36 Cook Stoves, No. 8, with large ovens, worth \$12.50—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$12.50

To Steel Ranges, 4-hole, worth \$30.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$19.00



A CLEAN SWEEP IN COUCHES.

125 Couches, like cut, covered in tapestry, tufted and well made—We'll Clean 'Em All Out at..... \$2.98

98 Corduroy Covered Couches, deep tufted fringe bottom, worth \$8.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$4.75

62 large Roll-Head Couches, covered in velour, they are worth \$14.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$8.50



Bargains in Folding Beds.

18 Upright Folding Beds, like cut, worth \$25.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$17.50

14 Solid Oak Folding Beds, worth \$40.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$25.00

12 richly carved Folding Beds, worth \$30.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$32.00



Bargains in Fancy Rockers.

500 fancy Rockers, wood seat, best style, like cut, worth \$2.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 98c

200 Cobble-Seat Rockers, oak and mahogany finish, worth \$2.75—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$1.75

125 Fancy Rockers, assorted patterns, worth \$3.50—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$3.50



Bargains in Chiffoniers.

75 Solid Oak Chiffoniers, like cut, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$4.00

60 Chiffoniers, mirror top, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$6.50

25 Chiffoniers, nicely carved, mahogany finish, nice designs, worth \$22.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$12.00



Bargains in Dressers.

35 old Dressers like cut, well made, golden finish, worth \$10.50—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$6.75

27 Oval Glass Dressers, like cut, solid oak, French heels, mirror top, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$11.50

14 Dressers, in solid oak and mahogany finish, nice designs, worth \$22.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$15.00

Bargains in Wardrobes.

60 Double Wardrobes, like cut, worth \$6.50—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$3.98

20 Solid Oak Wardrobes, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$6.50

27 Solid Oak Wardrobes, large size, worth \$15.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$10.00

Bargains in Morris Chairs.

125 Morris Chairs, oak and mahogany finish, velvet cushions, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$3.98

54 Morris Chairs, tapestry cushions, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$7.50

12 Morris Chairs, large and fancy, worth \$15.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$10.50

Bargains in Buggies.

20 Buggies, upholstered in silk, like cut, worth \$5.50—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$3.48

18 Buggies, with satin parasol, like cut, worth \$7.50—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$4.50

12 Buggies, nice designs, worth \$10.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$6.75

Bargains in Sideboards.

22 Sideboards, solid oak, like cut, worth \$12.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$7.98

15 Sideboards, solid oak, worth \$18.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$12.50

8 Sideboards, richly carved, worth \$25.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$18.00

CASH OR CREDIT.

NO MAIL ORDERS FILLED DURING THIS SALE.

NO MAIL ORDERS FILLED DURING THIS SALE.

NO MAIL ORDERS FILLED DURING THIS SALE.

A CLEAN SWEEP IN

Carpets and Mattings

600 yards INGRAIN CARPETS, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 22c

750 yards INGRAIN CARPETS, extra heavy goods, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 35c

800 yards BRUSSELS CARPETS, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 45c

450 yards BRUSSELS CARPETS, heavy goods, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 65c

225 yards VELVET CARPETS, nice patterns, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 85c

65 yards JAPANESE STRAW MATTINGS, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 12c

500 yards heavy STRAW MATTINGS, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 20c

CASH OR CREDIT

S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Olive Sts.

A CLEAN SWEEP IN

Odds and Ends.

175 Morris Lawn Chairs, like cut, worth \$2.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 79c

200 Lawn Seats, 8 feet 6 inches long, worth \$1.25—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... 49c

22 Solid Oak Hat Racks, well made, with French plate mirror, worth \$6.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$3.50

14 Hat Racks, new designs, large full size, worth \$12.50—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$8.50

26 Very Fine Parlor Pieces, upholstered in rich silk damask, worth \$20.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$5.00

75 Iron Beds, white enamel, full size, worth \$3.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$1.49

50 Iron Beds, with nice brass trimmings, worth \$5.00—We'll Clean 'Em Out at..... \$4.75

and will remain until the close of the assembly.

Mrs. Margaret Dodge of Jerseyville is spending a week here.

Prof. C. M. Brennan of Staunton, principal of the schools, is staying at the Grange headquarters.

Miss Josephine Penn and Mrs. M. A. Nutt are visiting at the W. C. T. U. cottage.

MRS. ELIZABETH EWING DEAD.

She Was the Mother of Mrs. Cockrell and of Mrs. Wilkinson of St. Louis.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Aug. 10.—Mrs. Elizabeth Allen Ewing, widow of the late Judge E. B. Ewing of the Missouri Supreme Court, died at the home of her daughter,

Mrs. Towles, here tonight, at the ripe old age of 78 years. She was the mother of six children. Mrs. John R. Walker, wife of the late United States district attorney at Kansas City; Mrs. F. M. Cockrell, wife of Senator Cockrell; Dr. Charles Ewing, who is in the Philippines, as sergeant in the United States army; Henry W. Ewing of this city, who died two years ago and who was editor of the Tribune; Mrs. John C. Wilkinson of St. Louis; Mrs. Towles, wife of Maj. T. O. Towles of this city, and E. B. Ewing, Jr., who is in Colorado. The funeral services will be held here Sunday afternoon and the remains will be interred in Bellefontaine Cemetery in St. Louis Monday.

MR. SPRAGUE SAYS

County merchants will find the Delicacies Lunch Rooms interesting places.

HERBERT GLADSTONE TO MARRY

The Disappointing Son of the Grand Old Man to Wed the Daughter of a Tory.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch. (Copyright, 1901.)

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Herbert Gladstone, M. P., the youngest son of the illustrious statesman, is engaged to marry a daughter of Sir Richard Paget, a typical country gentleman and a Tory of the old school. Herbert is 44 years old. He will inherit a large fortune from W. G. Armistead, a mil-

Honorable Jute merchant, who was devotedly attached to his mother, and refused knight-hoods, orders and peerages.

Herbert Gladstone is popular on all sides of the House of Commons, but is without energy, fire or a determined hold on the democratic principles of his father. In fact, as chief whip of the liberal party, he has distinctly inclined toward liberal jingoism.

Quincy Hotel Sold.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

QUINCY, Ill., Aug. 10.—The Tremont Hotel was sold at partition sale today to Mrs. Bertha Weber, one of the heirs, for \$24,500. John W. Owings, representing the St. James Hotel Co. of St. Louis was among the bidders and ran the price up to \$3,250. The Quincy Reserves were defeated today by the Keokuks by a score of 9 to 4.

A MAFIA FOUND IN PARIS

It Has Murdered Fourteen Persons Who Had Taken Part in Exposing Its Members.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch. (Copyright, 1901.)

PARIS, Aug. 10.—A sort of Paris Mafia has been discovered. The police are doing their best to stamp it out, because 14 persons more who had taken part in exposing or convicting criminals recently have been murdered by the criminals' companions, who were pledged to avenge their fellow

members of the organization. Among the latest victims were two provincial judges, three women witnesses and one public prosecutor.

It is believed that the association is also responsible for the remarkable escape last week of two desperadoes from the jail in Angiers, when their keepers were killed and another badly wounded.

WILL SPEND THREE MILLIONS.

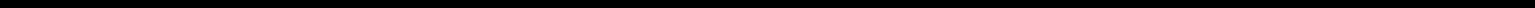
Special to the Post-Dispatch.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Aug. 10.—A telegram was received today from Chicago stating that the contract had been signed by both Swift and Armour to build packing house plants in Fort Worth. The message states that work will commence on the enterprises without delay. Swift and Armour will invest at least \$2,000,000 each.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE AWAITING THIS COURT'S DECISION

Explanation of the Friction in the Navy, Existing Since the Close of the Civil War, and Which Has Divided the Officers Into Two Separate and Distinct Classes.

Relative positions taken by the Brooklyn in the fight and her famous loop maneuver: B—Brooklyn and her seven positions from 9:35 a. m. to 1:15 p. m. in the battle. T—Texas and three of her positions. Showing also the first positions of all the other American battleships and initial directions.



ONE CENT A WORD

Be as Brief as
You Like.

ALL DRUGGISTS.



FOR EXCHANGE

One Cent a Word.

RED WANTED—For exchange, bed, lounge and washstand for brass or iron bed, C 119, P. 10.

RED WANTED—For exchange, good country couch and baby carriage for child's iron bed, 4024 Evans av.

RED WANTED—For exchange, boy's wheel for riding bed, or what have you, cost \$20, ref. for \$10, Ad. C 157, Post-Dispatch.

BIKE WANTED—To exchange pawn ticket for \$5 on gold watch for bicycle or pair good shoes, Ad. E 22, Post-Dispatch.

CANARIES WANTED—For exchange, tailor dress suit wanted for young canaries, Ad. E 55, Post-Dispatch.

CARPET WANTED—For exchange, handsome rug for clock, for carpet or sewing machine, 2106½ Market st.

CARPET WANTED—For exchange, gentleman's bicycle, new, 1901 machine, nickel plated, for good 12x14 carpet or graphophone, De Hill, Bartlett, Postoffice.

CHIFFONIER AND DRESSER WANTED—For exchange, one plush parlor set, 3 pieces, for chair, fender and dresser, Ad. C 117, Post-Dispatch.

CHIFFONIER WANTED—For exchange, moquette rug, almost new, for chair, 422 N. 7th st.

CHICK WANTED—For exchange, wheel, in order, for fall clock or anything of value, 201 E. 10th st.

DESK WANTED—Typewriter for roll top desk or diamond, Ad. E 20, Post-Dispatch.

FOR EXCHANGE—What have you to exchange for? Belgium hares, pedigree and best strain? Ad. 4, Post-Dispatch.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

20 Words or Less, 5 Cents.

ACCOUNTANT—An accountant wants sit. Kinloch, 208, or P. O. Box 1068.

ACCOUNTANT—SIT. wanted by expert accountant; fine, rapid penman; all references; salary moderate, Ad. D 120, Post-Dispatch.

BAKER—Young first hand baker wishes good steady position, Ad. E 120, Post-Dispatch.

BAKER—SIT. wanted by young man, 22 years, as baker, to learn trade; salary paid, Ad. E 120, Post-Dispatch.

BAKER—SIT. wanted as baker; first hand; city or country, Ad. E 132, Post-Dispatch.

BARTENDER—SIT. wanted to learn bartending; 14 first-class bars; all references; salary moderate, Ad. E 132, Post-Dispatch.

BARTENDER—Position wanted by a good mixer; strictly sober, 918 N. 22d st. Hall.

BARTENDER—Working at present; wants change; best of references; from present employer, Ad. E 74, Post-Dispatch.

BILL CLERK—Young man of 17, quick and accurate at figures, would like position as bill clerk in wholesale house, Ad. C 150, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Young man of 21, experienced in bookkeeping and collecting, desires position, Ad. E 57, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—SITUATION wanted by young man as assistant bookkeeper or collector; some experience; will work for advancement; will write a few hundred dollars in good business; Ad. E 120, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Experienced bookkeeper or cashier; best of references given, Ad. E 4, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Experienced, four years keeping books and four years auditing accounts, at present filling responsible position, desires exchange employment, Ad. C 95, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—SIT. wanted by experienced bookkeeper and cashier; best of references, Ad. E 12, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Elderly gentleman wishes position as bookkeeper or collector; some experience; will write a few hundred dollars in good business; Ad. E 120, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Position wanted as assistant bookkeeper or office work; moderate salary; references, Ad. E 12, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—SIT. wanted by colored boy to drive delivery wagon or porter's work in store, E. G. Rice, 4004 Cottage av.

BOY—SITUATION wanted by bright boy of 17 as of boy or clerk in wholesale house, Ad. E 121, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Position wanted by boy of 16 where there is a chance for advancement, Ad. E 121, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—SIT. wanted by boy of 16 as of light porter or housework; wants good home, J. Harris, 1811 Levee.

BOY—SITUATION wanted by boy of 17 having 8 years' experience in jewelry trade; can do ref. Ad. C 115, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—SIT. wanted by a boy of 14, in office, Ad. C 175, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—SIT. wanted by boy of 16; wants work of any kind, E. Engel, 2506 1/2 Ave.

BOY—Good place, position, salary, good home more than wages, G. A. 1244 Tower Grove av.

BROOM WINDER—SIT. wanted by broom winder, with established broom factory, in city or out, Ad. D 9, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER—Carpenter wants work of any kind, country or city, Call or Ad. 2519 Madison st.

CARPENTER—SIT. wanted by carpenter, with 2 years' experience; understand all kinds of carpentry; has tools; moderate wages, Ad. E 12, Post-Dispatch.

CLERK—SITUATION wanted by young man of 23 as shipping or receiving clerk of timekeeper, Ad. D 140, Post-Dispatch.

CLERK—SIT. wanted by young man as shipping clerk; has 5 years' business experience and references, Ad. E 111, Post-Dispatch.

CLERK—Wanted, position, salary, good home more than wages, G. A. 1244 Tower Grove av.

CLERK—Young man of 20 would like a position as dry goods clerk or clerk; salary, Ad. E 120, Post-Dispatch.

CLERK—SIT. wanted by a young man with experience in first-class hotels; refs, Ad. E 120, Post-Dispatch.

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FOR EXCHANGE

One Cent a Word.

FARM WANTED—Exchange item of draft horses, harness, wagon and a house on wheels for a small improved farm, 1701 Chouteau av.

FOR EXCHANGE—What have you to exchange for? Ad. E 120, Post-Dispatch.

FOR EXCHANGE—Good, cost \$10, for iron bed, 14x6 or single bed, Ad. D 153, P. 10.

FOR EXCHANGE—Gas and coal range, oil dresser, washstand, single iron bed, mattress and box spring, good country couch, carpenter work of any good value, 4513 Monroe.

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FOR EXCHANGE

One Cent a Word.

FOR EXCHANGE—Four large, valuable books, what have you? Call 1304 Webster.

FOR EXCHANGE—Will exchange good books for anything of value, Ad. E 114, Post-Dispatch.

FURNITURE—For sale, or exchange, oak mantel folding bed, single iron bed, Majestic range, with hot water connections; also, fine English home-burner; everything almost new; can use the cash, also, photograph, 3033½ St. Vincent av.

FURNITURE—Canton style, cost \$200, also \$200 lawn mower in excellent condition, for graphophone, Ad. E 154, Post-Dispatch.

FURNITURE—For exchange, a new coal heating stove for furniture, Box 15, Patoka, Ill.

GO-CART WANTED—Exchange a graphophone, 26 records, set double harness or watch for the car or for a bicycle, Ad. C 164, P. 10.

GRAPHOPHONE WANTED—For exchange, a good bicycle for a graphophone, Ad. C 164, P. 10.

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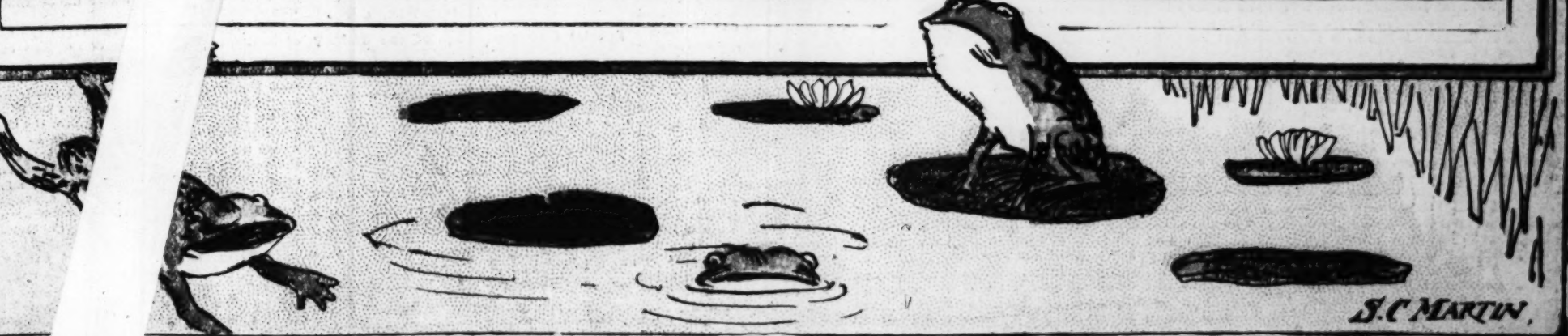
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GRAPHOPHONE WANTED—For

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH MAGAZINE

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1901.

Listening to the Band in Tower Grove Sunday Afternoon



A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE CRIME AND ARREST OF PACKER

Who Was Accused of Eating His Companions, Sentenced to Prison in Colorado for 40 Years and Was Recently Pardoned.

IN 1833 Alfred Packer was convicted at Lake City, Colo., of murdering and eating part of the flesh of five companions, with whom he had started to make a journey across the San Juan country to the Los Pinos agency during the winter of 1834. No murder law was then operative in the state, so he was convicted of manslaughter on five counts and sentenced to eight years on each count.

Last January he was pardoned by the governor.

Mrs. Margaret T. Adams, widow of Gen. Carl Adams, who was Indian agent at the Los Pinos reservation when Packer came in after the crime was committed, says the sentiment which brought about the pardon is false and mawkish. With her husband she visited the scenes of the tragedy. She knew Packer and all the others. She is the only person living who knows all the facts, and she now tells the story for the first time. It was taken down, word for word as she told it, by Marie K. Maule and sent to the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

One of the most sensational results of this strife was the shooting in Denver of F. G. Bonilla and Harry H. H. Tamm, proprietors of the Evening Post of that city, by Attorney W. W. Anderson nearly two years ago.

By MARGARET T. ADAMS, Widow of Gen. Carl Adams, Who Was Indian Agent at Los Pinos Ute Reservation, Where the Crime Was Committed There.

THE expedition which led up to the awful tragedy, as a result of which Albert Packer was sentenced to 40 years' imprisonment, was organized in Bingham Canyon, Utah, in the fall of 1873, for the purpose of opening up the mine then known as Washington Gulch. Packer was engaged to accompany the expedition as guide and hunter.

The first we heard of the expedition was when it reached Ouray's winter camp, on the Uncompahgre where the Indian Lova, a marvel of intuition and sagacity, told us that there were white men and horses beyond the big snows on the Uncompahgre.

It was late in the winter—December or January—that the expedition reached Ouray's camp. The snow was deep, the men exhausted. Further progress seemed impossible.

Hammied in on all sides by the terrible snows, and absolutely in the power of the Indians, who were notoriously hostile, the miners were in despair.

In this desperate plight they threw themselves upon the mercy of Ouray, always the faithful friend of the white man. He warned them of the perils of attempting to get through the deep snows which

lay between them and the agency, and told them, with his usual great-hearted generosity, that they need have no fear, that they might make their camp on the reservation for the winter, and that his young men would kill game and supply them with elk meat for their subsistence.

Some of the party were in favor of accepting the chief's advice and remaining on the reservation for the winter, but most of them were anxious to get off at once, as Packer, who was acting in the capacity of guide, professed to have been an old hunter and trapper in Canada and he could take them in safety to the agency through any snow.

At last a compromise was made, and Albert Packer, with five others—Israel Swan, Shannon W. Bell, James Humphrey, Frank Miller and George Nock—set out for the agency.

They never reached it. After a delay of many weeks, when travel seemed more safe, the rest of the party left camp on the Uncompahgre and set out for the agency under the guidance of a Scotch physician whose name I cannot now remember.

From that moment we were on the lookout. A light was kept burning at night and warm clothes and provisions were ready.

But nothing more was heard of the luckless expedition until far in April, when early one morning a man was seen coming alone across the hills.

That man was Albert Packer. He had been there at the time so many strangers had been coming through the reservation to be fed and cared for that winter that our usual supplies had not held out and we had gone down to Denver for provisions.

The first person to see Packer as he approached the agency was Herman Lauter, who is now dead.

He noticed that Packer's clothes were ragged and his shoes worn almost to fragments, but that he walked with a firm step and seemed in good health and condition. Packer carried an old tin coffee pot in his hand, and while he seemed worn and exhausted, was not weak or emaciated.

He was led to the agency, his frozen clothing taken off and food placed before the man. He was a great surprise to the employees, for he did not seem hungry. He ate sparingly, and seemed to evince a special dislike for meat.

Ouray, who had arrived at the agency a short time before from his own camp, regarded the stranger with a keen, observing eye. "Umph!" he grunted; "white man with a tin coffee pot!"

In the coffee pot which Packer carried in his hand when he came into the agency were small strips of meat. These Ouray took one by one in his fingers and exam-

ined, smelled and scrutinized closely. Then, raising his head with a look of loathing and horror on his face, Ouray hesitatingly pronounced them to be human flesh.

At the time the employees could not believe a statement so repulsive and astounding. There was something so peculiar about Packer that, though quiet and inoffensive, he was terribly disliked about the agency, and when, after a few days of recuperation, he said he wanted to start back on his way to civilization, no one objected but all were glad to see him go.

Saguache was then the nearest town and he reached it on the very day that Gen. Adams and I drove in on our way back from Denver. There was no hotel there, but our good friend Otto Morris kept open house for travelers.

When we went into the dining room I saw a big, burly, sunken looking man leaning against the window. His expression was so sulky and angry that I asked out of curiosity who he was and what made him look so sulky.

I was then told that he was the man Packer who had headed the first part of the expedition, and who had been deserted by his companions in the mountains.

Presently while he was eating, with his eyes upon his plate, I said: "So you are Packer, are you? How glad and thankful you must feel to get back to civilization!" He nodded his head, but made no reply.

"But where do you suppose the rest of your party can be?" I continued. At that a strange look came over his face and he at once ceased eating.

"How do I know?" he said gruffly. "I didn't desert them; they deserted me."

"But they may be starving and freezing, and not having your knowledge of the frontier they may be lost and in the mountains. It would be worse than murder for you to abandon them in this way. They say you can track a rabbit for 50 miles and never lose a trail. Why don't you go back and rescue your companions? You can follow your own trail back to where you left them."

He replied, sullenly: "I don't know why I should go back. They left me to die, why shouldn't I leave them? Anyhow, I am sick. I have no money, no grub, no clothes, nothing. I ain't got back after them!"

Then you will be a murderer!" said I, at which he started and turned deadly pale. "For a while he played with the bread crumbs on his plate, and I noticed that his fingers trembled. Then he looked up with a quick, sarcastic expression.

"Will your husband help me find them?" he asked.

I said that he would, that it was his business to look after the people on the reservation, and that the government

would never let human beings die of cold and starvation while it had means to save them.

Packer gave me a queer look then, and said, suddenly: "Well, all right, then; I'll stop and go back."

Soon after Packer, finishing his breakfast, went out to a nearby saloon and began drinking heavily. In the excitement of drink he drew out of his pockets several different pocketbooks, from which he took bills of large denominations and bought with them a horse, saddle and bridle, a new suit of clothes and a number of other things.

In a few hours, when our horses were sufficiently rested, we set out on our return to the agency—Gen. Adams, two friends and myself in the ambulance, Packer behind us on his pony.

It noticed that Gen. Adams kept a close watch upon Packer all the way back to the agency, and that night gave him a room where he could be watched by an attendant whom he could not see.

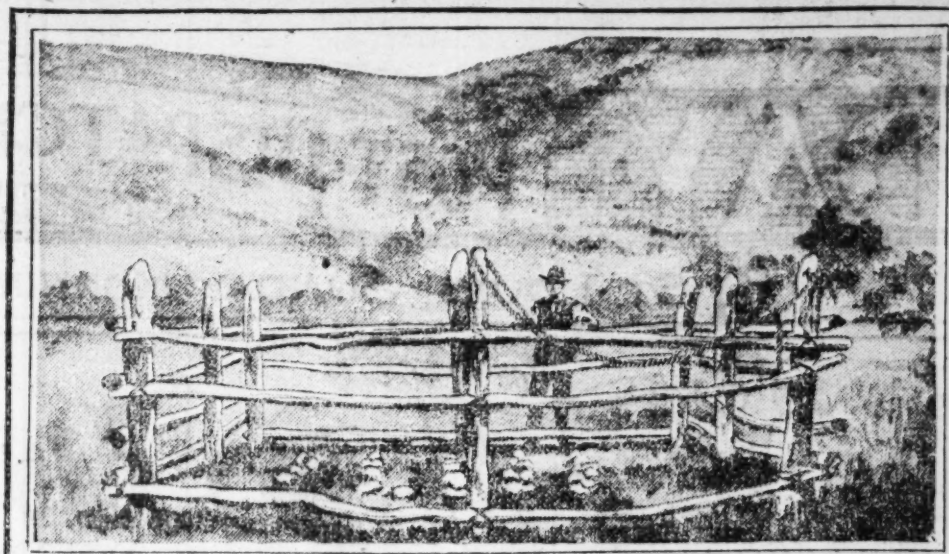
He did not sleep, but lay staring into the darkness or restlessly pacing up and down the room.

In the morning Gen. Adams called him into the office and talked to him. His manner was uneasy and his stories were confused and contradictory.

When the second expedition arrived at the agency Gen. Adams again called into the room and, confronting him with those wretched survivors, asked him to tell them what had become of his companions.

At first he told the same story as before, saying that they had deserted him and left him to perish alone in the mountains.

But as he was questioned and cross-questioned his nerve failed him. He began to falter, stumble and swerve from his story, and at last said that the cold and starvation had killed all the party, one by one, except himself and a man named Bell, and that while he was stooping over the camp fire Bell had seized and ax and tried to kill him. They had had a desperate struggle, he said, in which two of his front teeth had been knocked out, and he had finally killed Bell in self-defense.



MRS. MARGARET T. ADAMS.

At this point in the story one of the men who was with the survivors, who was called "Frenchy" by his companions, sprang to his feet, yelling:

"You lie, you—blackguard! Bell never hurt anybody in all his life. You have murdered him, you villain. He was my pard, the best fellow that ever lived, and I'll track you like a bloodhound until you are punished for it! I'll never let you escape me— you, until I have your life for the life of my friend!"

Under a strong guard Packer was taken down to Saguache. There being no jail in the place, he was locked in an old log cabin, from which he soon after escaped, helped, we have always believed, by the man who had carried for him his ill-gotten gains.

After the escape of Packer from the cabin at Saguache we heard no more of the matter until late in the spring of the next year, when John Randolph, a young photographer from Peoria, Ill., in company with an artist from Buffalo, came out to Chicago to get views of mountain scenery and made a dread discovery.

In tramping about they came upon the beautiful Lake San Cristobal, near Lake City, and following its borders suddenly discovered five bodies, lying side by side, their feet toward a spot which had once been a campfire.

The bodies were not in the least decomposed, but dried and mummified by the high, dry, pure air.

There was no sign of a struggle. The arm of one man was beneath his head as he lay when he passed from his night's

rest to his eternal one.

The head of one of the bodies was cut open, as with the blow of an ax. The authorities were notified, the bodies identified and buried, and a stern search begun for Albert Packer.

For nine years nothing was heard of him. At last one day, while my husband was in Washington, a letter came from "Frenchy" saying that at last he had found Packer. For years, in the guise of a peddler, "Frenchy" had tracked Packer from place to place, and found him at last on a ranch in Wyoming, where he was working under the name of Stewart or Schwartz.

I forwarded the letter to Gen. Adams, with requisition papers, he set out, and at Cheyenne entered a train and came face to face with Packer himself. He was a murderer, and lightly punished for one of the most heinous crimes ever committed in the state of Colorado.

EXPEDITIONS BOUND TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES

EXPEDITIONS TO THE ANTARCTIC.

LONDON, Aug. 3. Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

EXCEPT for two very recent and not very successful ventures—those of De Gerlache and Borchgrevink—antarctic research has been practically at a standstill for over half a century. But it will be resumed this year on an unprecedented scale. No less than four European expeditions are likely to engage in the work in the near future, one of them having already started for southern waters, and two being exceptionally well fitted for their task. The Belgian expedition, which spent 30 weeks in total darkness in 1898, possessed peculiar interest for Americans, since it was accompanied by their compatriot, Dr. Frederick A. Cook. Besides, it explored the coast of Graham Land, a little to the southwest of Cape Horn, and added perceptibly to the world's stock of geographical information. Capt. Borchgrevink, a Norwegian, backed by the generosity of an Englishman, landed near Cape Adams, Victoria Land (south of New Zealand), very early in 1899, and stayed there several months. He believed that he located the south magnetic pole somewhat more precisely than Ross in 1841, and he brought back other information regarding the location of the islands in that vicinity. But the value of his data is disputed, inasmuch as the accuracy of his observations is doubtful.

The four expeditions now about to engage in antarctic explorations are English, Russian, Scotch and Swedish. The first two co-operate to a certain extent. For instance, they divide between them the entire continent and its adjacent ice, and devote their attention to one-half. The English will study the region extending from east longitude 90 (about opposite the middle of the Indian Ocean) around south of Australia and the Pacific to west longitude 90. This will bring their field of inquiry almost to the meridian of Cape Horn. The Germans take the other semi-circle, which lies south of Africa, Africa, and the western half of the Indian Ocean. And, though some of the facts which each party will ascertain will possess an independent value, much of its observation—notably of magnetic phenomena—will need to be compared with the data obtained by the other party.

The British expedition goes out under the joint auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society and the British government. Sir Clements Markham of the first mentioned organization, after a great deal of agitation for several years, had succeeded in getting subscriptions to the amount of £15,000 early in 1899, when Lieut. Evelyn W. Longstaff came forward and promised £25,000 more. Subsequently the government contributed £5,000. Other pecuniary help followed, and about £100,000 was eventually available.

The British expedition probably has the finest ship ever engaged in polar research. She was designed and built expressly for her work, and in many details is superior to the refitted steam whaler usually employed in such explorations. The Discovery was built at Dundee, being launched in March and arriving at London about July 1. She has there received a three years' supply of food and fuel. The cost of this vessel was not far from £45,000. She is rigged as a bark, displaces 1750 tons, and measures 172 feet in length on the waterline, 16 feet in depth and 33 feet in width amidships. Her walls of solid oak are between eight and nine feet thick out forward, while they are at least three and one-half feet thick further aft. The bow is covered with steel plates, while the sheer or slant of her bow has been designed with special reference to a successful encounter with the pack. Bulkheads or partitions, extending crosswise in the ship, have been made particularly strong, still further to resist side pressure. Her engines should develop 450 horse power, and in open water she is good for about eight knots under steam.

The ship has an asbestos lining an inch and a half thick, and when she winters in the ice a cloth of heavy felt will be stretched over her entire length. A power full steam which and an extra strong tackle on the main yard will be employed in dredging operations. There are several cabins for special uses, and a laboratory on deck for the biologist. A room on deck, in which the magnetic instruments will be kept and shielded, has been shielded from the influence of steel and iron of 20 feet by the employment of brass where metal is required in that part of the vessel. Aside from these special provisions for scientific work the Discovery is exceptionally well furnished for comfort and sanitation. Only 20 dogs will be taken along, but these were carefully selected in Russia.

The Discovery is commanded by Capt. R. F. Scott, a torpedo lieutenant in the naval service, 20 years of age. For a time he was assigned to duty on the battleship Majestic. His first assistant is Lieut. A. R. Armitage, whose experience has of late been confined to the steamers of the peninsula and Oriental line. Still, he once accompanied the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to Franz Josef Land as meteorologist, and has some knowledge of ice. Lieut. Charles Koyds is third in command, and Reginald Skelton is the engineer.

The question whether the expedition will remain on shipboard and stay in the ice through the winter of 1902 is left open. Capt. Scott has discretionary power. But if he decides to put the party on shore and get his ship out of the ice he is instructed to land only between Capes Johnson and Crozier. These do not appear on many maps of the antarctic regions, but are supposed to be near the great ice mass mentioned sometimes called McMurdo Bay. If the ship winters in the ice it will be at that immediate locality, and the expedition is instructed to study the volcanoes and mountains west of the bay. Capt. Scott is directed to bring his vessel back to Melbourne early in 1903 for supplies and to report progress. If a landing party is sent ashore for the winter then the captain should get out of the pack as soon as he can, and winter in some convenient harbor like Melbourne. Eventually the expedition will come home by way of the south Pacific and Cape Horn, continuing its magnetic observations while on the way. It is likely, however, that a second year will be spent in exploration, so that a return before 1904 is improbable.

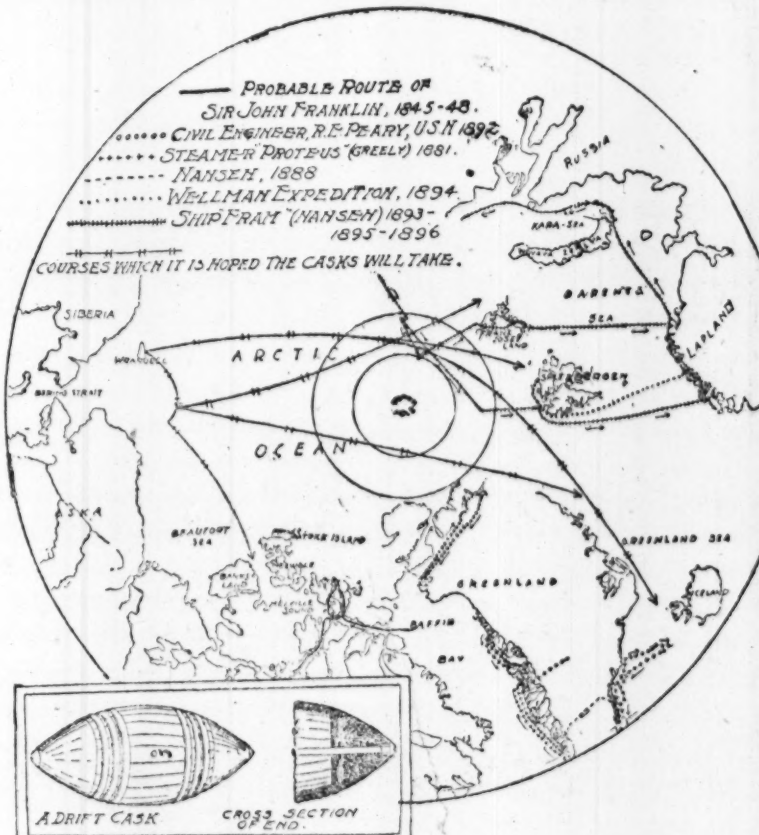
The German expedition is financially

backed by the government, though employed by civilians. It has a specially designed ship, built at Kiel, and named after the eminent authority in terrestrial magnetism, Gauss. She is entirely of wood, and not very unlike Nansen's Fram in shape, but is especially strengthened by internal supports and triple planking of oak, greenheart and pitch on the waterline. Her length is 151 feet, and she draws 16 feet of water. She is a three-masted schooner in rig, but has engines capable of giving her a speed of seven knots.

This expedition goes out under the leadership of Prof. Erich von Drygalski of Berlin, famous for his study of arctic glaciers. His staff consists of Dr. Ernst von Hoeffen of Kiel, zoologist and botanist; Dr. Hans Gadow of Munich, medical officer and bacteriologist; Dr. Emil Philipp of Breslau, geologist and chemist, and Dr. Friedrich Biddlingmaier of Laufingen-on-the-Neckar, a magnetic and meteorologist. The ship is commanded by Capt. Hans Ruser, with Herr A. Storch as engineer. The two last named have been in the service of the Hamburg-American Line.

Regarding the Swedish expedition, the Sphere supplies these particulars: "It is to be conducted on a more modest scale than the one being led by Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld of Uppsala University, who has distinguished himself by his expedition to Terra del Fuego, and in Alaska and Greenland, and is a nephew of the famous discoverer of the Northeast Passage. His vessel, the Antarctic, has had a strange history. She was built some years ago at Sandefjord, the Norwegian Dundee, in an attempt to revive the old sperm whaling industry in the Atlantic seas. The scheme was a failure, as the vessel got only one whale. She was afterward used as a whaler off the Greenland coast, and was then purchased by Prof. Nathorst, the famous Swedish arctic explorer, who accompanied Baron Nordenskjöld on the Vega's famous journey around Europe and Asia 20 years ago. Prof. Nathorst also used the vessel to look for Andree. Afterward she was employed in Greenland at the expense of Denmark by Lieut. Andrup. Dr. Nordenskjöld then bought her from Denmark. She is being equipped at Gottenborg, and the expedition is going to cost only £2000.

The plans of the Scotch expedition are not so far advanced as those of the other three, but it will go out under the leadership of William S. Bruce, a great devotee of geographical research, although a physician. He made a preliminary voyage in a Dundee whaler a year or so ago to the vicinity which he now wants particularly to explore. And he has written somewhat extensively for geographical periodicals. The cost of this expedition was not expected to exceed £25,000, and a year ago nearly one-third had been secured. Mr. Bruce plans to take a Scotch or Norwegian whaler, go out to the Falkland Islands and then make a push for the south seas, to the southward of Cape Horn. The general plan is to try to penetrate the ice pack on about the thirtieth meridian west of Greenwich. There, and even in longitude 50 and 60, Mr. Bruce says that the ice is not so thick as in Greenland, and he is hopeful that he can get well south in this part of the world. What he wants to do is to land a party a little east of Graham Land and send his ship north out of the ice. The party would explore with sledges. Mr. Bruce dreams of getting as far south as latitude 50 and beating the world's record made by Ross in 1841-2.



CASKS TO POINT THE WAY TO THE POLE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5. Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WHETHER it is possible for a ship frozen in the Arctic ice to the northward of Bering Strait to drift across the North Pole, or so near to the pole as to make an easy task for her crew to reach that goal by marching over the ice, will be determined by experiments to be carried out by the Revenue cutter service in conjunction with Rear Admiral Melville and the Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

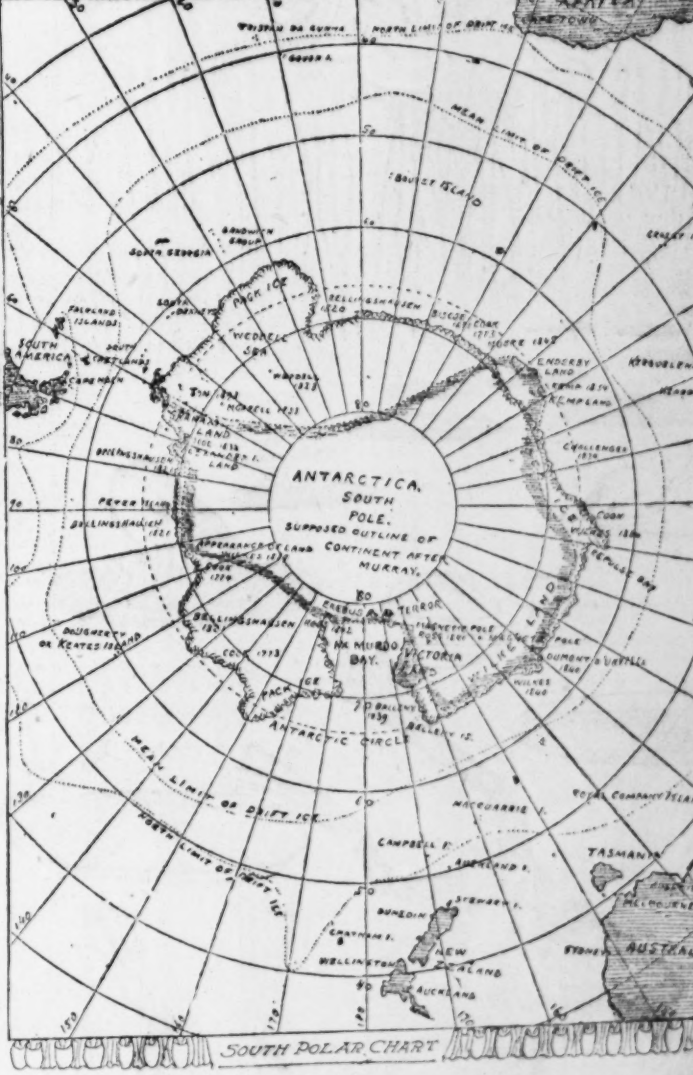
The study of Arctic currents which Admiral Melville made when he was a member of the Jeannette expedition convinced him that the solution of the polar problem would ultimately be found by bolting pushing a ship into the ice pack and trusting

to the ocean currents to carry her into the neighborhood of the North Pole. When the Jeannette was frozen in the ice it was hoped that she would be carried to the pole by this drift. The general direction taken by the ice, especially after the Jeannette was abandoned, went far to support this theory, and it was still further strengthened by the remarkable drift of Dr. Nansen's ship, the Fram, which entered the ice pack west of the point where the Jeannette was abandoned.

Rear Admiral Melville conceived the idea of having a large number of specially constructed casks carried up through Bering Strait and set adrift on the ice, careful records being made of the exact latitude and longitude where each cask is set adrift. He read a paper on the subject before the Geographical Society of Philadelphia in 1898, which led to that society heartily endorsing the project and offering to have the casks constructed. As a recognition of the interest taken by that society, and especially by its president, Henry G. Bryant, the casks have been called the Melville Bryant drift casks.

The casks have the shape of paraboloids. Each cask has about 20 gallons capacity. They are made of heavy oak staves, encased with heavy iron hoops. The conical ends are designed to avoid any end that might crush in the heads of an ordinary cask.

The general appearance of all the casks is much the same, but two varieties are used, differing slightly in the method of con-



struction. Each cask bears a conspicuous number painted on its side and also contains a tightly sealed bottle in which is a paper of instructions for the finder to carefully go north out of their way in order to place the casks in the most desirable places to demonstrate the correctness of the theories entertained as to the Arctic currents.

This year the revenue cutter Bear is to be called into requisition to place a lot of the casks on the ice as far to the westward and northward of Bering Strait as she can safely go without danger of being frozen fast.

Capt. Shoemaker, the chief of the revenue cutter service, entered heartily into the project, and when the Bear sailed for the Arctic last month she carried 15 of the Melville Bryant casks, with orders from Capt. Shoemaker to her commanding officer, Capt. Francis Tuttle, to spare no effort to make the proper distribution of the casks on the ice in accordance with the instructions given by President Bryant of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

The best results are not expected from casks turned adrift by whalers, as the captains of these vessels cannot be expected to go north out of their way in order to place the casks in the most desirable places to demonstrate the correctness of the theories entertained as to the Arctic currents.

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NO. 4. ST. LOUISANS AT THE NORTHERN SUMMER RESORTS.

A Series of Illustrated Articles Prepared by a Staff Photographer and Correspondent of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

AT ELKHART LAKE.

Wisconsin Resort Which Is Popular Among the Well-to-Do People of South St. Louis.

ELKHART LAKE, Wis., Aug. 8.
By a Staff Correspondent of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

ELKHART LAKE is renowned for the crystal-like transparency of its water and for the Teutonic features of the settlement about its shores.

When you wade out into four feet of water you may look down and see your toes as clearly, almost, as if you were standing on the beach.

When you leave the water and return to almost any of the hotels you may order your meal in German and have your dishes cooked in a fashion that is German.

You may also sit at a little wooden table and drink beer in a dance hall that is typically German or sip from your stein in a shady nook that is so distinctively German that it has been christened "Unter den Linden."

The delightful clearness of the water impresses itself upon the visitor the instant his eye alights upon its placid surface.

mer there. To him Elkhart Lake and the Osthoff Hotel are ideal places in the torrid season.

With his friend, Christopher A. Stifel, he enjoys the German cooking, the breezes that are wafted from the lake, the quiet rambles through the shady woods and the pleasures of the "hall," a somewhat miniature reproduction of the St. Louis "Liederkranz."

When you walk from the Hotel Osthoff towards the lake your path leads you to the "hall."

A canvas sign emblazoned with the word "Willkommen" greets you as you approach. Just outside the hall is "Unter den Linden." It might be described as a large cozy corner built in a small grove. It has a wooden floor, rustic benches about three sides and small wooden tables scattered about. The heavy foliage of the trees shades it even when the sun is hottest and the breezes from the lake keep it uniformly cool.

The "hall" itself consists of one large

It is played on the same sort of little wooden tables that the visitors sit about in the dance hall.

The score is marked on the edge of the tables with chalk that is kept in match boxes.

The gentlemen from St. Louis play "scott" for hours. When so engaged they are as deeply absorbed and their interest is concentrated on the game as the average fan of the present season is in a big game at League Park.

But the ladies do not play "scott." Nor do many of the younger men.

The lake has more attractions for them. It is a beautifully clear inland body of water, too. It is shaped something like a heart—like an elk's heart, some people say. That accounts for the derivation of the name in their explanations.

It is only about four miles long and hardly a mile wide. It is very deep, in most places, however, and is full of springs that are noticeable to the bathers by the coolness of the water where they gush forth.



"UNTER DEN LINDEN" AT ELKHART LAKE—GROUP OF GERMAN VISITORS FROM ST. LOUIS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MRS. MATILDA FRYE OF 3145 SHENANDOAH ST., MRS. GAIER, CHRISTOPH A. STIFEL OF 966 CHOUTEAU AVE., MRS. J. B. WOESTMAN OF 2407 NORTH GRAND AVE., COMMODORE FRED HEROLD OF 3155 SOUTH JEFFERSON AVE., J. B. WOESTMAN, HENRY RUCKERT (STANDING) OF 3623 FLAD AVE., MRS. FREDERICK HERBERT OF 3223 COPELIN ST., MRS. FERD. WELB AND MRS. GEORGE HEINEMAN OF THE GERMAN STOCK COMPANY OF ST. LOUIS AND MRS. SCHMIDT. B. NEWBURGER IN THE BACKGROUND.



MRS. J. J. EPSTEIN OF 5131 FAIRMOUNT AVE. AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, JONE AT ELKHART.



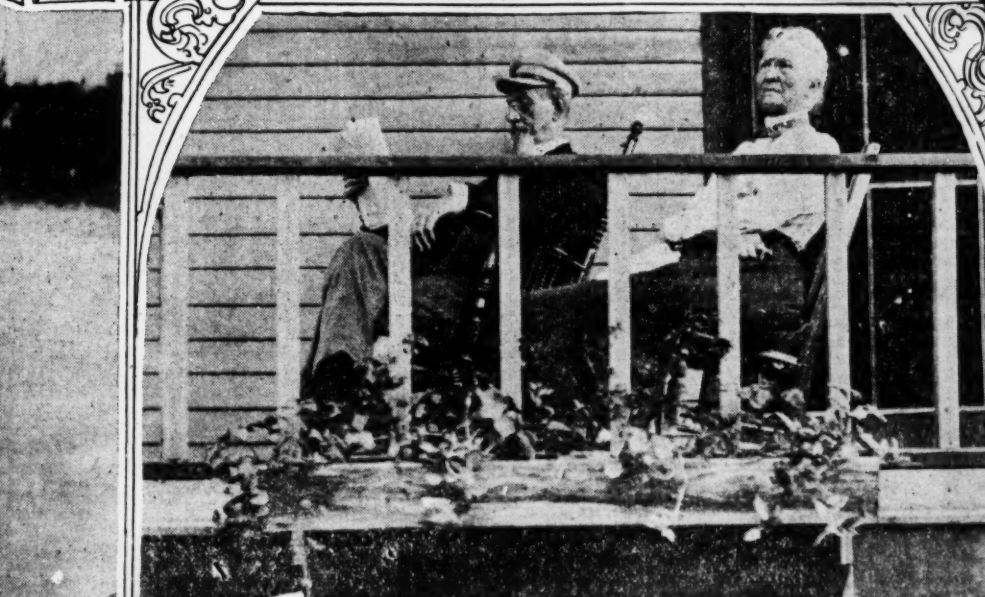
ST. LOUIS COLONY AT THE CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL. JAMES T. SANDS AGAINST THE WALL, CAPT. WILLIAM BULL IN BACKGROUND; THE LADIES ARE MRS. A. H. HANDLAN OF 4930 LINDELL BLVD. AND THEIR DAUGHTERS, MISSES MARIE AND VELLA HANDLAN, MRS. D. C. MEYSENBERG OF 3130 LUCAS AVE. AND MISS MEYSENBERG, MRS. A. M. GUTHRIE, MRS. A. P. FARRAR AND MRS. N. M. LEACH. THE GENTLEMAN TO THE LEFT IS J. A. FALLON.



JACOB FRALEY OF 4017 WEST PINE BLVD. AND HIS DAUGHTER, ALMA. PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE LAWN OF THE HOTEL SCHWARTZ AT ELKHART LAKE.



GROUP OF COMPTON HEIGHTS RESIDENTS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: WILLIAM F. HERBERT OF 3223 COPELIN ST., MRS. FRANKLIN L. LAMPEL OF 3635 CASTLEMAN AVE., MAXIE SCHMIDT, SON OF MR. AND MRS. VALENTINE, C. A. SCHMIDT, STANDING IN FRONT OF MRS. FEUSTEL OF PARK AND OHIO AVES., MRS. FREDERICK HERBERT OF 3223 COPELIN ST. AND MISS LULU ENSLIN OF 2126 SOUTH COMPTON AVE., HARRY FRYE AND MRS. MATILDA FRYE OF 3145 SHENANDOAH ST. ARE IN THE BACKGROUND.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN B. WOESTMAN OF 2707 NORTH GRAND AVE. ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THEIR COTTAGE.



COTTAGE OF HENRY RUCKERT OF 3623 FLAD AVE. MR. RUCKERT AND FRIENDS IN THE DOORWAY AT ELKHART.

The Fatherland aspect of the resort impresses you even before that. It is something of a walk from the railroad station to the lake and the Teutonic nature of the summer settlement strikes the tourist as he steps from the train.

Porters who speak German almost exclusively reach for your grip and gentlemen with marked German accents inquire at what hotel you intend to stop.

The Otto Osthoff Hotel is the favorite resort of the St. Louis German colony. There gather the Herolds, the Herkerts, the Griseclucks, the Stifels, and representatives of many other prominent German families.

Everything at the Otto Osthoff is as German as the first potatoes. Herr Osthoff, the proprietor, is a thorough Teuton and he runs his hostelry as though it were located on the banks of the Rhine because his patrons want it that way.

Commodore Fred Herold of South St. Louis is one of the prominent St. Louis German citizens who is spending the summer

apartment used for a variety of purposes. It has a stage, where Herr George Heinemann and the other members of the German Stock Company of St. Louis, who are among the summer guests, occasionally entertain their fellow resorters.

Usually, however, it is filled in the evenings with crowds of the younger folk, who glide gracefully about its floor to music furnished by a pianist and violinist.

Occasionally the pianist, who is from Milwaukee, throws in a vocal selection and the violinist, who is a minstrel chorister, comes to his side partner's assistance with a tenor "obligato."

Frequently the dancers stop, gather about the piano and add to the harmony.

All the while their elders sit about the little wooden tables, complacently quaffing their steins and watching the dancers approvingly. Between dances the young people join their elders about the tables.

Back of the dance hall is the bar and back of the bar the skatroom. Skat is easily a feature of life at Elkhart. But everybody here pronounces it "scott."

The edges of the lake are screened by a regular succession of towering trees that add to the general beauty of the location. A steam launch runs about the lake. A trip on the launch costs only 10 cents. On the circuit you see the Pettibone Hotel and the Lake House, as well as the Osthoff and Schwartz hotels.

But the residents point out to you with more enthusiasm the magnificent villa of Mathias Gottfried, the Chicago brewer. His summer home is indeed his castle. It is on the east bank of the lake crowning the crest of a beautiful hill. Half a million dollars has Mr. Gottfried spent on this villa. He has a private launch, private stables and every luxury that one could desire at a summer home. It is said by old residents that Mr. Gottfried decided upon Elkhart Lake as the place in which to invest this fortune because of the fact that he was brought to this place an invalid some years ago and regained his health here aided by the advantages of its attractive climate.

There is bathing near all the hotels, but there is more frolicking in the shallow water near the Osthoff than at any other point.

There the young people from St. Louis disport themselves. And the older people, too. The water of Elkhart Lake is warmer as well as clearer than that of Lake Michigan, which washes a majority of the northern resorts and is therefore more inviting to bathers of all ages.

Almost everybody at Elkhart swims and yet on the Fourth of July and practically ever since then a good part of the population of Los Angeles, Cal., has been sliding down hill on bobsleds.

And the temperature in Los Angeles has registered about 25 degrees.

It is the most remarkable sledding on record. Children ride barefoot and grown women wear sun bonnets.

The whole sport is due to wild mustard and an inquisitive boy who discovered that dead wild mustard is as slippery as glass.

After the annual spring rains Southern California mountains and hills become thickly covered with weeds and grasses. These die in the summer heat, leaving a

brown coating so thick that it remains until the following season.

The Los Angeles boy discovered a hill-side sleek with this mustard. He could scarcely walk over it. Instinct suggested that he get a board and take a slide. Other boys heard of the good thing and pushed it along.

Evolution brought sleds. By July 4 everybody in Los Angeles had caught the coasting fever.

SUMMER COASTING WHERE SNOW NEVER FALLS

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 5.
Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

IT HAS never snowed in Los Angeles, and yet on the Fourth of July and practically ever since then a good part of the population of Los Angeles, Cal., has been sliding down hill on bobsleds.

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A smooth slope a quarter of a mile long was selected, and the town turned out to celebrate. It was a winter carnival in summer.

Everybody who had anything to coast on, as well as many who hadn't, were there to enter into the exhilarating sport.

The spectacle of half a hundred yelling boys and shrieking girls shooting down the

hill at lightning express speed, landing in heaps at the end of the run, and trudging and pulling their sleds up the long slope, was as novel as it was interesting, and a crowd stood in the sweltering heat and looked on it with rapture.

At the steeper places the sleds went so fast that it did not take the youngsters long to discover that it would require a brake to keep them from flying to destruction. One was improvised, and now they are in use on all the sleds.

Little else but coasting is talked about in Los Angeles.

There are a few people in the city who came from the East and have had some real experience sliding down hill on real snow.

Society has taken up the pastime and every day coasting parties are organized.

STEPHEN A. MARTIN.

Lowest Creations in Bathing Costumes at French Watering Places

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

IN these days, when amateur photographers swarm everywhere and when the click of the indiscreet apparatus takes one by surprise, on the plain, in the valley, on the mountain, it is necessary more than ever for women of fashion to watch over their reputation for style. The bathing hour at the fashionable seaside resorts is, above all others, the most critical. At that moment the kodak rages. "Kind friends," "the family" and even unknown persons are seized with an acute attack of instantaneous photographing, and women, delivered over to the tender mercies of these maniacs of the "darkroom," have no resort and no defense but their beauty.

Ah! our grandmothers vaunted the grace with which they draped themselves in their Indian cashmeres! How much more difficult is it to enter or leave water, to put on or take off with dignity the peignoir held up by one's maid! These are trying moments in the existence of a woman of fashion, and it requires perfect confidence in oneself to come through the ordeal triumphantly.

But what woman can ever distrust herself when the toilet daily becomes an art which consists in setting off the advantages that nature has bestowed on her and creating those which have been denied her? The modern devotion to sports has developed in the modern woman a taste for the plastic in form. Thus women have abandoned the odious bathing costumes of their mothers, who were so conscious of the ridiculous aspect of their acknowledgment that they went down even into the water in a bathing machine. Our charming society women, despising the costume and the prejudice of modesty, invented by the ugly and deformed, expose themselves to the criticisms of the judges.

It must be admitted, moreover, that the costumes the underwear, the accessories are particularly flattering and seductive this year, and that each season brings with it a fresh refinement of grace and research. Alpaca, so brilliant to the eye, has replaced serge and chevrons, and its brilliancy is by no means impaired by its being wetted—it remains as bright and soft as taffetas.

Dark colors, black especially, are preferred, but white prevails in the trimming; with wide or narrow braids and cut-out patterns of cloth all sorts of becoming combinations are produced. The drawers are knickerbockers and the skirt, attached to the corsage, completely covers them. The charming fashion of wearing cashmere stockings, which are easier to take off than silk stockings, warrants an extra shortening of the costume, which adds to its grace.

The large navy collar is, as always, the most becoming ornament. Made of white cloth, very broad, and trimmed with a Greek pattern on a band of taffetas cut on the cross, it is very fascinating. I do not admire the innovation of the bolero, which ought to remain within the domain of dress. Still, I have seen a bold but adorable model in black and white; the shaped skirt trimmed round the bottom with a broad bias of white cloth; a very short bolero incrustated on a white blouse corsage, a white shawl collar fastened with a red regatta tie over a red, low-cut front, with a black anchor in relief embroidered upon it.

To wear these costumes with comfort, it is indispensable to have a waistband correct of strong linen, very slightly stiffened, which supports the back and gives a curve to the loins. Women have lost the normal equilibrium of their bodies since the ancestral custom of wearing corsets came in, and their outlines would be lacking in firmness and curve if they did not resort to them.

In the same way flat shoes, the antique corset of white linen rolled round the leg in bandoleers, is equally embarrassing, owing to the habit of wearing high heels, intended to increase the height. One or two thicknesses of felt fixed in the interior of the sandal will obviate this inconvenience, and allow the step its noble and rhythmic movement. Lastly, need we sacrifice our pretty wavy hair, which forms an aureole round our features and a pleasing nimbus to which all eyes are accustomed? A fringe of curled hair will adapt itself to the interior of our selected coiffure and preserve intact the habitual harmony of the face. The hair is carefully enveloped in an India rubber cap, and the illusion is complete, and at the same time hygiene is assured.

The coiffure is varied and charming; there is the large Grecian cap, in ruby tissues plaited with flowers and edged with lace or embroidery, or the shape of straw known as "baigneuse," discretely trimmed with a light-colored or black taffeta bow, and strings to match; or the classic cap of some bright material; or the beret; or the silk handkerchief draped "en marmotte," which is very becoming with the addition of a few frizzes.

The mantie-shaped peignoir is one of the most useful, and as the same time one of the most comfortable of garments. It is surmounted by a gathered hood. When made of white pyrenean cloth, lined with pink or pale blue, it is very pleasing in effect; those made of spongy tissues in various colors are also very pretty and more warm, but they afford less protection from cold. Lastly, to omit nothing, thread gloves or mittens are worn to protect the delicate hands and arms against the sea air.

If the sea is the background in which it is "meant" to make a conspicuous adjustment at fixed periods, it must be admitted that for the little ones it is the ideal resort—"the promised land." In which the prohibitions so hard to observe in the Parc Monceau or in the Bois are suddenly withdrawn. They are allowed to play with water and sand; to take off their shoes and paddle in the pools; to pick up shells and seaweed or to climb up the pebble banks.

What a delight for the dear little victims of city promiscuity! The joy of complete freedom supplements in a large degree the strengthening virtues of the salt air. Their



FOUR SMART BATHING COSTUMES.



FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



FOR SHRIMPING.



HATS FOR THE BEACH.

new and brief liberty must not be curbed, and they should be dressed in garments suited to their sports. Woolen costumes are the best to protect the dear little ones from the damp of the sands; and for children of both sexes at an early age I should recommend jerseys composed of knickerbockers and a tight-fitting or corset of strong linen, very slightly stiffened, which supports the back and gives a curve to the loins. Women have lost the normal equilibrium of their bodies since the ancestral custom of wearing corsets came in, and their outlines would be lacking in firmness and curve if they did not resort to them.

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white duck skirt and a shirtwaist with a stiff collar was good enough for the river. True, it is thought had form to overdress, and the river girl is supposed to represent beauty unadorned. She does not wear décolleté costume, she eschews all jewelry, except that with a purpose, which, of course, includes belt buckles and brooches, and perhaps a chain for her watch. The modern Cleopatra, reclining among the cushions of her punt, which cushions are selected with due regard to the becoming, is arrayed in "purple and fine linen," and looks as bewitching as it is in her to do.

The Monte Carlo bags, more popularly known as the dainty little wrist bags which the modish matrons carry on dressy occasions, are basking in fashion's favor. They are made of light-colored leather, richly lined and stitched. A very attractive gray leather bag, for instance, is lined with harmonizing silk, the outside ornamented with silver stitching, studded with settings of black jet.

Equally tasteful is a wrist bag of pale gray leather, lined with gray silk, beaded on the outside with gold stitching, studded with turquoise in effective contrast. A heavy gilt chain suspends it from the wrist.

The cardcases and pocketbooks shown in the shops are, in their way, small works of art. The woman who has an eye sensitive to beauty will have only approving glances for a combination book made of calf, in color, an artistic blue tinged with a shadow of green, this effect being the result of the skill of the tanner. So rich in the leather itself that no added ornamentation is necessary.

Most elaborate is a cardcase of the same fine leather, studded with a turquoise button, which is also cleverly arranged to hold the flap securely.

The return to the flat Vienna mountings is evident in the latest leather novelties, and art nouveau styles prevail in the designing.

Natural lizard is always in good style; some of the smartest coin purses and cardcases being made of this leather give promise of its continued popularity.

A very artistic application of lizard skin is a cardcase of this leather, with a lining of harmonizing gray silk, while two turquoise buttons hold the flap in place, and make a pretty color contrast as well. Of very exclusive design is a combination book of sealion, with the favored Vienna mountings of solid gold. A unique and attractive ornamentation is secured by a finely wrought chain suspended from the inside, on the end of which a drop of beautiful baroque pearl hangs. The same de-

sign has, in some cardcases, a double chain hanging, from which are suspended a turquoise matrix and baroque pearl in attractive contrast. From this, the jeweler tells us, the La Valliere neck chain borrowed its idea of single pearl and matrix ornamentation.

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BATHING COSTUME OF RED MOHAIR.

DESCRIPTION OF TOILETTES

SEA bathing costumes, infinite in their variety, are only stylish when they are simple. That shown on figure 1 is of red mohair. The large, open collar is edged with a Greek border, embroidered on a white woolen material. The tunic is ornamented with a similar pattern. The waistband is of black washing silk in the form of a scarf. The hair is confined in waterproof foulard, and covered with a soft straw hat tied with white muslin strings. The peignoir is of a "comet" material known as pyrenean material.

There are two costumes for little girls. One of them is of red and white striped tennis flannel and narrow embroidered red stripes and waistband of white mohair braid.

For little girls the knickerbockers are finished off at the knees with a ruche of elastic. The second costume is of blue serge, trimmed with white mohair braid and having a front of white flannel.

Another is a model of a costume for shrimping. It is of dark blue mohair, edged and braided with white. The skirt is shaped, and, like the knickers and waistband, is of white mohair. The bolero and front are of striped black and white.

Here is also a costume of blue serge. The tunic is in stitched pleats and the yoke is embroidered with white. The waistband is of white mohair.

Models of hats for the beach are shown of straw and embroidery; also a number of pretty fancy costumes, also for sea bathing.

A single row of medallions all the way around. The same arrangement of medallions is applied to the blouse waist, running from the shoulder to the waist at either side of a smooth white vest. The ribbon medallions on the waist are filled in with small lace motifs. A wide girle is worked into the full waist with shirring threads.

The sleeves, which are quite full, are shirred once half way between the shoulder and the elbow, and again are closely shirred all the way from the elbow to the wrist.

Many well-dressed women are wearing narrow black chintilly lace bars.

The barb forms a noticeable feature of a gray veiling. The lightly bloused corsage is caught down under a wrinkled girle of taffeta.

At the front is a plastron of white mousseline de soie attached to a high collar to match. Motifs of clumsy lace are ranged down the sides of the plastron on the veiling.

The black lace barb, tightened close around the base of the collar, is passed through a small square buckle in front, below which the ends are left hanging, almost to the waist. The pattern of lace ends is given out in beautiful relief above the white of the mousseline.

LINEN AS A RIVAL OF PIQUE

LINEN rivals pique this season—a thick, glossy, silky linen, which may be made up elaborately with much and fasten together in the center of the front broadly with blue enamel buttons rimmed in gold.

This treatment continues to the throat, save that on the bodice the tabs fasten over a soft vest of white mousseline. A wide shoulder collar is bordered with a crenelated band of blue and fastened with a blue batiste cravat with embro-

ered black polka dots massed on its pointed ends. The sleeve is a much-pouching blis-

op. An accompanying hat may be a Watteau of the saucer variety, set directly on top of the head and trimmed with a quilting of blue satin ribbon about the low, round crown and with a wreath of yellow marguerites against the hair under the upward rolling brim.

Nothing could better complete this costume than a sunshade of white linen, perforated in daisy heads and lined with pale yellow.

Applique pastilles are a favorite trimming, pale blue ones in linen, for instance, on a frock of white batiste. They are about the size of a 10-cent piece and are arranged in vertical rows between groups of batiste tufts.

On the foot of the gown there are three narrow shaped flaps, the middle one of blue linen, and a triple collar repeats this arrangement about the shoulders.

THE FIRST SILVER WEDDING

ACCORDING to an historian, this is the way the silver wedding came about. It was in the time of Hugues Capet. Two of his most faithful servants, a man and a woman, had grown gray in his employ. How could he reward them?

Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than the man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and, therefore, I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that he should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," and the King gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty. Such was the origin of the silver wedding, a custom which, spreading all through France, subsequently became known to the world.

MORE PICTURES FROM SOUTH HAVEN, MICH.

Photographs by L. Duthiel Cabanne,
Loaned to the Sunday Post-Dispatch.



POSING THE BABY AT SOUTH HAVEN. GROUP FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MRS. CABANNE, A CHICAGO VISITOR, AUBREY LINDSLEY, MISS JESSIE FEET AND MISS LOTTIE SMART.



ST. LOUIS GROUP AT THE SUMMIT OF THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT SOUTH HAVEN.



THE ST. LOUIS CROWD AT SOUTH HAVEN—MRS. CABANNE, MISS FEET, MISS SMART, MESSRS. LINDSLEY, FAUST, MUNSA, WESTHUS, HESTER AND BACON.



MRS. CABANNE AND FRIENDS IN THE BREAKERS AT SOUTH HAVEN.



MISS MARY WHAM OF 543 DELMAR BLVD. AND PARTY OF FRIENDS ON THE BEACH AT GRAND HAVEN.



MRS. CABANNE, MISS FEET, MISS SMART, AND MR. LINDSLEY AT SOUTH HAVEN.



ISABEL AND DORIS CABANNE, IN THE SURF AT SOUTH HAVEN.



ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO BOYS IN THE SAND AT GRAND HAVEN.

ALTON FERRYMAN HAS ROWED 460,000 MILES

He Has Pulled His Boat as Far as the Moon and Seven-Tenths of the Way Back to the Earth in 25 Years' Work Against the Mississippi Currents.

GEORGE F. BROOKS, ferryman, will return to the earth during the Louisiana Purchase Fair from a trip to the moon in a rowboat. "This is speaking figuratively of the ferryman's feat, for, in September, 1900, he will have rowed a boat 460,000 miles, exactly the distance from the earth to the moon and then back to the earth."

It is unlikely any other man in the world has rowed a boat as many miles as Brooks. His record is now above 460,000 miles.

He is still rowing.

He carries passengers between the Illinois and Missouri shores at Alton, Ill.

He has been doing it twenty-five years.

He estimates that he averages eight round trips for every day in the year.

A round trip is two miles.

Eight round trips a day is 16 miles.

Sixteen miles a day for 365 days is 5840 miles a year.

Five thousand, eight hundred and forty miles a year for twenty-five years is 460,000 miles.

The distance from the earth to the moon is 236,000 miles. So Ferryman Brooks, having passed his 460,000th mile, has rowed as far as the moon and something more than seven-tenths of the way home.

Brooks is known all up and down the river as Brooks. He is a machine.

He crosses the river always in the same place, in the same way, with the same stroke, and in the same boat.

The boat, necessarily, must be renewed now and then. But the new one is always a counterpart of the old. Brooks builds his own boats. He builds them all in the same model. He builds them all the same size. He paints all of them red, a deep red.

Brooks is tall and thin. He is about 60 years old. He is the typical longshoreman, hardworking, insured to all weathers, saving of his earnings.

He was born at Livermore Falls, on the Androscoggin River, in Maine. He reached Alton in March, 1876. He began ferrying in a rowboat then. He has never stopped. It is only when the ice is gorged in the stream that a day passes without Brooks making a trip. It is only when the ice flows carry him out of his route that Brooks fails to cross every time in the same place.

He is a student of currents and winds. Brooks knows how far upstream his boat must be held and just where he will land when his boat is held at a certain angle with the current.

Brooks never alters his stroke. It is always the same, year in and year out. All oursmen would be good oursmen if they rowed like Brooks. They would know how to get the best results from their work.

There is a steam ferry at Alton. Brooks does not compete with it much during the day. It is early in the morning and after 6 o'clock in the evening when the steam ferry is idle, that Brooks gets in his heavy work. Eighteen hours is often a working day for Brooks.

The Brooks ferry charges 10 cents a single trip for each passenger. So that if he carried but one passenger on each of the 460,

By GEORGE F. BROOKS.

I CAME to St. Louis from Maine, and in March of 1876 I came to Alton. I have been running a ferry here twenty-five years. I have made not less than eight

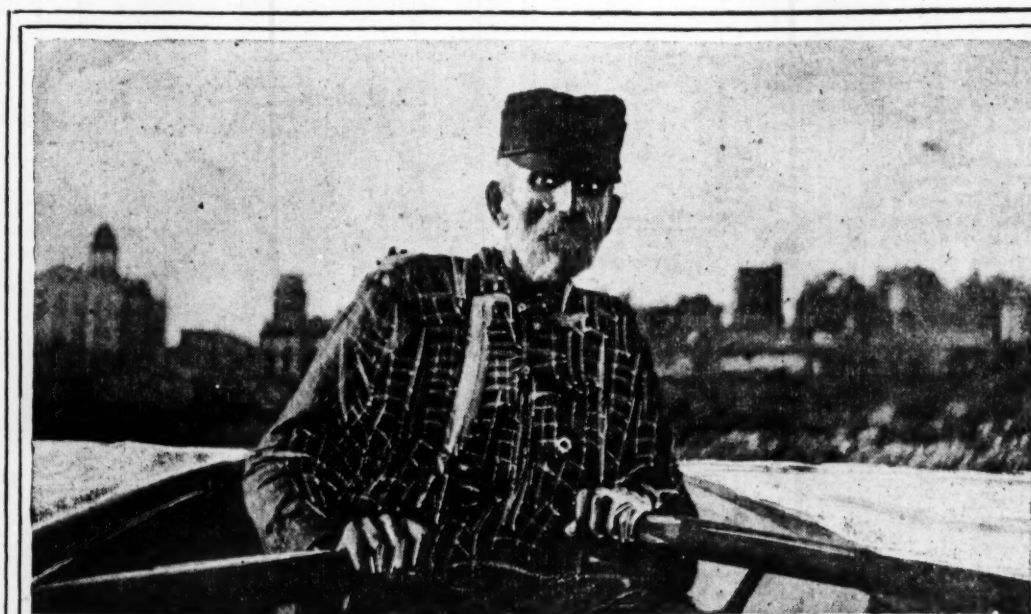
round trips every day. This is the average. Some times in the year I made twenty trips a day. At others I make very few. Eight round trips a day is not too high for an average.

I build my own boats because I want a certain kind of boat. It must be easily handled and still be roomy and safe. It must run well. I have no reason for painting all of them red except that I like red boats.

I have ferried here in every possible weather. I have gone across when the waves were too high for an ordinary boat, and I have been out in floods and storms. In the twenty-five years I have been crossing here I have seen the Mississippi in all its moods.

I have often worked eighteen hours a day. I sleep here on the river bank in a house where I can be called at any hour of the night, and people always know just where to find me. I make more than half of my trips in the evening and early morning or during the night.

The Mississippi river water is not what it was before they let the lake water into the Chicago canal. I can see the lake water here. I saw it distinctly the first day it appeared. It gives the water of the river a different appearance. It makes it bigger and better. I took samples of the water here for bacteriologists for a long time. I never believed the canal hurt the water. I think it helps the whole valley, for it gives them a greater volume of water and more active and fresher water. The more lake water they give us the better for us.



FERRYMAN GEORGE F. BROOKS.



BROOKS AND A VOLUNTEER AT THE OARS.

MILLIONAIRE LAWSON TELLS HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL

His Formula for Making Money Is Start Poor and Work Hard to Realize Your Ambition.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 8, Post-Dispatch.

THOMAS W. LAWSON, the yachtman millionaire, owner of the Independence, who was once a poor boy, but who is now worth many millions, gives this advice to young men on how to succeed in business:

By THOMAS W. LAWSON.

NOT long ago a man came to me and asked for a formula for making money. He said he had a son he wanted to start in the world. He had heard I was making several millions a year in stocks, and he wanted to know, he declared rather naively, "how the trick is done."

I was amused, but interested, and asked him to present a list of questions on the points he wished me to cover in my counsel on money making. His list was as follows:

What is a college education worth to a business man?

What condition, socially, makes the most substantial foundation for a start in business?

What are the elements of success in speculation?

What general rules of business conduct would you lay down for a young man to follow?

I thought on these questions, and answered them substantially as follows:

Taking the second question first, I can say unhesitatingly that the condition promising the largest measure of success to a young man making his start in the world is poverty. It is the greatest heritage a man can have. I do not mean ignorant, hopeless poverty that cares nothing for the future, but self-respecting poverty.

Take my own case; I am only doing today what I set out to do years ago; there is nothing new to me about it. The mental picture of success and its fruits I then drew I have slept and lived with and ate and drank with all my life. I happened to be born into the world poor. We all know that fully to enjoy anything, when we get it, we must have lived with it in anticipation long enough to have become familiar with it in the picture.

You must be born without the picture, paint it, and live and dream of it, because if you are born with it and have everything you want presented in reality you can go up and put your stubby child's finger on it and get used to it; it becomes common.

I say a young man's greatest heritage is poverty, because poverty begets ambition, and ambition is the thing in this world that spurs a man to do his best. We must first have our picture. To children born to wealth the picture will never have the

LAWSON'S RULES FOR SUCCESS

POVERTY is the greatest heritage a young man can have. It begets ambition.

Man must be born without the picture. He must paint it.

A poor boy does not need a college education.

Be thorough in your work, whatever it may be.

Do your duty as though you enjoyed it.

It is one of the foundations of success. Take the man with a "barrel of money." If he is spending it in the right way, what is he doing? When you ask him, if he is frank, he will answer: "I am filling my picture in."

Take my own case as an example. I am laying out a stock farm in Massachusetts. I have 200 acres of rocky and unproductive land. Hundreds of men and carts are employed. Hiking out rock to make a place for green grass. I am spending a hundred thousand dollars on this part of the work, and for what? Just to fill in my picture, to clean off the stone and give me two hundred and odd acres of green lawn, with a white fence around it.

Then I am putting inside that fence about half a million dollars' worth of wooden buildings—a doll farm. The house is 28 feet long, but of only two stories, low studded, with a bit of white muslin at the windows. At that farm will be found 200 horses, 80 broodmares with their babies running around, and my kennels, my hens, my pigeons, my polo field, steeplechase course and half-mile trotting track. A friend, a very rich man, said to me: "How did you find out how to do it? I never saw such a pretty picture."

I have had that picture in my mind ever since I was 12 or 13 years old, but I didn't tell him so. It is the picture painted in poverty. Without it I could not have done the work necessary to get it.

This brings us to the value of a college education to a business man, which may be answered under this head:

A man who has inherited ability to paint his picture, and has compelled the world to allow him to fill it in, must feel many and many a day sorry he did not have a college education.

What is a college education? It is that which can be acquired only by those weeks and months and years a man spends to satisfy a taste, a desire, an ambition for something he didn't have; so there is no use in saying a man who has ability to paint his picture in his mind, and later to paint it in reality, is not sorry, for the minute, perhaps, that he has missed that world that is covered by a college education.

When you ask such a man: "Would you give up the picture you have spent your life with for the college boy's picture?"—for you can necessarily have only one—there is no question about his answer. The college boy's picture must be an

esthetic affair of a world he doesn't know and rarely in after years brings into actual existence.

The poor boy knows the world of men, and when he has once plunged into business, and has filled in his picture, he really doesn't need a college education, only as one needs a sunset, a moonrise or a dream.

He is in the position of a man who, having eaten heartily of blueberries and milk, strolls into the club and is invited by a friend to sit down to a hot bird and a cold bottle. He knows a hot bird and a cold bottle, but is not hungry for them; nor, for his berries and milk set as berries and milk should, is he envious of his friend.

Now, what rules guide a man to success in business? I will take up general principles first.

Be thorough in your work, whatever it may be. Believe there is nothing too small to do well. Life is only a matter of picking up bricks on one side of the street and carrying them to the other side. We are all carrying bricks. I say to the young man, carry your bricks with enthusiasm. Try to make your work the best job of carrying bricks ever done, so that people will say: "Why, he carries those bricks as if he enjoyed it."

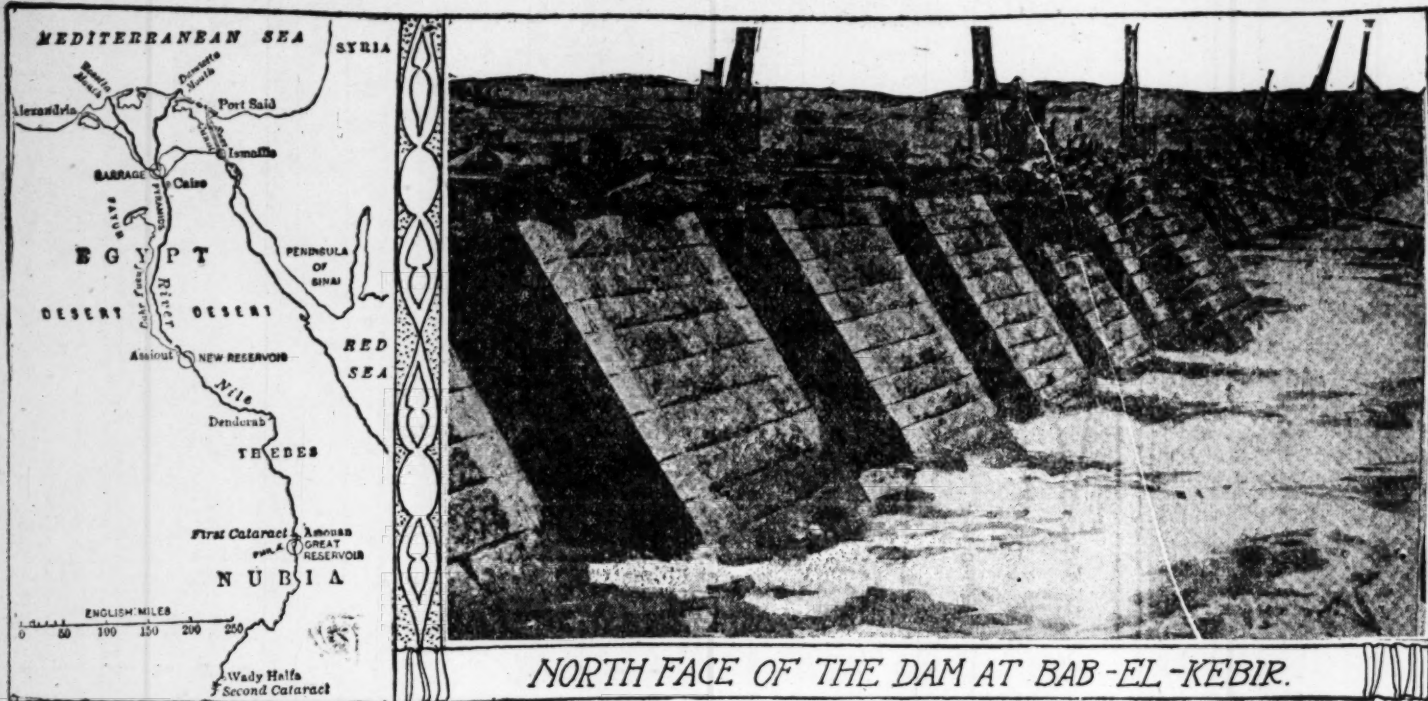
That is the secret of success when we get down to the bottom principle. Make the work you are doing the greatest thing in the world while you are doing it. Give it your whole thought and your whole strength. Leave it only when you feel that nobody could improve on it. These may be old maxims dressed over, but they are as true today as they ever were, and no one who departs from them can make a complete success of anything. If a young man makes a success of small things he will of great things when they come his way, and they'll come his way, for great things are only combinations of little things well done. If he does not make a success of small things, the great things never will come his way.

Here it may be well to say that, in business, success lies as often in knowing what not to undertake as in what to go into. The greatest care should be taken in selecting our work when we get to the point where we can select it. Many men have been defeated in their life-work because odds were against them from the start, and they did not know it. They selected work which it was impossible for them to do, and while selecting overlooked that which it was possible for them to do successfully.

Another rule that applies is this: Be sincere; don't try to fool the world, for it will not be fooled.

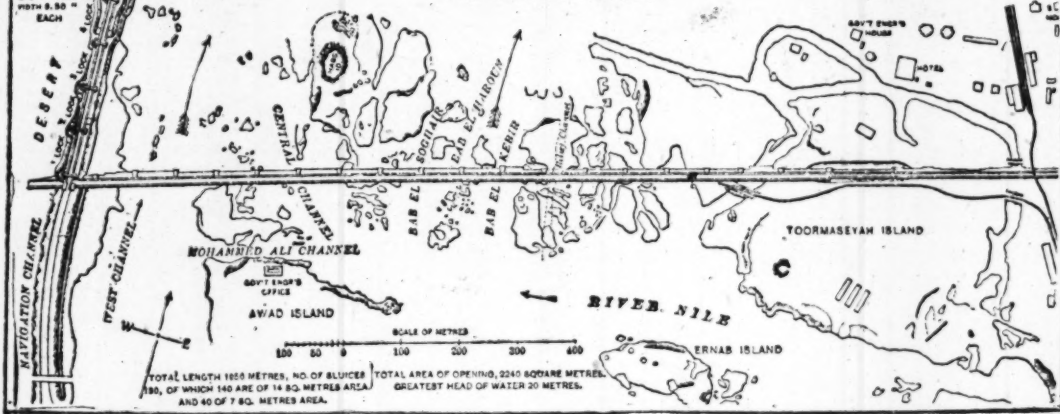
THE DAMS OF THE NILE

Which Will Make It Once More
the Salvation of Egypt.



NORTH FACE OF THE DAM AT BAB-EL-KEBIR.

THE DAM AT ASSOUAN



Gigantic Engineering Work by Europeans in the Land of the First Engineers.

THE work of building two immense dams across the river Nile in Egypt, which was begun in 1899 by Sir John Aird and a company of contractors, under the supervision of the British government, is fully half done. The time for the completion of the work as stipulated in the contract was five years. Because of favorable conditions, however, says John Ward in Cassell's Magazine, the task will be completed in at least a year less than contract time.

Already one great drought with its attendant calamity has been prevented, and when the work is completed it is expected that the time will never again come when there shall not be abundant harvest over all the land of Egypt.

By JOHN WARD, F. S. A., Author of "Pyramids and Progress."

THE earliest Egyptian public work recorded for us was a damming of the Nile by Menes, 4000 B. C. The Nile reservoirs, now under construction, are working out the same problem—to husband the waters of the high Nile, hitherto lost in the Mediterranean—for the perennial irrigation of Egypt.

Before proceeding to describe the gigantic works of masonry now under construction, the greatest of which has been the origin of the present scheme. Napoleon gets the credit of having suggested the first barrage of the Nile. This may be true, for he had been trained as an engineer. But his time in Egypt was short and nothing was done for forty years. At that time Mahomet Ali had plans drawn for a dam near Cairo, and began the work. It was done by French engineers and was completed by Ismail in 1861. Even then the engineers feared to close all the gates, but one day in 1863 a bold young engineer had all the openings closed. The water rose, and the pressure was so great that the whole wall began to move down stream. The gates were never closed again until Egypt came under British rule.

In 1862 Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff declared that the walls could be underpinned and the structure made to do its work for half a million sterling. It was ordered done and succeeded.

The success in saving the structure, long regarded as useless, gave Sir William Garstin and his staff of engineers a desire to do more good to the thirty land by extending the work to Upper Egypt. Lord Cromer looked them up with his accustomed energy, and Mr. William Wilcocks was asked to report on the whole Nile valley, being given carte blanche as to the selection of sites and plans for future reservoirs. He spent three years at his superhuman task, doing almost all the work himself, as to tramping over the country, taking levels, mainly with the help of a sturdy Nubian. A large book of plans, sections and working drawings was the result. Six or seven schemes were laid before the government, two being specially recommended by Mr. Wilcocks in a masterly report on "The Perennial Irrigation of Egypt." Final estimates were obtained. But the cost would amount to several millions sterling, according to Sir Benjamin Baker, now appointed consulting engineer of Egypt, and Egypt had no money. Lord Cromer, therefore, had to let the plans go back to Sir William Garstin's keeping, and they were comfortably pigeon-holed.

But the unexpected always happens. Sir Benjamin Baker had reported on these plans and advised their execution. Some little bird must have told certain capitalists and contractors how matters stood, for John Aird, representing them, one day called on Lord Cromer and offered to make two barrages or dams, navigation canals, irrigation channels and anything else required in a period of five years, and asked for no payment till the work was done. The work was commenced in 1899 at Assouan, near the "First Cataract," and also at Assiut, 200 miles nearer Cairo, where the supplemental dam will be. Within a few months 25,000 men were employed. The scene in 1899 at Assouan, with crowds of willing workers, railways and locomotives, great cranes by hundreds, toiling away under Egypt's blue sky and burning sun, baffles description. The din, the booming steam engines, the noise of blasting operations, the babble of confused tongues, Arabic, English, Italian, Greek, French and of Nubians and Sudanese who talk some unknown lingo, is deafening even above the roar of what remains of the cataract. A huge *sadd*—the Arabic word for dam—of

earth and stones keeps the Nile from breaking where the masonry work along the line of wall. Huge cranes lift immense blocks of granite, swing them round, and deposit each in its proper bed. Later we see the iron-grooved sashes built in the openings where the gates will be placed.

Mr. Wilcocks selected this point for several reasons. It is the only place on the Nile where a natural barrier of granite exists. His original plan was to have a wall of granite, right across the narrowest part of the valley, anciently high to bank up the river to a height of 120 feet. This would have given an enormous body of water. But when the plans were handed to Sir Benjamin Baker, as consulting engineer, he was told by the Egyptian government to cut this down to 65 feet. So the work now in hand will have the water level in summer, at a height of 65 feet above the present average level of the Nile.

The hills on each side approach in this region closer than elsewhere, being about one and one-half miles apart. The great granite wall joins these cliffs and effectively bars the valley across. As the waters rise they will fill up the Nile valley southwards for over 140 miles, and unfortunately down the present fertile strips of land along the banks, and submerge many tombs and ancient temples in Nubia.

The wall will be pierced with 130 springs—140 of about 100 square feet area and 40 of 75 feet square. The total area of openings will be about 24,000 square feet. Each opening will be served by Stone's patent sluices. This is an ingenious invention. By merely turning levers the immense steel shutter is easily raised or lowered, and this with the full pressure of the impounded or running water against it.

The heaviest work the contractors had was getting sound foundations in the center, where "faults" appeared in the granite, which was found to be, in parts, quite soft or decomposed. These "faults" had to be cut out and replaced with solid granite masonry in cement. This work of replacement was deeper and heavier than had been expected or estimated for, extending down as far as 26 feet below the level allowed for the top of the dam. Its total length will be about 650 feet. It will exceed 150 feet in depth in some places down to the solid rocky platform on which it stands.

On the west side there is being excavated a navigation canal, with four locks. The change in Egyptian trade and communication between north and south by this canal will be extraordinary, and steamers and sailing boats will pass without hindrance between Egypt and Nubia. Formerly craft could be dragged up over the cataracts only at the time of "high" Nile. To take a dahabieh up cost £50, and steamers could not be taken safely at any cost. The huge work of masonry itself is nearly up to level on the eastern side. The whole work is much further advanced than was calculated upon, and bids fair to be completed considerably before the five years allowed contract.

ing a mass against which it was possible to pile stone. The total quantity of stone used was about 5,000 cubic yards. When the Nile was at its height the "sadd" of the Bab el Haroun gave way, but was finally effectually closed.

The works have now advanced as far as the western channel, and great progress has been made with the navigation canal.

The Assiut barrage, 200 miles down the Nile, is intended as a subsidiary work to hold up the water so as to supply the old Ibrahimieh canal, and also new canals at higher level than before. It will thus supply districts not benefited in modern times by irrigation. The Assiut dam is smaller and less pretentious than the one at Assouan, but, like it, deals with the entire river, and will effect quite as great a work in the regeneration of the country. It was originally intended to be made up of brick piers sunk in the Nile, with ashlar masonry between each pier. But it was found that this kind of work was unsuited to the natives whom it was desirable to employ, and the whole plan was, therefore, changed, and with most beneficial results. There is here no rock to build on, the foundation bed is as bad as could be. But from the success in giving a good foundation to the French barrage at Cairo, it was known that, with proper precautions, a reliable substructure could be obtained, even on a bed of sand. The credit of the new work at Assiut is due to Sir Samuel Baker, consulting engineer to the Egyptian government. Under the supervision of Mr. G. H. Stephens, the resident engineer, the work has proceeded so rapidly that it will probably be completed a year before the date named in the contract.

The site of the dam is about a mile to the northward of the town of Assiut. The foundation is composed of a combined masonry and concrete floor, extending from shore to shore, and laid throughout at the same level. Its breadth is about 85 feet, and it is about 10 feet thick. The upper surface of this floor approximately corresponds to the average river bed level. Cast-iron sheet piles, with water tight joints, were driven to a depth of about 13 feet below the bottom of the floor on both up and down stream sides, and will prevent the percolation of water below the foundation. The superstructure is built upon this floor, and it will, when finished, form a dam somewhat similar in appearance to the old French dam near Cairo. There will be 111 gate openings, and the piers (a total of 110) separating these openings will be spanned by arches, with a roadway about 15 feet in width over the finisher structure. With the gates down, the head of water held up during low Nile will be from 10 to 12 feet. A lock 52 feet in width, on the western side, is also provided. The total length of the dam is about 230 feet, and the height from the top of the foundation floor to the surface of the roadway is about 41 feet. The stone used is from Issawieh quarries, near Sohag.

A regular canal will be constructed across the head of the Ibrahimieh canal, and will be similar in general design to the dam. It will have nine gate openings, and a lock, about 23 feet in width, will be provided. The Ibrahimieh canal is one of the most important in Egypt. It supplies the Bahr Yusef, and thus the Nile water is conducted to the Fayum, giving vegetation and the blessings of sweet water to hundreds of villages and many thousands of their inhabitants all along its course. The supply of water will be doubled by the working of this new barrage, leaving enough and to spare for many new canals higher up.

The work done up to the end of 1899 was confined to the western side, and consisted in laying the floor forming the foundation of the lock and the floor under the site of 29 gate openings, or about one-quarter of the length of the dam. The site to be dealt with was surrounded by earthen dams, and the water from the inclosures so made was then pumped out. In addition to the foundation work, the lock walls and the piers for the 29 gate openings were raised to a height above the summer Nile level.

Owing to the low Nile of 1899, an early commencement was made with the preliminary work in 1900. The first work undertaken during the season consisted in constructing temporary dams on the east side of the river inclosing the site of the foundation for its gate openings, equivalent to about one-eighth of the total length of the dam. But the chief work of the season commenced again from the west side, and shortly after the commencement of the above work temporary dams were thrown

out from that side, commencing from the end of the previous season's work, and were continued in sections from time to time until by the end of October, 1900, the whole river, from the end of the previous year's work to the eastern shore, had been inclosed in this way, and the driving of the iron sheet piles was completely finished. The water from the inclosures was pumped out and the foundation was laid for nearly the whole of the remaining length.

The length of the floor forming the foundation, completely finished during the season, was from the east side over the site of 14 gate openings, and from the west side over the site of 47 gate openings, equivalent to a length of about 150 feet. The previous season's completed floor extended over the site of the lock and of 29 openings, equivalent to a length of about 780 feet. The piers for the above 61 gate openings were also built and were raised above the summer Nile level. The piers and lock were partly built last season were carried up to the full required height.

The incomplete portion of floor now remaining occupies the site of 21 gate openings, but a great part of this floor is nearly finished, the portion left untouched being only a length of about 65 feet.

The "high" Nile of the past two years having been unusually low, was most favorable to the progress of the works at Assiut. Such progress has been made that the whole Assiut contract will probably be completed by the end of this year, and the whole subsidiary dam at Assiut can be in use after the close of next year—one year before the anticipated time. This can be at once put to do excellent work, even before the great reservoir at Assouan is ready to hold up thousands of millions of gallons of fertilizing Nile water.

There is a strange phenomenon connected with the Nile which has only recently been accounted for. Every 10 or 11 years there is what is known as a "low" Nile. The river falls to rise. In 1898, for instance, it could be said to have risen at all, and was the "worst" Nile ever recorded in modern times. This arose, it is now known, from several causes acting conjointly. The equatorial rains had failed (a similar thing occurs now and then in India), and there was a severe drought in the Nile valley. This led to an unusual accumulation of decayed, floating vegetable matter in the various affluents of the Nile under or near the equator. The fierce sun developed vegetable growth in masses of peaty matter. Several great water courses became choked, and the rivers spread out over level lands, causing vast morasses in which the Nile's feeders were dissipated and much of the waters lost.

The main channels still acted, but were narrowed and impeded by floating islands of vegetable matter. This the natives of that district call "sadd,"—the same word used in Egypt for any obstructions of the Nile's course. These impediments often become attached to the river banks, and in some cases extend clear across the waterway, forming bridges of from 5 to 15 feet thick, with running water underneath. These ultimately become so dense that a hippopotamus could walk across them. The news of this state of affairs has been gradually coming into Egypt since the Sudan was conquered.

When the low condition of the Nile became alarming, Sir William Garstin sent Major Peake and a detachment of men on the scene to open up a channel for the water, with gunboats, by driving the vessels through the "sadd" after it had been cut. Sir William Garstin visited these regions several times, as is his wont, to inspect operations. The expedition began work two years ago, and has had the effect of successfully freeing a great part of the Nile's course from these away regions. Only 21 miles of "sadd" remain to be cut, and these can be easily removed next season. The Nile floods in 1899 and 1900, though better than those of 1898, were not up to the average of "good" Niles.

However, the rains promise well now, and doubtless this year will show that Old Hapi (as the Egyptians call the Nile-god) will resume his usual good behavior and give lots of liquid to the thirsty land. No doubt the "famine in the land" of Joseph's days, and other famines recorded on Egypt's storied rocks, were similarly caused by failure of equatorial rains. In some times the people died from starvation by thousands. In 1888-89, under the control of Major Brown and his irrigation officers, responsible for the water supply, not one single life was lost from this cause in all the land of Egypt.

METRICAL ROMANCE

WRITTEN BY A

ST. LOUIS WOMAN



MRS. LOUISA PALMIER MEYERS of 6147 Kensington avenue has written a metrical romance, "An Idyl of the Rhine," which is published by F. Tennyson Neely & Co. of New York. Mrs. Meyers was one of St. Louis' first successful business women and since her retirement from active business has found pleasant occupation in writing. Her daughters, Mrs. Harry E. Wagner of Kensington avenue and Mrs. Walter Drey of Chicago, are, socially, widely known. The romance on which Mrs. Meyers has employed her leisure is an episode in an American girl's tour abroad. There is an aunt chaperon and a German officer. Felix, he is met "at Elbing in the month of May" and Mary, the American girl, tells of the meeting thus:

As I press along
Beside a crowded, festal board,
Where clink of glass and clank of sword
Proclaim the merry revelry
Of some Deutschland's cavalry,
A slender fringe about my gown
Became entangled. With a frown
I tried to jerk the meshes loose,
But only drew the more the noose.
Which held me fast; for, strange to tell,
A button on a gay lapel
Had been truly lassoed while I
So heedlessly was passing by.
And, instantly, to my surprise,
I saw a Hunsar arise,
His face aglow with merriment
Over this unlooked-for accident.
Politely bowing to me,
He caught the fringe up gracefully,
And turned and twisted round—
Wrong way of course—until he wound
The shank of his right thigh round my hand
Could not undo the knotted strand.
Confused, I stood and mutely gazed,
At him, I fear, like some one dazed.
For never was so fair a face
United with more manly grace.
The limpid azure of his eyes
Outrivalled soft Italian skies,
And curly locks of golden hair
Waved over a forehead sunken fair;
The emblem of a crown he bore
Across the shoulder-straps he wore,
For Brunswick claimed his right to wield
His sword upon the battle-field.
Full five feet ten, with princely air
He had no martial equal there.
His jolly countenance laughed outright
At our unusual helpless plight,
And gaily joked him till he grew

Impatient. Without more ado,
He, uttering some strange, foreign word
Withdrew a small, short-bladed sword,
And with its point, so bright and keen,
Cut off the button, smooth and clean.

For long I learned the Black Hussar
Was Felix, young Von Schomstaher,
A scion of noble line
Of princely dwellers near the Rhine.
A consciousness of native grace
Of every movement, form and face,
No doubt emboldened him to seek
An opportunity to speak
To no one whom we chanced to be
In some gay, public company.
By every pleasing, artful wile,
That such the fonsie heart beguile,
The gallant soldier sought to prove
His admiration and his love.
One day I yielded to his galle;
I timidly returned his smile,
Then listened to his pleading and
Most meekly let him kiss my hand.

The flirtation so begun prospered. Felix
Boldly pressed his suit, on which Mary
Smiled. He followed her "from Elbing to
the Thuner sea." They found many occasions for being alone.

Life soon became a sweet routine
Of pleasures planned or unforeseen.
Upon the Nieder-Walden height,
Where fair Germania charms the sight,
We sat for hours and sip our wine
And look down on the classic Rhine,
Whose waters flow in rippling rhyme
"Twixt Elbing fair and Rudesheim."

The usual obstacle in the course of romantic love appeared as follows:
Thus we absconded in thought sublime,
Loved and took no note of time,
Till happiness and sorrow lay
Divided by a single day.
A message from across the sea,
Which said, "Come home immediately,"
Awoke us from our dreamy trance
Of youthful lovers' first romance.
Before obedience to this summons be-
came necessary, Felix and Mary have to
hid lengthy farewells. They find an appropriate spot and the tale goes on:

In that fair, Eden-like retreat,
Dear Felix drew me to his breast,
And brow and cheek and lip caressed.
With arm entwined we gently sank
Upon a moss-green bank, and
Where, doubtless, in the days of yore,
Fond lovers oft had sat before—
Some gallant knight and lady fair.

Alone, in sweet communion there,
In silent, volitional tenderness
That feeble words cannot express,
Two hearts attuned in union,
Two spirits mingled into one,
Ah, how the precious moments flew
Till daylight dawned, we never knew
We'd wisely planned to leave the place
And presently our steps retraced
Before the anxious morning light
Aroused the sleepers of the night.
But clearly rang a single call,
And hallow played about the wall,
And still we fondly traced there
With weary looks of tangled hair
And dreamy eyes—all sense of sight
Still lost in visions of the night—
Unmindful of the dawning day
Or what the cruel world might say.
But nature ever claims her right,
Exhausted by a restless night,
At length we languidly arose
To seek a moment's calm repose.
Before the morning boat should bear
My aching heart away from there,
Last comes the inevitable, the final
Scene of parting:

We stepped aboard, my love and I,
I choked and could not say good-by,
So much I feared to sob about
Before a curious, gawping crowd.
But when I heard the captain cry,
"Aboard," and another shout "good-by,"
I became a blank, and he
Who held my hand a world to me
I quickly raised my drooping face
Toward his for one more sweet embrace;
And he as quickly, bowed his head,
And kissed me most fondly and
In mingled tones of love and pain:
"Leben sie wohl, auf Wiedersehen."
A moment after he had gone,
And I, upon the deck alone,
In silent tears of grief remained
To dream of Paradise regained.
He stood and watched me from the shore,
I saw him kiss a glove he wore
And wave it in a last adieu
Till love and glory were lost to view.

Two brief the passion we may feel,
The precious moments, which reveal
The depths of human bliss are fraught
With memories for tender thought.
Now, oftentimes, when the day is done
And stars come stealing, one by one,
Above me, in my dream I see
A white glove wave a kiss to me
And in sweet fancy hear again
"Leben sie wohl, auf Wiedersehen."

IS THIS A FAKE OR AN ARCHEOLOGICAL MARVEL?

Sculptured Shell Said to Have
Been Found While Digging
a Well, Examined by
St. Louis Experts.

DR. CHARLES TUCKETT of 463 North Market street, St. Louis, has discovered a remarkable relic of the American ancients or else is to be a much-disappointed man.

Dr. Tucket's relic represents a woman reclining in a half-open bivalve, or the common clam shell of the Mississippi river. The shell is six inches in length, and is unfractured save for a slight chip from one of the lips of the shell.

Dr. Tucket secured the relic at Lexington, Mo. He found it at the home of a well digger, who assured him it had been discovered 40 feet below the surface of the earth.

The Sunday Post-Dispatch has shown the relic to experts. Their opinions of it, together with Dr. Tucket's story of its discovery, are here given:

By DR. CHARLES TUCKETT.

SOME time ago I was in Lexington, Mo., to see a patient, who is the wife of a well digger. I saw upon the mantel in the home this singular carving. I inquired to know what it was, and was informed that it had been discovered by a well digger and his son while digging a well in Lexington. Both the father and son told me they found the relic fully 40 feet below the surface of the earth. They were boring through hard clay, and were within a few feet of the rock. The drill struck something harder than the clay, and they let down the clutch and brought up this half-open shell containing the carving. They were first interested by the shell shape, and did not know of the figure within until the boy had washed the dirt out. I believe the relic to have been the work



Drawing of the shell said to have been found 40 feet below the surface of the soil at Lexington, Mo.

of some one of our ancient races. It is unlike any archeological relic I have ever seen, but I am none the less confident it is a specimen of the handwork of some ancient sculptor.

Of its genuineness I have no doubt. The people who had it told me a story I could not question. They placed no value upon the relic, and said nothing of it when it was found, though thinking it strange to have found such a thing 40 feet underground. Their straightforward story concerning its discovery and the willingness with which they permitted me to take it when I indicated an interest in it convinced me the thing was genuine.

By REV. CHARLES BORGMEYER, S. J., Geologist.

THIS relic is a carving in hard clay. It is impossible to tell at what depth in the earth it was taken, for clay is at all depths and of all consistencies. It is not unlikely this particular piece of clay was found 40 feet below the surface of the earth.

By HALSEY C. IVES, Director of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts

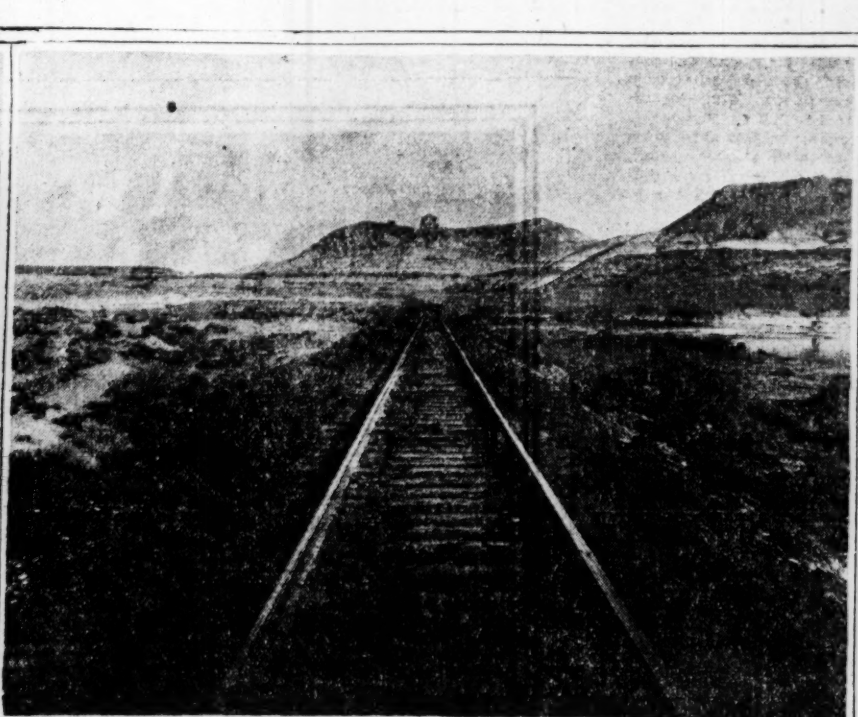
THIS is an indifferent carving of "The Birth of Venus," a subject many times treated in this way. It is not a relic of any age, but the work of a modern. No ancient of America ever did this. It is too well done for that, though still an indifferent carving. I should say there was some misunderstanding as to the discovery of the relic, for it is unlikely it could have been taken from any considerable depth in the ground unless it had recently been lost in newly-made earth. It is not the work of any Indian or of any other American aborigine. Some white man of this day did it.

REBUILDING THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY AT A COST OF \$15,000,000

Engineering Methods of the Twentieth Century Applied in Reducing Distances and Grades on a Road That Was Constructed After the Close of the Civil War.



WEST APPROACH TO ASPEN TUNNEL.
Begun Nov. 12, 1899, now nearing completion. Length, 2960 feet; greatest depth below surface, 456 feet; track, 24 feet to the mile, cut and fill and concrete; also stream of water; tunnel is lined throughout with timber and concrete and lighted by electricity. Power for drilling furnished by compressed air.



SECTION OF TRACK NEAR GREEN RIVER, WYO.
Entire line in Wyoming has been rebuilt with 80-pound rails, laid on new ties, graded by Barrett system, with zinc preparation to prevent decay and ballasted with Sherman hill gravel.



BUILDING NEW LINE BETWEEN BUFORD AND LARAMIE.
Colihart Cone, 100 feet above the grade line, was drilled and loaded with about 1000 lbs. of black powder and 1000 pounds of dynamite, and on July 4, 1900, this enormous charge was set off, blowing out the whole of the hill.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Aug. 6.
By a Staff Correspondent of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WITHIN the past two years the Union Pacific Railroad has expended \$15,000,000 in reconstructing and improving its line between Kansas City, Omaha, Denver and Ogden.

Of this vast amount, equal to the price paid by Jefferson to Napoleon for the Louisiana territory, more than two-thirds has been applied in the State of Wyoming, where the line crosses the backbone of the Rocky mountains.

Grades have been reduced, curves straightened, chasms filled, streams bridged, tunnels bored and changes effected until the men who built the road—at that time considered a marvel of engineering work—would not recognize it, were they alive today.

With the completion of the \$2,000,000 tunnel at Aspen, through which trains will be run Oct. 1, the work will be practically finished and what President Horace G. Burt terms the "Greater Union Pacific" will become a reality.

Since the receivership ended and the new management took charge an aggressive policy has been adopted by the Union Pacific. In the vast railroad combinations that have been in progress it has played an important part, forming with the other "Harriman" roads the longest connecting link in their great transcontinental highway to the Orient.

The old Union Pacific was built with slight regard for what are today considered some of the salient points of railroad engineering. When it came to a water course extending in the same general direction it desired to take, it followed the stream. It went around the high hills, instead of under them, and over the small ones, instead of through them. It was full of curves, grades and angles.

In the great race with the Central Pacific, which terminated with the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869, fast work was necessary and to accomplish this the easy grade was sought.

This was good engineering, at the time, and in view of the imperfect machinery employed. With the advent of the steam shovel, electric and compressed air drilling machinery, dynamite, dump cars and track-laying machines, a new era in railroad construction dawned.

In reconstructing the Union Pacific, little regard has been shown for the established line. The improvements were planned with the audacity which distinguishes modern science and carried out regardless of cost.

Mountains have been toppled over to fill intervening chasms, holes bored through solid granite for hundreds of feet, an underground river encountered and overcome, steel bridges swung across swift mountain streams, wooden culverts supplanted by stone arches, and all without interrupting the traffic for a single day and so quietly that the world is only beginning to hear of it.

A total of 159 miles of new track has been laid, shortening the line between Omaha and Ogden over 20 miles; the maximum grade has been reduced from 97.63 feet to 45.4 feet to the mile, and the maximum curvature from 6 to 4 degrees.

And why was this work undertaken? General Passenger Agent E. L. Loomis, who last week conducted a party of eastern newspaper men over the Wyoming division, answers the question thus:

"Two ways are open to increase the earning capacity of a railroad. One is to haul more tons to the car; the other to haul more cars to the train. If the road has been operating to the limit of its power plant neither of these remedies is available unless the engineering department can make it possible for the locomotives to haul heavier loads.

"In but one way can this be done. That is to reduce the grades. The power of a locomotive, like that of a horse, is limited by the maximum gradient of the route over which it travels. Reduce the grade and the power is increased. To accomplish this object the work was undertaken.

Since the improvements were made double-header trains have become a rarity on the Union Pacific. The ubiquitous and speedy "helper" engine, formerly seen on

every mountain side, has been abolished and the work is now done by big moguls of an improved pattern, one to each train.

The most important cut-offs made are those between Bona and Boulder, 15 miles, reducing the distance three miles, only one curve remaining; Cooper's Lake to Lookout, four miles, airline, new line crossing old roadbed seven times; Lookout to Medicine Bow, 25 miles, saving 12 miles, and including Foot Creek fill, 2000 feet long and 40 feet high; Hanna to Dana, eight miles, cutting off four miles, and many curves, cuts involving the removal of 1,500,000 cubic yards of earth and stone, one cut being one and a quarter miles long and 65 feet deep; Leroy to Bear river, including the Aspen tunnel, which saves 19 miles, and reducing the total curvature from 200 to 64 degrees.

The work at Sherman Hill and the Aspen tunnel stand out in bold relief because of the gigantic engineering feats accomplished.

Formerly the highest point on the Union Pacific system was Sherman, 20 miles west of Cheyenne, and 8247 feet above the sea. By the new line the grade at this point has been reduced 247 feet, and the new Sherman is that much lower than the old. Here is found the celebrated Sherman gravel, a disintegrated red granite, with which the entire Union Pacific system is being ballasted.

The Dale creek fill, which is part of the Sherman hill work, takes the place of the famous Dale creek bridge, 600 feet long and 135 feet high, over which transcontinental traffic has been flowing for the last 40 years. The fill is 900 feet long and 120 feet high and 600,000 cubic yards of Sherman gravel were required in constructing it. Under this huge mountain of stone Dale creek now finds its way in iron pipes.

Lone creek fill, in the same locality, is 300 feet long and 125 feet high. The Sherman Hill tunnel, which was drilled through the hard red granite, is 1900 feet long. The new line across Sherman Hill saves nothing in mileage or curves, but it reduces the grade more than one-half. The cost was several million dollars.

The largest single piece of work ever undertaken by the Union Pacific is the Aspen tunnel, 2960 feet long. It will be, when completed, 5000 feet in length and 456 feet below the surface at its deepest point. The grade through the tunnel is 24 feet to the mile.

To hasten work on the tunnel a central shaft was sunk, the top of which is 331 feet above grade, and from the bottom of this shaft headings were started east and west. A heavy flow of water was encountered, as well as other hindrances, and work is now proceeding from the ends only.

Work was begun at the shaft Nov. 12, 1899; at the west end heading, March 14, 1900; and at the east end heading, April 2, 1900. In spite of drawbacks, the tunnel is nearing completion and will be finished this fall.

The tunnel and cut-off will save 10 miles in distance and 181 degrees in curvature, besides avoiding the treacherous grades of Tapscott Hill, which every engineer on the Wyoming division knows to his sorrow. In addition, a stream of water, which is carried off in pipes from either end of the tunnel, the contractors discovered a vein of coal and an oil well in the tunnel, both of which will probably be developed by the company.

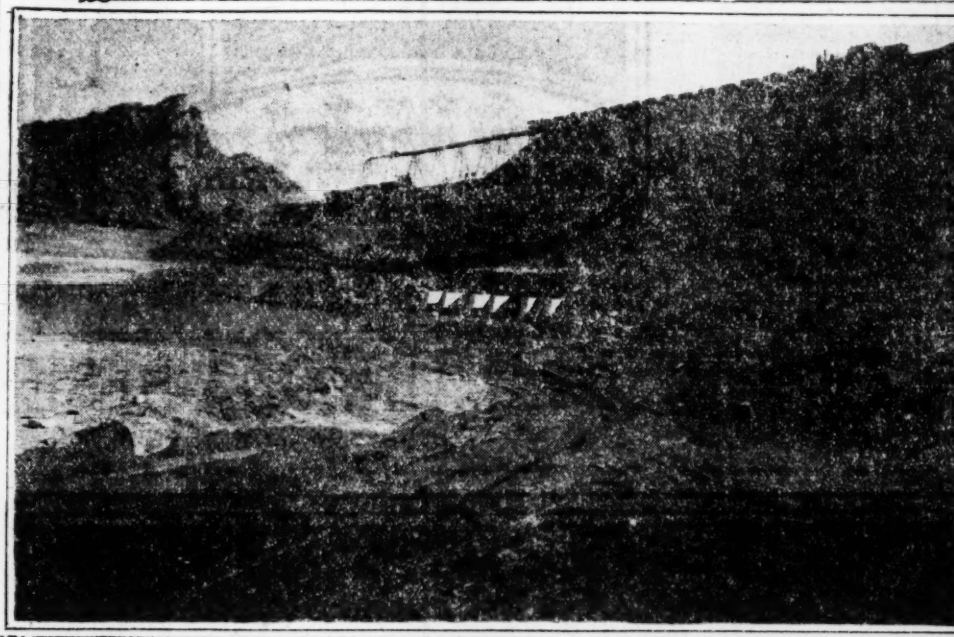
In relaying the entire line, old and new, with heavy 80-pound rails and ballasting with Sherman and Granger gravel, the management is putting the finishing touches to its gigantic task.

In rebuilding the railroad some of the landmarks familiar to those who crossed the plains by the old Mormon trail and later by the first transcontinental railway have been wiped out, while others have been greatly changed.

Sherman Hill, named for "my great chief" by Gen. Greenville M. Dodge, who discovered this passage through the mountains while scouting from the Indians, would never be recognized by its grandfather at the present day, or by Gen. Sherman, who pronounced its discovery "a stroke of genius." Dale and Lone Tree creeks, well known to the hardy pioneers who crossed the continent in Brigham Young's footsteps, are filled up with huge embankments; Fort Steele is noted chiefly for the new steel bridge which has been thrown across the North Platte river at that point, and only its grade top, 65 feet above the ground, can be seen from the train.

Even Bitter creek, whose 50 miles of desolation and sagebrush were a terror to the early emigrants and freighters, so that anyone who had crossed it was pronounced a "bad man from Bitter creek," is but a memory.

W. M. LEDBETTER.



DALE CREEK FILL.
The fill is 900 feet long, 120 feet high and is composed entirely of Sherman gravel, 600,000 cubic yards of which were used in its construction.



STEAM SHOVEL IN OPERATION NEAR LONE TREE, WYO.
The steam shovel has played an important part in the building of the new line. It cuts through the dirt and soft rock, and also handles the hard rock after it has been loosened by blasting.

SQUATTER CLAIMS LAND RIVER ADDED TO ISLAND

Scene of Lincoln and Shields' Duel
Now the Scene of Contention
Over Property Rights.

THE ownership of the island whither Abraham Lincoln and Gen. Timothy O. Shields withdrew to fight a duel almost 50 years ago has fallen into unique dispute.

Work was begun at the shaft Nov. 12, 1899; at the west end heading, March 14, 1900; and at the east end heading, April 2, 1900. In spite of drawbacks, the tunnel is nearing completion and will be finished this fall.

The tunnel and cut-off will save 10 miles in distance and 181 degrees in curvature, besides avoiding the treacherous grades of Tapscott Hill, which every engineer on the Wyoming division knows to his sorrow. In addition, a stream of water, which is carried off in pipes from either end of the tunnel, the contractors discovered a vein of coal and an oil well in the tunnel, both of which will probably be developed by the company.

In relaying the entire line, old and new, with heavy 80-pound rails and ballasting with Sherman and Granger gravel, the management is putting the finishing touches to its gigantic task.

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ced with willows. Five years in them have given Bill Lee a yellow check. There is an old dancing platform, a deserted shooting gallery and saloon and a bowling alley in which the balls have not rolled since the catfish tossed around there during the high water of '36.

The older and higher portion of the island is just about as it was when Lincoln and Shields went over there to fight their duel. There are a few big maples and a silver poplar or so. There are old residents in Alton who remember the Lincoln-Shields occurrence. The general thought Lincoln lacking in courtesy to a lady friend, and he challenged Lincoln to meet him on the island. There are few richer stories of Lincoln than this. His response to the challenge was characteristic. He accepted, and as the challenged party, choose broad axes for weapons. To this factious, though terrible, suggestion the indignant general refused to accede. Mr. Lincoln consented to alter the conditions. He named cannons as short range.

When Lincoln had sated himself with joking, the arrangements for battle were finally made. The principals and the seconds agreed upon the island opposite Alton as the scene of the duel. They went to Alton and crossed the river at early morning in rowboats. When the island was reached the friends of Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Shields poured oil on the troubled waters and called the duel off.

Meanwhile many of the residents of Alton had assembled at the riverfront to await the return. Then, as always, Lincoln had his joke. He placed a stump in the bow of one of the boats, clothed it in a hat and coat and had one of the men in the party fan it with a hat. In such fashion the dueling party approached the Alton wharf. The people saw the prostrate figure in Mr. Lincoln's boat and the fanning hat. The cry went up that Lincoln had been shot. Father Abraham was just then approaching his national fame and the import of anything befalling him was appreciated by the crowd upon the Alton wharf. The excitement was not abated until the boats approached near enough for Mr. Lincoln, laughing and unharmed, to be seen.

During the civil war, when there was a prison at Alton, many Confederate held in captivity there were carried away in a plague of smallpox. Their bodies were ferried in the night and buried on Lincoln and Shields islands.

Bill Lee, a squatter on the island, has been here now going on five years. He tells me a squatter on new-made land can own the land after four years. I guess that's a fact. If it is, I have been



LEE'S HOME ON LINCOLN AND SHIELDS ISLAND.



WILLIAM LEE, THE SQUATTER.

Shields Island. From this the name for a long time changed to Snailpox Island, but in this day there is a sign on the old dancing pavilion which proclaims in great letters that this is Lincoln and Shields Park.

Recently the park properties on the island were leased for the summer. Lee, the sole occupant of the island, brought up the question of ownership.

The Sunday Post-Dispatch, desiring to know something of the unique contention of the squatter, visited him on his island. He is a typical river character, living alone and without concern for the healthfulness of this historic place of his habitat or the mosquitoes that infest it. Bill is deaf. People pile up and down the river know him as "Deaf Bill." He has a farm up the Illinois river, does some fishing, a little gardening and is not without means to make a legal fight for the acres he claims.

By WILLIAM LEE.

I'm here now going on five years. They tell me a squatter on new-made land can own the land after four years. I guess that's a fact. If it is, I have been

here long enough to own a good part of this island, for it's been making all the time I've been here.

Mr. McPike has not ordered me off. I haven't seen him or anyone representing him. I've just heard I was to be told to move on. So I've seen a lawyer, and I'm going to defend myself when the fight comes. There ain't a quarrel on or anything like that, but it don't hurt to find out what's what and whose.

Mr. McPike bought this island, or traded property for it, in 1852. So I'm told. The St. Charles County records show me he got seven and seven-one-hundredths acres. I don't care anything for the island because if that is what he bought, why that's what he owns—that and no more. There is to have the money that comes from selling something between 100 and 200 acres in the island now. It gets bigger every year. If Mr. McPike's deed calls for what I'm told it does, then all the rest of the island belongs to somebody else. I've been living on it four or five years. Nobody else has been I don't get the rest of it, the school district can have it.

Why, if all the land that's grown on here was to belong to the owner of the land it grew on to, some day the river might go dry and he'd own the whole dang earth.

Mr. McPike ain't bothered me. I don't know that he's going to. All I know is what I hear. All I know about any of these things is what I hear.

For instance, I don't know what the law is about these lands the river makes; these accretions. I used to hear they all belonged to the land they made on, but now I'm told the Supreme Court of Missouri gives them all to the school districts as fast as these disputes come up. I'm going to hold on here until the thing's settled. I don't care anything for the island because if that is what he bought, why that's what he owns—that and no more. There is to have the money that comes from selling something between 100 and 200 acres in the island now. It gets bigger every year. If Mr. McPike's deed calls for what I'm told it does, then all the rest of the island belongs to somebody else. I've been living on it four or five years. Nobody else has been I don't get the rest of it, the school district can have it.

SECOND CROP OF POTATOES PLANTED IN THE FORT SMITH, ARK., DISTRICT

The Greatest Irish Potato Growing Section in the Country and the Greatest Grower in That Section.

PORT SMITH, Ark., Aug. 9.
Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THIS is the new-found land of the Irish potato—the most remarkable potato district in the world. It surrounds Fort Smith for a radius of 50 miles.

It produces two crops of potatoes a year. It makes St. Louis the greatest distributing point for potatoes in the United States.

It has the biggest potato farm in the world—300 acres.

It yields from a single acre of ground in a single year more than 400 bushels of potatoes.

It ships in a single June digging 50,000 bushels of potatoes from Fort Smith alone.

The Irish potato is king down here. It is greater than cotton, more potent than corn. It is making men rich. The biggest farms are the potato farms. The richest planters are the potato growers.

The great potato fields around Fort Smith are comparatively new. They have not always been in potatoes. It is not more than 12 years since the industry was discovered and established.

Since then its growth has been as remarkable as its success. Every planter in the district has discovered the possibilities in potatoes, and no farm is without them.

The district lies over the Arkansas boundary into the Indian Territory. It is peculiarly adapted to the culture of potatoes. The climate is a medium between the heat of the South and the chill of the North.

This is why the potato grower here can raise two crops a year, something that is not done in any other section, save in a narrow strip in Tennessee.

In the potato district which performs the feat of two crops a year one may see such unusual things as potato planting in August, potato digging in November, a single potato field of 90 acres, 250 itinerant potato diggers in camp around a plantation, a mile of laden potato wagons, a train of potatoes, and many other things one never hears of save in this district where St. Louis, the greatest of potato distributing points, gets the most of its potatoes.

I have just made a tour of the potato district. I have seen the second crop going under the ground at a time when, like almost everyone, I supposed the potato crop of the central Mississippi Valley long ago gathered and sold.

The greatest potato farm in the world is in this district. It is just across the Arkansas boundary in the Cherokee Nation, and is the property of the family of Joseph H. Alexander, Sr., of Fort Smith. Mr. Alexander raises and ships to the St. Louis market more potatoes than any other grower in the United States.

The Alexander farm covers 1200 acres. One-fourth its area is devoted to potatoes. There is no other farm in the United States like this. In the first place, it produces the most Irish potatoes. More than 100,000 bushels is its annual average yield.

There is no other such farm as this of the Alexanders. It belongs to the Cherokee tribe, but is held in private cultivation. When the Cherokee lands are allotted in severalty there will be a reckoning on these broad acres. The Alexanders have the same rights as a full-blood Cherokee. There is a strain of Irish blood in the family. It is supposed that the allotment will give each Cherokee about 80 acres. If it does, the Alexanders will be permitted to hold 800 of the 1200 acres of their farm, for there are ten members of the immediate family.

Meanwhile the Alexanders raise potatoes, cotton, corn and oats. The greatest of these is potatoes. No other farm yields so many. No other grower raises potatoes upon so extensive a scale.

This greatest of potato farms is in the bottomland on the west bank of the Arkansas river. It is all rich. It is all distinctively southern. Little cabins, with many negro children and rude, cat-tail chimneys, mark the ends of the fields. The head of the house gets for his labor his cabin and 50 cents a day. The single laborer gets 75 cents a day. They are only paid for the days they work.

The possession of this farm is a privilege indeed, for the Alexanders pay no taxes. They have great fields of cotton in red and white flowers and acres and acres of corn. A fourth part of the farm is bare. These are the potato fields, now being planted for the second time this year. In February they were planted for the first crop. Seven bushels of round potatoes went into every acre. Late in June came the first harvest. Each acre yielded from 175 to 300 bushels of potatoes.

There is no other such busy time on the great Alexander farm as that occasioned by the digging and marketing of the first crop of potatoes. The digging must be done in a few days, and the potatoes must be immediately shipped. This is all a big undertaking on a farm of this size. Some time as many as 300 acres in potatoes.

All the resident labor and many itinerant work together to dig the Alexander potatoes. The crop is plowed from the ground and then scratched out of the soil by men, women and children. The wagons are loaded and driven up to the railroad, and this goes on day and night until the fields are cleared. Two hundred workers take out the June crop of potatoes on this farm. The greater part of these are itinerants, who have a camp down in the timber along the Arkansas river. These camps of the potato diggers are something seen nowhere else like down in the Arkansas bottoms. They are a part of the potato industry in the greatest of potato countries.

Thirty wagons haul the Alexander potatoes three miles from the farm to the railroad. They load sometimes as many as ten cars a day. Each car carries from 450 to 500 bushels.

At this time of year the second crop of potatoes is sown. The yield will come the first ten days in November. It will not run up to 250 and 300 bushels an acre, like the first crop, but it will go over a hundred bushels and will command a much higher price. The potato growers of the Fort Smith district are accustomed to getting a dollar a bushel for a second crop of potatoes. The bulk of them go to Texas for seed, but this year, because of the drought in the American bottoms and the Kaw valley, the other great potato countries of the Mississippi valley, the majority of the second crop of potatoes in the Fort Smith district will go to St. Louis and other cities north.

It is with the second of his two crops that the potato grower in the Fort Smith district makes his money. His seed potatoes come from the first crop. They are covered over with earth in a pile in the field, there to remain until the second planting, about the first week in August. The second crop comes up in dry ground and needs no cultivation. Even the weeds do not bother when the season is so dry. When the time for digging comes around the ground is still dry and the potatoes may be plowed out easily and picked up. The earth is not moist enough to cling to them as it does in June.

Not many American farmers enjoy a privilege equaling this—the cultivation of a second crop of potatoes on a single piece of ground in the same season. The Fort Smith growers say they are not believed when they tell people of other parts of the country that they have two potato crops in a season around Fort Smith. But it is a fact. And a very fortunate fact for the farmers in the district, for everyone of them devotes some considerable part of his acres to Irish potatoes.

The chief potato of the Alexander farm and every other farm in the district is the Bliss Triumph. It is a red potato, round and of medium size. It has shallow eyes, and is a great favorite in the North, ordinarily selling for two cents higher per bushel than the varieties most common in market. As many as 1200 carloads of these potatoes are shipped out of Fort Smith in June, and this is but one of many shipping points. The aggregate yield of the district runs into the millions of bushels. Even this year, when the drought cut short the potato crop in this and every other district, Fort Smith shipped 600 cars of potatoes in June. The second crop of the district is expected to enrich the big growers, for the partial failure of the season's crop in states of the northern districts is going to advance the price.

By JOSEPH H. ALEXANDER, SR.

WE make a specialty of Irish potatoes here. The soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to their culture. It took us a while to find it out, but we have made the most of the discovery in recent years.

Two crops of potatoes off a piece of ground in one year isn't bad, is it? No more is 300 bushels of potatoes off an acre in June and more than a hundred bushels off the same acre late in the fall! That's the sort of potato raising we do down here.

I don't know of another grower who raises as many potatoes as I do, but I know

a good many who almost do it. You see, everybody in here raises potatoes. The second crop is ordinarily the best-paying crop we can raise on our farms. You see, potatoes are likely to be high in November. And a new crop coming in just then gives us an opportunity to enjoy a good market. We are accustomed to as much as a dollar a bushel for the potatoes we dig in November and late October.

People of other parts of the country are slow to believe us when we tell them we raise two crops of potatoes down here every year. But we do it all right, not once in a while, but all the time. It is only one of the proofs that we have one of the earth's garden spots here on the border of Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Mr. George Coleman has down here a farm on which he raises something to sell the year round. We have potatoes, cotton, corn, wheat, oats, a world of fruit, melons and almost everything else the country raises. There is just a belt of country here where the climate makes it possible to raise a great variety of crops. The double potato crop is the best discovery thus far made in the belt. It will be hard to beat.

We alternate our crops enough to take the potatoes of a single piece after the bushel than the varieties most common in the soil. We can rest and relieve it with cotton, and then send it back to potatoes. We have such a variety of crops here we cannot fall in everything, no matter how changeable the seasons or how wet or dry.

The potato raising began just a few years ago. The discovery of the double crop resulted in a general going over to potatoes. Everybody in the district began raising them, and everybody is at it still on a large or small scale. It is quite a safe crop. When it is especially good it is the best money maker we have. I hardly know how many acres we have in potatoes around Fort Smith every year, but there are thousands of them. I have one single field of 90 acres. The Kaw valley and the American bottom probably raise as many potatoes as we do in a single crop, but our second crop doubtless makes us the leading potato section. You have no idea how we ship potatoes out of here about the last of June. We sometimes surround the railroad switch with loaded wagons until it is a problem to know who raises all the potatoes. I have sometimes as many as 20 wagons hauling from my farm alone. St. Louis is our principal distributing point. We have done considerable shipping to

other cities, but we generally get back to St. Louis. It is the chief distributing point for potatoes.

The potato district extends over the bottoms and hills alike. The biggest fields are in the bottoms, but the potatoes will grow upon the hills. A considerable portion of the district yield comes from the hills. We get a double crop because our summers, while much longer than those of the North, are still not as dry as those of the South. That is the reason why we can raise two crops of potatoes in a season here when it cannot be done either above or below us. We have not yet reached the limit, possible in our potato district. If we do not lead all other districts now we will do it soon, for we are still raising potatoes—thousands and thousands of acres of potatoes. I have visited some of the other

famous potato districts, but I have found nothing on the scale undertaken here. I am inclined to believe this corner of Arkansas and the Territory leads the country in Irish potatoes.

There is every year a great rush for our crop. I have seen buyers here from as far east as Pittsburg. I sold my June crop this year as it lay in the ground. There is not much doubt about the quantity or quality of our crop when the St. Louis concerns to which we do our principal selling will buy our potatoes before they are dug.

The land of the big red apple is perhaps the more famous now, but the fame of the land of the Irish potato is coming. Don't forget the chief triumph—two crops a year!

ENORMOUS METEORITE FOUND IN AN ARIZONA DESERT

Fragments Picked Up by Indians and Larger Pieces Are Supposed to Be Buried in the Lands.

TUCSON, Ariz., Aug. 5.
Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

AN ENORMOUS meteorite, which lies at the bottom of a cavity 60 feet deep and a mile wide, has just been discovered 40 miles north of Diablo, an Arizona water station on the Santa Fe Railroad.

Owing to the great depth of the cavity only a most unsatisfactory examination of the meteorite has been made, but from this it appears that the aerolite is composed of a metal much harder than iron and other metals, fused and melted together by a tremendous heat. Arrangements are being made by a party of western scientists to make a thorough examination of the fragment cast upon this planet by some other.

To say that the meteorite has been recently discovered is but partially true, for the Indians have known of the existence of it for a long time. In fact it was through them that its existence became known to Oliver Lippincott of Los Angeles and others, who made the brief examination referred to and likewise the photographs which accompany the story.

The spot where the meteorite was found is a high plateau or mesa, back of the mountains, which can be seen from the train on the route through northern Arizona. It is near the place where the Moki Indians usually hold their dances and grewsome snake dance ceremonies. For many years these Indians have been bringing to the various trading posts pieces of this metal. It has the appearance of iron, but it is as hard as steel. It contains nickel and traces of other metals. Old miners who saw it tried to analyze it, but were unable. They saw that it contained no gold, and maybe, therefore, did not pay as much attention to it as they might.

The Indians spoke of much larger pieces that could be found in and around a huge hole in the ground in their province, but owing to the inaccessibility and the long, tedious ride under a blazing hot sun over a mere trail across rocks and sand wastes, chasms and barren mountains, where water is often scarce during the dry season, and because the metal did not appear especially valuable, it was some time before anyone took the pains and trouble to visit the location, and considerably longer before a photograph of the cavity was secured, owing to distance and the difficulty of transporting the proper apparatus.

The cavity in which the meteorite lies is nearly a mile in circumference and over six hundred feet deep today, but the fact that it is supposed that this fragment of another planet buried itself into the earth over two centuries ago, and that during all those years the high winds and the ice rains and snows of the winters have done their utmost to fill in this enormous orifice.

Just how deep the meteorite lies below the present surface is not known, as thus far efforts have been made towards excavating for the main body. Many fragments have been picked up in and at various distances from the opening, varying in size from that of a bean to large pieces weighing many hundred pounds, of which a good photograph is herewith presented.

As over seven tons of the metal have been picked up on or near the surface of the ground it is interesting to estimate what enormous quantity must lie buried deep underneath the sands.

The meteorite has been named after "Canyon Diablo," the deep chasm and gorge not far from the place where it fell.

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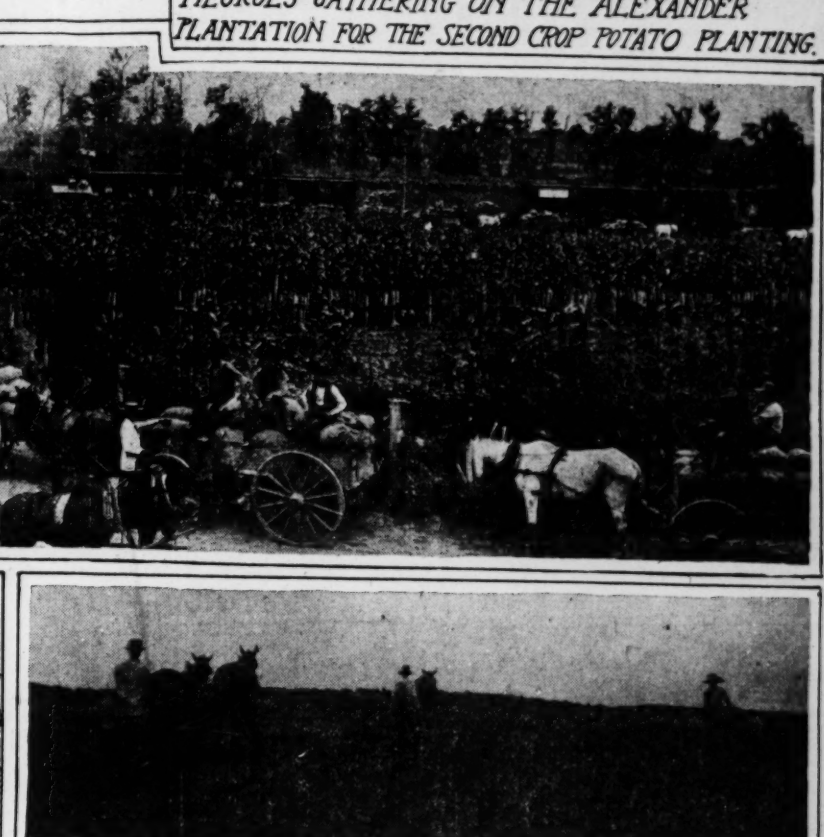
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The meteorite has been named after "Canyon Diablo," the deep chasm and gorge not far from the place where it fell.

ENORMOUS METEORITE FOUND IN AN ARIZONA DESERT



HAULING POTATOES TO THE RAILROAD AT FORT SMITH.



POTATO PLANTING JULY 30 ON THE FARM OF GEORGE COLEMAN, NEAR FORT SMITH.

ENORMOUS METEORITE FOUND IN AN ARIZONA DESERT

Fragments Picked Up by Indians and Larger Pieces Are Supposed to Be Buried in the Lands.

TUCSON, Ariz., Aug. 5.
Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

AN ENORMOUS meteorite, which lies at the bottom of a cavity 60 feet deep and a mile wide, has just been discovered 40 miles north of Diablo, an Arizona water station on the Santa Fe Railroad.

Owing to the great depth of the cavity only a most unsatisfactory examination of the meteorite has been made, but from this it appears that the aerolite is composed of a metal much harder than iron and other metals, fused and melted together by a tremendous heat. Arrangements are being made by a party of western scientists to make a thorough examination of the fragment cast upon this planet by some other.

To say that the meteorite has been recently discovered is but partially true, for the Indians have known of the existence of it for a long time. In fact it was through them that its existence became known to Oliver Lippincott of Los Angeles and others, who made the brief examination referred to and likewise the photographs which accompany the story.

The spot where the meteorite was found is a high plateau or mesa, back of the mountains, which can be seen from the train on the route through northern Arizona. It is near the place where the Moki Indians usually hold their dances and grewsome snake dance ceremonies. For many years these Indians have been bringing to the various trading posts pieces of this metal. It has the appearance of iron, but it is as hard as steel. It contains nickel and traces of other metals. Old miners who saw it tried to analyze it, but were unable. They saw that it contained no gold, and maybe, therefore, did not pay as much attention to it as they might.

The Indians spoke of much larger pieces that could be found in and around a huge hole in the ground in their province, but owing to the inaccessibility and the long, tedious ride under a blazing hot sun over a mere trail across rocks and sand wastes, chasms and barren mountains, where water is often scarce during the dry season, and because the metal did not appear especially valuable, it was some time before anyone took the pains and trouble to visit the location, and considerably longer before a photograph of the cavity was secured, owing to distance and the difficulty of transporting the proper apparatus.

The cavity in which the meteorite lies is nearly a mile in circumference and over six hundred feet deep today, but the fact that it is supposed that this fragment of another planet buried itself into the earth over two centuries ago, and that during all those years the high winds and the ice rains and snows of the winters have done their utmost to fill in this enormous orifice.

Just how deep the meteorite lies below the present surface is not known, as thus far efforts have been made towards excavating for the main body. Many fragments have been picked up in and at various distances from the opening, varying in size from that of a bean to large pieces weighing many hundred pounds, of which a good photograph is herewith presented.

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PASSING OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII.

By ALFRED STEAD.
HONOLULU, H. I., July 15.
Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THE civilization of the white man is not always a boon to the savage; it means, sooner or later, his doom. The red men are nearly gone, the aboriginals of Australia are passing, and the Hawaiian race is rapidly melting away before the twilight of civilization.

In 1882 there were 7000 Hawaiians in the islands still, even though foreigners had already begun introducing civilization. In 1820 the native population had dwindled to 80,000, to which have been added 187 part Hawaiian children of a Hawaiian mother and a foreign husband.

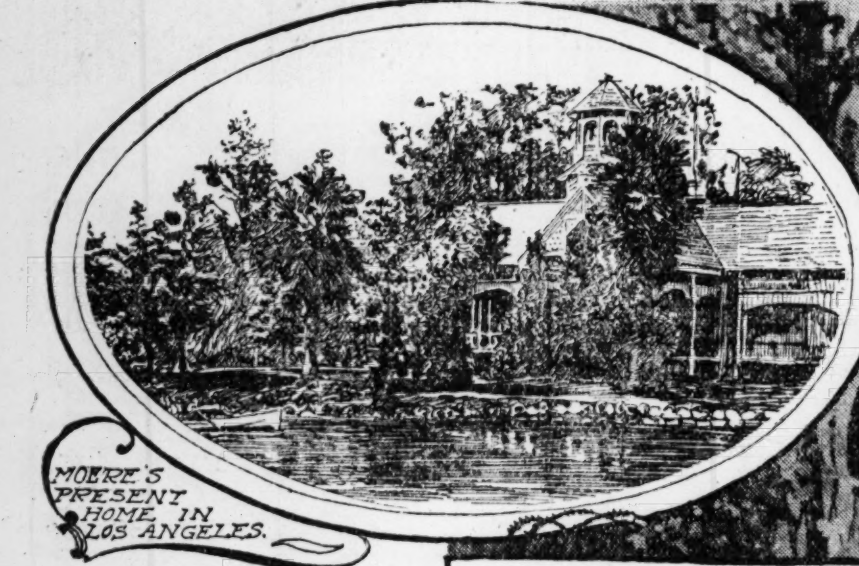
The next 12 years saw a further drop to 40,000, and an increase of part Hawaiians to 425, while in 1890 there were only 31,425 Hawaiians and 518 part Hawaiians. Six years later the Hawaiians numbered 21,019 and the mixed population 518. The latest census brings to light the fact that not only has the pure native population continued to diminish, but the part Hawaiian numbers have decreased from 855 to 285. The Hawaiian population is now actually only one-third the number of the Japanese immigrant, there have been 23,841 over 1500 Japanese. In 20 years there will be scarcely any Hawaiians left to inhabit the Hawaiian islands.

One of the first sights which greets the eye of the visitor in Honolulu is the spectacle of native boys swimming near the seamer, anxious to dive for coins. This sight gives a picturesque thrill of delight, since it looks quite natural and unspoiled by civilization. Everybody knows that the Hawaiians love the water and are able to swim before they can walk. But, alas! the passion of pristine naughtiness is soon dispelled by cries from the boys of "light here! light here!" and a clear whistle. Six shows that outraged civilization has insisted upon clothing the young savages in bathing suits. It is well, perhaps, that the awakening should come so early in the day—the last could not be disguised as soon as the visitor arrives. Honolulu is a typical American town, with American houses and stores, though possibly with more trees in the gardens than in America—and as it is built in Honolulu so it is in varying degree with the other towns in the islands.

The old customs and habits of the Hawaiians are dying out faster even than the race itself. It is very unusual to find a real Hawaiian grass house on the island of Kaula, though there are a fair number on the larger islands as yet. The grass houses are being replaced by wooden frame houses of orthodox shape and construction. The change is certainly not artistic, nor is it very much more comfortable or suitable to the climate. However, the grass hut has passed so completely that there is

MEN OF THE WEST WHO HAVE SUDDENLY BECOME MILLIONAIRES

Remarkable Rise to Wealth of Jacob Kliner, Frederick M. Mooers, Chester A. Burchem, John Singleton and Other Miners Who Were Poor Only a Years Ago.



LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 4.
Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THERE are some newly-made millionaires out here in the Southwest, who are nowadays the talk of every mining camp of the territories and the Pacific coast, and whose rise to wealth during the last few years illustrates the wonderful changes that the whirligig of fortune brings to men. The recent extraordinary rise in the value of copper is making millionaires of a half dozen men in Arizona, and twice as many more men, who were struggling with mortgage debts and a slow demand for copper at low prices a few years ago are fast getting in the five hundred thousand dollar column.

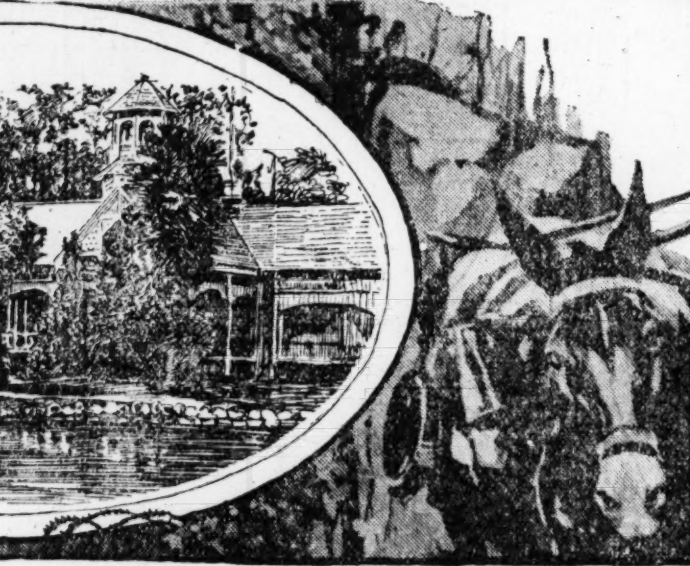
There never has been such activity in mining operations in the West as during the last year, and never before has there been anything like the number of men who are prowling over mountains, searching across desert wastes, among lonely gulches through the bald, desolate canyons and among remote foothills for ledges and deposits of ores. All the old-time miners agree that the general metal mining world of the West never has been in so prosperous a condition as in these days, and the way some men have leaped from comparative poverty to large wealth in five or six years is one of the wonders even in a land of suddenly made fortunes.

For instance, there is Jacob Kliner, who is a copper and gold king of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. His leap into the lap of riches has been phenomenal, and his career in the mines of Arizona and New Mexico is discussed by many an old soldier of fortune around the fires in mining camps these evenings. After 24 years of all manner of adversity, patient plodding, search for luck in prospects, and after a tremendous amount of endurance of heat and cold, privations as to food and water and homelessness, he is enjoying an income of about \$8000 a month, and owns property that he can sell almost any day for about \$1,200,000. He was born in Laban, Prussia, 45 years ago, and came to America with \$15 in his pocket. He was employed in a New York brewery for two years at 20 cents a day, and having a friend in Tucson, Ariz., he came West in 1875 to do anything to keep alive. He has been a hostler for the Arizona Stage Co., a guard for the Wells-Fargo Express Co. and a railroad brakeman. In a mining region one naturally takes an interest in mines. The fact that the mountains contain millions upon millions of mineral wealth that is yet to be claimed and developed by anyone smart enough to make the right location is as great an incentive to zealous energy as is the desire to guess the number to the capital prize in a lottery drawing. So along with thousands of other young men Jacob Kliner became a mining prospector.

To be a mining prospector, in the strict sense of the word, one must have supreme patience, abnormal hope and confidence, unflinching zeal and a vast deal of enthusiasm. Ninety-five per cent of the men who try prospecting for minerals are lacking in some or all of these qualities, and abandon the effort in a few weeks or months, only to renew it for a time when the news comes of someone who has struck it rich in a certain locality where hidden fortunes were previously unknown. Jacob Kliner stuck to prospecting year in and year out. "It was three years before I even knew what sort of rock I had to look for," said he recently in telling of the hardships he endured and the dangers from thirst and hunger he suffered in arid regions far from any semblance of civilization. He tramped over every mountain in the Territory. He walked, step by step, seeking for any indication of the presence of profitable ledge of ore, across mountains, through God-forsaken valleys, and climbed across gulches all the way from El Paso to Colorado, from Paton, N. M., back to Albuquerque, from Tombstone to Yuma, from Mexico to chloride. An account of the wild, hard life he led for 14 years would fill a book of thrilling narratives.

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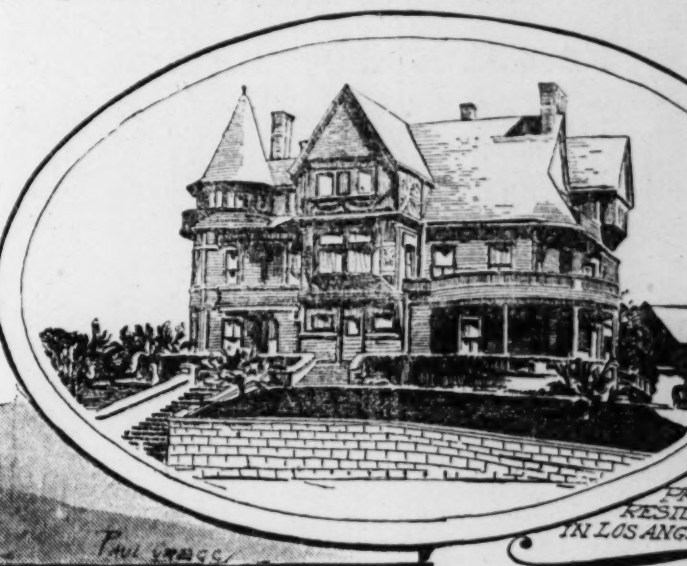
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For instance, there is Jacob Kliner, who is a copper and gold king of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. His leap into the lap of riches has been phenomenal, and his career in the mines of Arizona and New Mexico is discussed by many an old soldier of fortune around the fires in mining camps these evenings. After 24 years of all manner of adversity, patient plodding, search for luck in prospects, and after a tremendous amount of endurance of heat and cold, privations as to food and water and homelessness, he is enjoying an income of about \$8000 a month, and owns property that he can sell almost any day for about \$1,200,000. He was born in Laban, Prussia, 45 years ago, and came to America with \$15 in his pocket. He was employed in a New York brewery for two years at 20 cents a day, and having a friend in Tucson, Ariz., he came West in 1875 to do anything to keep alive. He has been a hostler for the Arizona Stage Co., a guard for the Wells-Fargo Express Co. and a railroad brakeman. In a mining region one naturally takes an interest in mines. The fact that the mountains contain millions upon millions of mineral wealth that is yet to be claimed and developed by anyone smart enough to make the right location is as great an incentive to zealous energy as is the desire to guess the number to the capital prize in a lottery drawing. So along with thousands of other young men Jacob Kliner became a mining prospector.

To be a mining prospector, in the strict sense of the word, one must have supreme patience, abnormal hope and confidence, unflinching zeal and a vast deal of enthusiasm. Ninety-five per cent of the men who try prospecting for minerals are lacking in some or all of these qualities, and abandon the effort in a few weeks or months, only to renew it for a time when the news comes of someone who has struck it rich in a certain locality where hidden fortunes were previously unknown. Jacob Kliner stuck to prospecting year in and year out. "It was three years before I even knew what sort of rock I had to look for," said he recently in telling of the hardships he endured and the dangers from thirst and hunger he suffered in arid regions far from any semblance of civilization. He tramped over every mountain in the Territory. He walked, step by step, seeking for any indication of the presence of profitable ledge of ore, across mountains, through God-forsaken valleys, and climbed across gulches all the way from El Paso to Colorado, from Paton, N. M., back to Albuquerque, from Tombstone to Yuma, from Mexico to chloride. An account of the wild, hard life he led for 14 years would fill a book of thrilling narratives.

He located dozens of mines, worked on some of them for months at a time, only to find that the ore was too poor or too small in quantity to be worked at a profit. Many a time he thought he had at last found a ledge that would make him rich, only to learn after days of hard work and nights of dreaming of his fortune that it was not worth a dollar. Jacob Kliner and his half-starved jackasses were known all over Arizona and Kliner's personal belief that he soon was going to strike it rich became the jest of camps of miners throughout the territory. "How I ever managed to work and search and keep life in me for ten years of that long and terribly hard career of prospecting is now a wonder to myself," said the miner while in Los Angeles the other day. "No one knows what privations had to be undergone until I got what I sought."

At last Jacob Kliner found a copper prospect in Gila County that looked well. He paid about \$10 that he had made by doing day labor in the copper mines at Bisbee, and settling down in a tent, with all his earthly possessions, consisting of a frying pan, a kettle, a coffee pot, two blankets, and a few mining tools, he went to work to open his copper claim. He worked alone at it for eleven weeks while he fared on

beans, bacon and jerked beef. That was in 1883, when copper was at its lowest market value and capital was a scarce article in the territories. After months of vainly looking for some one at least to come and look at his copper ledge, Kliner trudged over the mountains and alkali desert, across the Superstition and San Rita mountains, down into Sonora, Mexico, where he got work at day wages in a silver mine. He still owned the copper property and had done enough work on it to hold the claim legally for a year. Several months of work and he had saved \$100. Then he went to prospecting again. He traveled, along with his jackass, some 30 miles altogether, sleeping out of doors, eating vile food and watching out for hostile Yaqui Indians.

Luck came sooner on this trip than ever before. He found two claims in five months. One was a base ore mine—a combination of lead and silver—and the other was gold ore that ran about \$14 to the ton. He met at Hermosillo, Mexico, a man who bought the base ore property for \$4000. That was Jacob Kliner's first real capital after his years of poverty and hardship. With the sum he began development of his gold mine, and in a year by the most laborious manual work and pinching economy he got out and shipped ore that brought him \$800 clean profit. Suddenly his luck changed. The Mexicans who owned the region mill where he sent his ore to be smelted, and explored the mine for a half-interest in the gold mine. Kliner was tempted to take the offer, but he says he knew he had a good thing and that it was worth more money. A week later he sold the mine for \$80,000.

That was in March, 1887. Jacob Kliner's fortune has grown fast from that time. The Armadillo mine has paid some \$120,000 in profits since then, and it is still yielding from \$300 to \$400 dividends every month. Five years ago Kliner returned with another claim to his copper mine in Gila County, Ariz. He put in the best machinery he could buy, sunk shafts and drifted crosscuts into the ledge. Copper was not profitable then, and many copper mines were idle. It required much hope and confidence to put \$18,000 or \$20,000 into machinery to get out copper ore that had no buyers at living prices. In 1897, however, copper began to rise from 8 and 9 cents to 12 cents. The Kliner mine began to make more money. Extra laborers and precious machinery was deepened and explored the more. In 1898 the price of copper rose to 14, 15 and even 17 cents a pound. It since has varied from 17 to 19 cents, and the copper mines all over the West have prospered more than ever before. Jacob Kliner has steadily declined to sell his mine in Gila County. He was offered \$100,000 for it in May, 1898. Last December he declined six offers of \$400,000 for the same property, and within thirty days he was offered \$500,000. Fortune has not altered him at all except in his mode of life. He lives well nowadays and does no manual labor. He still clings to his old clothes and his clay pipe. He smiles when he speaks of the fact that he sleeps on a \$100 brass bedstead now instead of in a blanket on the ground, but he still lives in a cabin and seldom goes away from home. A few months ago he gave an old man living alone in Yavapai County, who was crippled and diseased from eating poor food, \$500 with which to go to a San Francisco hospital. The old man had nursed Jacob Kliner through typhoid fever in Yuma a dozen years ago and he never expected a dime for his kindness.

The recent leaps into fortunes of millions of dollars by the three miners who discovered the gold-bearing ledges at Hanksburg, Cal., are narrated again and again by hopeful, confident miners who gather about the saloons of mining camps in this part of California. Indeed, there are no parallels in southern California at least, to the great fortune that Frederick M. Mooers, Chester A. Burchem and John Singleton simply went out and claimed as theirs in April, 1895. Last summer the group of miners which these men picked up, where they had been lying through all time for some one to come and claim them, owned the mine that sold to the Delmar Mining Co., of Utah for \$1,500,000. They have paid monthly dividends varying from \$18,000 to \$23,000 for nearly three years, and it is an undisputed statement among miners in and about Los Angeles that the Rand

group have now over \$13,000,000 worth of ore blocked out in them.

Five years ago Frederick M. Mooers was a reporter on the Los Angeles Express. He had been connected with the Brooklyn Eagle and came West, where he had had all the ups and downs of a reporter, and his several attempts at gold mining were so decidedly down that he returned periodically to Los Angeles to take up reporting at a small salary. Five years ago John Singleton was a clerk in a poor little store at the railway station on the Mojave Desert in southern California and Chester A. Burchem was a butcher in a shop at San Bernardino, Cal. The three met at that little desert mining camp at Goler, where a gold mining process known as dry washing for golden particles in the desert lands was carried on. For weeks this trio, in company with 30 or 40 other men, chafed at a living by dry washing the sands. Days were spent in the search across the desert, eating vile food and watching out for hostile Yaqui Indians.

Day and night, while he worked at the dry washer, he pondered on the subject. He formed a theory and told it to Singleton and finally got the latter's agreement to go and help prospect for the ledges. Days were spent in the search across the grim desert under a burning sun where nothing grows and not even birds are found. Singleton soon scouted Mooers' theory and returned to his dry washing. Suddenly Mooers saw geological evidences that the Goler camp was in the center of an enormous extinct volcanic crater, and he evolved the theory that if the outer rim of the volcano could be found, there might be located the ledges from which the gold had been washed ages ago.

Singleton was appealed to again, and at last he agreed to make another trip out on the desert to hunt for the rim of the volcano. It was almost seventy miles to the locality Mooers had chosen to search. Walking that distance in a burning waste, under a fierce sky, was out of the question. There were only three horses in the desert camp, and hay and water were expensive and scarce articles. C. A. Burchem, who had come over from San Bernardino with his butcher horses and wagon, was asked

to furnish his equipage, and a bale of hay and a barrel of water to the prospectors, and he was to share equally in the result of the prospecting trip. He finally agreed to the speculation, providing he would be assured the outlay of \$4 for the hay.

Two days later, April 23, 1896, Mooers, Singleton and Burchem reached the locality where Mooers had expected to find the rim of the volcano. He had been looking ahead for hours studying the situation from every side. The horse was slowly driven up what is now known as Fiddler's Gulch, and Mooers directed where to stop. "Boys, I'm sure we have it," said Mooers, as the wagon and its occupants moved along the barren, unbroken lonely gash in the bald mountains. Then while Singleton and Burchem attended to the unharnessing of the horse and to getting out the camp outfit of frying pans, kettles and drywashing tools, Mooers seized a prospector's hammer and said:

"Now, Burch and Singleton, I'll introduce you to your fortune."

He went about half a mile up the mountain side, where no human being had been for years, and began testing the rock. He broke away 20 or 40 bits of the exposed rock and examined each bit critically under a magnifying glass. Suddenly he called back to his comrades at the camp:

"Come on, boys; here we are. I've got it. I've got it."

rock full of golden specks," said Burchem, in telling of the time. "When I could get my tongue I looked about me and said, 'How much do you think there is of such rock?'"

"The whole mountain looks full of it," replied Mooers. "All we've got to do is to shovel it into a reduction mill and be Vanderbilts."

"Well, we've been shoveling the mountain into a mill for several years and we've only scratched into the mountain so far. I believe Mooers is about right about the whole mountain being full of gold."

The town of Hanksburg has grown there since. For two years there was not a more active, rollicking, wide-open camp in America. Thousands of claims were soon made by the great crowds of miners who flocked there from all parts of the West, but less than a dozen miles outside of the Rand group have been developed. The firm of Mooers, Burchem & Singleton has expended over \$150,000 in developing the property, and now has a payroll of about \$200 a week. Mr. Mooers lives in a house in Los Angeles that has cost him over \$50,000, and Burchem and Singleton are now putting some \$100,000 in a home that they will own jointly in the suburbs of Los Angeles. The Rand Mining Co. frequently has bank deposits of upward of \$200,000, and now that the mines are in good working order and are well opened, the money rolls in faster than ever. Five years ago the three persons in the company had altogether not over \$30.

James D. Finnigan, who recently sold the Duncan copper mine in Cochise County, Arizona, for \$200,000 and who is operating his two large mines in the same county, has jumped from a brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona to a millionaire in six years. He is 57, and until he was 52 never earned more than \$20 a

month, and seldom over \$45 a month. His income nowadays estimated variously at from \$500 to \$11,000 a month. He is in Europe this season and will sail around the world before he sees his big copper properties again. He was born in Brooklyn and was a newboy and bootblack there for several years. He went to Texas when he was 20 and became a brakeman on a freight train when he was 22. For several seasons he was a cowboy on a range near Benson, Ariz., and while there learned many facts about ores and how to know them at sight. He located several base ore mines, but never got further than the location of them.

One day in 1890 he went to see a miner friend who was ill in his shanty on a copper claim. The friend was anxious to sell at any price, but Finnigan would not buy it even for \$20. Finnigan took a sample chunk of the copper ore to Benson, 80 miles distant. There he met a man from Tucson who knew good ore and at once was zealous to buy the claim. But Finnigan kept him in the dark as to the location of the property. Then he went back quietly to see the friend and got a written option from him to sell for \$500.

The man from Tucson closed the deal a few days later for \$500. That gave young Finnigan a knowledge of what copper mines were worth. He abandoned railroad work and cowpunching and began looking for men who had copper claims for sale. With \$100 in his pocket he went all over New Mexico and Arizona. Copper went down in value, but Finnigan had faith with the advance of electricity the demand for copper would grow. He bought two prospects for \$900 each, and the sellers went away laughing in their sleeves at the young Irishman who had given them gold for mere copper coins. But Finnigan kept his own counsel. He did the work of opening one of his best claims, and earned his way by labor in the smelter at Globe, Ariz. Then he sold one claim for \$600 and bought another for \$400.

Meanwhile copper began to go up, and he borrowed money to develop his two mines. He found that he had even a bigger thing in copper than he had bargained for, and he organized a company to develop the ore bodies. When copper went booming in 1897 young Finnigan had over \$200,000 employed, and he bought out all the partners in his enterprises. He built a smelter to care for all the ore from his two mines, and with the profits of four months bought another copper mine. For a year he owned three copper properties. Until two months ago he worked day and night at mining, and his wealth piled up fast. Then he sold one of the mines, and invested at one time some \$200,000 in railroad bonds. He finally went to Europe with several friends, whose bills he is now paying on a tour of Europe.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder—put asunder—put asunder—" "It's a phonograph!" "A phonograph!" These words and a titter circled the room. The bride became crimson. The groom turned white. One of the birdsmen quietly fainted, and while she was being borne away an usher snatched from the embowered stand the instrument that still reiterated those ominous words, and rushed it into the hall, shaking it as he went.

The best man, faking the tumultuous guests and nervously asked the Rev. Mr. Pierce to step forward. The pastor hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he took up the ritual where the mechanical minister had turned it into a mockery, and went on:

"Foreasmuch as Percy and Katherine have given and pledged their truth each to the other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring and by joining hands, I pronounce that they are Man and Wife."

A sigh of relief at the removal of tension in such a satisfactory manner came from every woman present. He was drowned in the commotion which followed the sudden return of the ingenious usher, flushed with success, but wholly oblivious to what had taken place in his absence, when he replaced the phonograph on the stand and the machine in louder and clearer tones than before, hurried after the retreating bride party an impressive supplementary blessing. In the voice of the brother of the bride.

TOWN OF NORTHWICH BUILT TO FALL IN A HOLE.

LONDON, Aug. 2.
Special Correspondence of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

NORTHWICH, in Cheshire, was built deliberately for the purpose of falling into a hole, and it annually fulfills, to a certain degree, the purpose for which it was built.

In Northwich a householder may go to bed in the attic to awaken in the bowels of the earth in the morning. He doesn't swear. He digs himself up to air and daylight with a calm mind born of contemplation of similar occurrences on every hand. If a cow or a bureau or a friend or a house is missing in Northwich the inhabitants do not offer a reward. They merely look into the latest hole.

When a hole house dives headlong into subterranean mysteries in Northwich no one worries, for the houses are hooped with iron bands and fastened together with nails and bolts in readiness for just such a trip. Northwich sinks away because, like the man who sawed off the limb that he was sitting on, it burrows under itself and takes away its own foundations all the time.

It cannot secure itself, because it makes money by taking away its own props. It isn't worth a pinch of snuff as a town, compared with what it is worth as a hole in the ground. That is because it is a town built on salt.

To mine the salt the clever persons who owned the mines found that they needed a town for their employees to live in, and for shops to supply them and for offices and works. But their calculations showed that they were to buy land enough for that purpose near their salt deposits, the necessary

investment and the interest on that investment would be a sad figure to contemplate. So they hit on the happy idea of building the little city on top of their subterranean treasure house and then letting it fall into the holes whenever necessary. It was cheaper in the end.

Northwich has salt enough to pickle all the world. The ancient Romans knew of its salt springs and used them with sincere pleasure to cure some of the ills acquired by high diet and low living. The equally ancient Britons, averse as they were to washing and similar sinful innovations, wallowed in the salt pudd

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WOMEN WHO ARE WELL KNOWN

In St. Louis and Nearby Cities
Reproduced by the Sunday Post-
Dispatch Process of Halftone
Photo-Engraving.



PREPARING FRUITS THAT ARE PLENTIFUL IN AUGUST FOR WINTER USE.

LATE blackberries, huckleberries, apricots, pears, peaches and plums demand attention in August. With the fleshy fruits, such as plums and peaches, the finest varieties are at their best when put up in cans whole and covered with a boiling syrup.

Green gages, yellow egg plums and the ruby-tinted purple plums, as well as fine peaches, retain an indescribably delicate flavor of the fruit and the perfection of shape when canned in this fashion. In planning to use inferior fruit, make it into jam, jelly or marmalade.

CANNED PEACHES.—Pare the fruit with a silver knife and in small quantities, as it discolors quickly from exposure to the air. Crack the stones, extract the seeds and blanch them. They help very much to enrich an otherwise somewhat insipid preserve. Peaches require slight cooking. Make a syrup, allowing one cup of sugar to one cup of water.

Let it boil for a few minutes, then into it put as many halved peaches as will fill a jar. Set the preserving kettle back on the stove, where it will merely simmer, and let the fruit cook till you can pierce it with a straw, but do not allow it to break.

Lift each half separately and very carefully on a small skimmer, and before you place it in the hot can, fill the hollow from which the kernel was taken with a blanching liquid. Fill the can with fruit and over it pour enough of the boiling syrup to cover and run over. Slip in carefully a silver fork to allow all the air bubbles to rise.

When it will hold no more, seal it. It is a good plan to pare enough fruit for the next canful while the other is cooking. If it is so ripe that it begins to discolor at once, drop each half as you cut it into ice-cold water.

This method may be slower than the plan some cooks follow of paring and cooking a bushel of peaches at once, but the perfection of your fruit will pay for the extra labor.

If the fruit is all put in the syrup at once, half of it will break before the other half is canned. The task may be made much less laborious by one person paring while another cooks and pours the fruit down in the can.

PEACHES IN THEIR SKINS.—For this serve, choose the most luscious, firm and perfect peaches in the market. Pare each one with a fine napkin to dust off the fuzz, and prepare a heavy syrup made from one quart of sugar to one pint of water.

This preserve calls for the now can, which is as wide at the mouth as at the bottom, and has a lid like an inverted champagne cup. Into this you can drop whole peaches without squeezing and the lid keeps the fruit constantly below the syrup. Steam the

peaches till soft enough to pierce with a straw, lift each one very carefully, so that the skin may not be injured, and drop in the can.

Fill it as full as possible without the slightest squeezing, and then cover with the boiling syrup. This canned fruit, even if not opened for several years, will be found to preserve the flavor of the peaches so that they taste almost exactly like fresh peaches.

DRIED PEACHES IN SUGAR.—Pare fine yellow peaches and cut each one in two, taking out the stone. Drop them in a boiling syrup made from four cups of sugar to one and a half cups of water. This quantity will be enough for six pounds of peaches. Let the fruit simmer till tender. It will begin to have a transparent look when ready.

Lift each peach very carefully, roll in powdered sugar and lay on a platter. Set in the sun to dry. It is a good plan to choose a very hot dry day for this process and finish them early in the morning. When the sun is hot enough they can be dried in one day.

They may be done in a cool oven, but lack a certain flavor that sundried peaches have. If syrup oozes from them, remove to dry platter. When perfectly dry, pack in a jar with sugar about them.

These can be soaked over night, as required, and when stewed in the water in which they stood, will be found to have as fine a flavor as the best canned peaches. They will keep any length of time.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Make a syrup from one quart of vinegar to four pounds of brown sugar. The two teaspoons of whole cloves, one teaspoon of cassia buds, two tablespoons of cinnamon and two tablespoons of ginger in a small muslin bag and put in the syrup to boil.

Allow to become perfectly cold, when add 10 pounds of pared peaches and heat gradually in the syrup. When it boils, lift the

peaches from the syrup and lay in a stone jar.

Four the boiling syrup over the peaches. For three successive mornings drain off the syrup and pour over the peaches, then cover tightly, leaving the bag of spices in the pickle.

BRANDIED PEACHES.—Make a syrup from three pounds of sugar and three cups of water. Allow it to boil five minutes. Pare four pounds of fine, large peaches. Add them to the syrup, cook till transparent, and just as you take the preserve from the fire add two cups of the brandy. Seal exactly like any canned fruit.

PEACH MARMALADE.—If you have a quantity of poor peaches you wish to preserve, cut them up, and, if ripe enough, press through a sieve or potato ricer. Add sugar equal in quantity to the pulp, the juice of one lemon and a dozen peach kernels, and cook very slowly for half an hour. Stir frequently to prevent burning.

PEACH KISSES.—Have ready 32 fine ripe peaches, pared, halved and stoned. Boil one pint of sugar and one-half pint of water until it is a syrup (try it by dropping a little in cold water, it should break with a snap when tested).

Dip the halved peaches, one after another, into this syrup and set away on an oiled dish in a cold place to harden. While they are hardening, whip the whites of four eggs until perfectly stiff, mix lightly in four tablespoonsful of powdered sugar and two tablespoonsful of blanched and coarsely chopped almonds.

Drop in large spoonfuls in a pan of boiling water, cook for a minute or two, then lift out carefully and place on a large plate. Fill each of the peach halves with this mixture, rounding the tops slightly, and keep in a cold place until time to serve.

Another delicious way is to fill the peaches just before serving with ripe red raspberries, sprinkle lightly with sugar, heap over the meringue and serve immediately.

ately. All the ingredients should be very sweet cream. Whisk to a stiff froth.

WHIPPED PEACH CREAM IN BASKETS.—Beat the whites of four eggs and bottom are only three-fourths of an inch thick, and just before serving fill with the peach cream. If an especially handsome dessert is wanted, brush the outside of the peach syrup drained from preserved (or peaches), and stir in lightly one pint of it halved English walnut meats or pecans.



ELEGANT ROOM ROBES FOR MORNING WEAR.

IT is possible, in making a room robe, to so fashion it that it is quite presentable to all callers who come before 4 o'clock. A clever hostess has designed a gown for morning which she might really wear at her own afternoon tea and, if one were a little lenient, one might imagine it a dinner robe.

The gown is all of India muslin and lace, not so very expensive in quality, yet making up its lack of cost in style and daintiness.

The skirt is marked into squares with fine insertion and around the foot is a ruffle. Underneath is another skirt, all of

India muslin lawn and bordered with a fine ruffle.

Coming from the high short waist is a court train of piece lace very beautifully draped, and falling from the shoulders are sleeves of lace cut in the variety called "angel."

Blue panne ribbon, dotted with white figures, outlines the neck and belts the gown. A small bolero of white tulle is slipped on if the robe is to be worn for a morning reception, when a collar or two may drop in.

Women who are handy with the needle are enjoying a harvest of good gowns this year. They embroider, hemstitch and make

up lace and muslin into the daintiest of room robes.

A woman who gives morning readings wears a gown of clinging organdie with train cut rounding instead of in the long trailing point. A waist, cut rounding in the neck, is concealed under a little lace jacket with flowing sleeves finished with full ruffles.

A morning robe, that might be mistaken for an empire dinner gown, is made of batiste with little ruffles extending upward

from the hem to the belt, row after row, each ruffle bordered with an edge of white satin ribbon.

A robe of point d'esprit, cut as much upon the pattern of a dust coat as it would be possible to imagine, is worn over this gown. The robe is straight in front and very slightly fitted in the back. It reaches nearly to the foot of the skirt. It has sleeves and is cut rather high in the back of the neck, though square in front.

Over this is worn a bolero of Russian lace with a narrow collar of raspberry pink panne, cut so that there are pointed lapels, very narrow, upon the collar. A bow of the

panne finishes the throat of the little bolero.

Such a morning robe is unquestionably more expensive than one of plain velveteen, but it is not difficult to make, and she who will take the trouble will be rewarded by a certain delicacy which will be most pleasing to the eye.

HOME PAGE

EDITED BY
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



THE ACROBATIC GIRL WAS AN INVALID, BUT GYMNASTICS MADE HER WELL AND STRONG.

THIS is the story of an invalid who became a well woman quite unintentionally through a caprice which developed into a career.

Her name is Miss Maude Caswell, and she is celebrated from one end of the country to the other as "The Acrobatic Girl." She is conceded to be the best woman acrobat in the country.

Miss Caswell tells her own story earnestly and convincingly.

By MAUDE CASWELL.

I WAS supposed during my childhood to be an invalid.

I believe I was very delicate. I was thin and pale, so I was kept in the house and, except for an occasional short ride on a very demure little pony, I never took any physical exercise.

I was a confirmed candy fiend, and when I was 16 years old I read one novel and ate a box of candy each day.

As I look back on it I cannot think of a more unwholesome moral and physical diet than mine at that period.

Yet my parents are the very best people in the world—quiet and conscientious house folks and deeply religious.

My mother was satisfied that reading gave her poor little girl pleasure, and as I got my books from an excellent library she thought they must be all right.

So they were, from an effectual moral standpoint. They were just the regulation love stories. They wouldn't do a big, healthy girl any harm.

But they were as bad for me mentally as the candy was physically.

One day I happened upon a heroine who was an out-of-door girl and celebrated for her feats as a fencer.

I was completely fascinated by the description of this girl at work with her foil.

There was an athletic club in our town, and after much pleading and the encouragement of our doctor I was permitted to join a class at this club in the morning.

The result of my exercising was the most wonderful improvement in my health, mentally and physically. I began to neglect the library, and after hearing a lecture on candy dissipation at the gymnasium I gave up eating bon-bons.

On the Spanish rings, trapeze, parallel bars and leaping board I was soon able to do a number of feats, and at ground tumbling I was even more skillful, doing cartwheels, hand springs and roll-overs better than anything else. Members of the club noticed my growing skill with surprise, and they were soon teaching me all they knew.

Professional visitors often watched me and invariably remarked that I had a splendid stage career before me. I had aspirations myself for a stage career, but my mother was dreadfully opposed to it. She thought it terrible.

I took part in a gymnasium semi-public performance, and did so well that I finally, after many tears, received her permission to adopt the career.

But even now, after six years, during which I have never been sick a day (and I have given performances almost every week night), my mother cannot get over thinking the delicate girl I used to be. As a part of me still. She continually writes that she fears I am not strong enough for my work, when the truth is it is athletic work alone that has made and keeps me strong.

I have given a good many lectures to women at different gymnasiums where I have been a guest during my professional stay. Most women in the gymnasiums are practicing to reduce obesity or to keep from getting too fat. Their ideas of athletic work are funny.

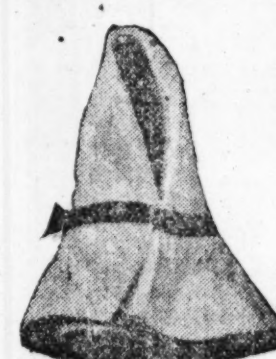
WHO BOWS FIRST?

I am a young girl, and have been kneeling down to a young man for a short time. One day I was asked to go to a party where I would meet a young man who was a new acquaintance. I was very much embarrassed when I saw him, and he was very much embarrassed when I saw him. We both bowed to each other, and he was the first to bow to me. I was very much surprised, and he was very much surprised. We both bowed to each other, and he was the first to bow to me. I was very much surprised, and he was very much surprised.



EXERCISE FOR OBESITY

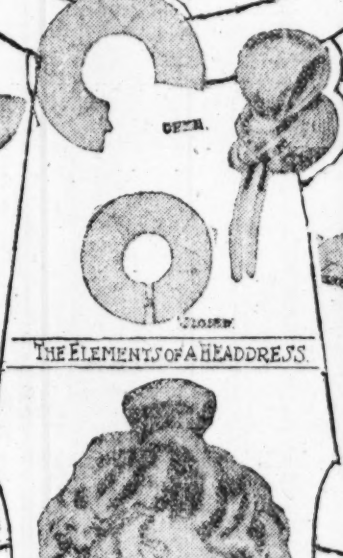
EXERCISE FOR LEGS AND ABDOMEN.



THE PANAMA HAT—FOLDED.



THE PANAMA HAT FLAIN.



THE PANAMA HAT TRIMMED.



FRONT HAIR DRESSING.



COMBINATION WITH SQUARE COMB.



COMBINATION WITH SMALL COMB.
THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN HEADRESS.

HOW SHALL HE PROPOSE?

I am a young man and have a girl whom I am thinking of proposing to. With you please tell me what I should do. I have been thinking of it for some time, and I am not sure what to do. I have been thinking of it for some time, and I am not sure what to do. I have been thinking of it for some time, and I am not sure what to do. I have been thinking of it for some time, and I am not sure what to do.



EXERCISE FOR BACK AND ABDOMEN.

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS AT HOME

HOME-WASHED flannels are nice and last longer when one knows how to do the washing.

The chief points to be remembered are that flannels must not be put either into hot or cold water; they must not be dried too quickly nor yet allowed to hang about a long time wet; and to preserve the color and texture of the wool no alkalies should be used.

Take a quarter of a pound of soap, shred it very finely and put it into an enameled saucepan; cover with one pint of cold water, bring it slowly to a boil, and when all the soap is dissolved it is ready for use. This is sufficient to launder two or three gallons of water.

If flannels are very dirty they require two washings, the temperature of which should not be above 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour some of the dissolved soap into the warm water and by briskly moving the hand about it make a nice lather.

Put the flannel into this lather and squeeze and press it through the hands (but do not rub it, as this hardens it), squeezing it on the right side in the first wash, and on the wrong side in the second.

White and light colored flannels should be washed first, and then the colored ones. After thoroughly washing the flannels rinse them in warm water, and if the water is hard a teaspoonful of ammonia to every four gallons of water will soften it and make the flannels feel soft and nice.

Ammonia must not, however, be used for colored flannels, for it will draw out the dye; if the water is very hard soften it with a very light lather of soap, and a little salt can be added to fix the color.

All flannels must be freed thoroughly from water before attempting to dry them; not by wringing, but either by passing through a wringer several times or by twisting them in a dry towel.

Give the garments a good shake to raise the nap before hanging up to dry, and a shake now and then in the process of drying helps to make them fluffy, while knitted and woven garments want turning and pulling into shape. Iron only very fine flannels and then with a very cool iron; they cannot be damaged before ironing, but a slightly damp cloth may be laid over them before ironing, and the seams of the knitted garment lie much flatter if treated this way.

ETIQUETTE

Answers to Sunday Post-Dispatch Readers' queries by Margaret R. Kent.

To Address Wedding Invitations.

WHAT is the proper way to address a wedding invitation to a young lady who is engaged? I think that "Miss Frances R. Smith and fiancé" would be more correct, for if you put "escort" it can mean any man.

ELEANOR R. ZELLAS.

Separate envelopes should be sent to the young lady and her fiancé. They may be sent in one outside envelope addressed to the young lady in case you do not know the gentleman.

It is not considered in good form to send an invitation to unmarried persons in one envelope addressed to the two.

The envelopes in this case should be addressed to Miss Blank and Mr. Blank (the gentleman's name).

It will be understood in this case that Miss Blank has the privilege of asking her fiancé to escort her.

Quite Proper in Such a Case.

Would it be proper for a young man to call upon a young lady, and the young man in question having met the young lady at an outing and passed about one hour in her company? The young lady did not ask this young man to call nor has he asked for permission, but he has a chance of calling upon her with an intimate friend of hers, who is a young man.

It is not intimate friend who takes the responsibility here, is no reason why the young man should not call with him.

Entirely Too Informal.

I would like to ask you a question about a young man. I met him once in company, only a few minutes, and I received a letter from him addressing me as "Dear Jennie" and asking me to go out with him.

I would like to have your opinion about this gentleman. Don't you think he was too informal in addressing me as "dear"? Should I go out with him on such a short acquaintance? J. B.

I think it entirely too informal. The young man should have addressed you as "Miss." Of course you should decline the invitation.

Congratulate the Gentlemen.

Kindly inform me which is the correct thing to do in the following case: A friend of mine has

become engaged, but I have never met the gentleman; would it be proper to congratulate him?

Should a piece of music be dedicated to a young man? I think that "Call again some time soon." is a good form for a young man to call upon a young lady, and the young man in question having met the young lady at an outing and passed about one hour in her company? The young lady did not ask this young man to call nor has he asked for permission, but he has a chance of calling upon her with an intimate friend of hers, who is a young man.

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Men to Wear a Tuxedo.

A. bets that a Tuxedo is not permissible on any occasion before 6 o'clock in the evening. B. bets that it is. Who is right? CRITIC.

A. is right. A Tuxedo coat is a modification of a tailcoat, and is worn after 6 o'clock, and some, at a club or a gentleman's party.

Serve a Fish Dinner.

A fish dinner is a dinner in which the principal dish is some sort of seafood. A fish dinner might begin with an oyster cocktail, followed by clams on half shell, soup, bisque of crabs, and a boiled fish with small potatoes and sliced cucumbers might form the fourth course.

An entree of lobster à la Newburg might be followed by a course consisting of baked fish, with green corn and stuffed tomatoes. If the guests have survived the menu thus far, and people who like fish dinners have incredible appetites, you might offer them a salad with crackers and cheese, dessert afterward and black coffee.

Of course a fish dinner may be very much simplified. The feature of the dinner is that fish is substituted for ordinary meat dishes.

Some Little Points of Etiquette.

Is it proper for a young lady to ask a young man

to see her? When a young man has called on a young lady and is leaving is it proper for her to say "Call again some time soon."?

It is considered in good form for a young man to call upon a young lady, and the young man in question having met the young lady at an outing and passed about one hour in her company? The young lady did not ask this young man to call nor has he asked for permission, but he has a chance of calling upon her with an intimate friend of hers, who is a young man.

It is not intimate friend who takes the responsibility here, is no reason why the young man should not call with him.

Mourning for a Sister.

Will you kindly tell me if it is right for a young man to wear a white straw hat when he is mourning for his sister, who died lately? S. S. S.

A black straw hat would be in better form, but in this hot weather many conventions are made, and gentlemen in mourning do wear white straw hats with black bands.

Orange Blossoms for a Bride.

Which is the proper thing and the prettiest for a Hebrew young lady to wear on a wedding veil, smilax or myrtle? M. J.

You should consult your personal taste in this matter.

I think myrtle would be prettier than smilax, but why do you not wear orange flowers? The only time orange flowers may be properly worn is with a bridal gown, as they are symbolic of virgin purity. It seems a pity not to wear them on the one occasion they are appropriate.

A Very Rude Young Man.

I would like your advice about a young man with whom I have been keeping company for several months. I met him at a picnic and he seemed to be quite friendly and was with my lady friend and me about a half hour, when he excused himself to

Answers to Sunday Post-Dispatch Readers' queries by Margaret R. Kent.

Quince-Seed Cosmetics.

RS. N. E. R.—I give you quince-seed cosmetic formulas as you request.

Quince seeds, 60 grains; borax acid, 8 grains; glycerine, 4 ounces; alcohol, 6 ounces; carbolic acid, 1/2 dram; cologne water, 4 drams; oil of lavender flowers, 40 drops; glycerine of starch, 4 ounces; water enough to make 32 fluid ounces.

Quantities can, of course, be reduced.

Another quince cosmetic is in the form of a cream and is made as follows:

Quince seed, 60 grains; hot water, 14 ounces; pulverized borax, 40 grains; glycerine, 2 ounces; spirits of camphor, 1 ounce; oil of bitter almond, 10 drops.

Macerate the quince seed with the water and let stand for several hours; strain and add the glycerine and in the mixture dissolve the borax. Dissolve the oil with the spirits of camphor and gradually add to the quince seed mixture, stirring thoroughly.

Desires Blond Hair.

LULU.—Red hair will turn blond on the application of peroxide of hydrogen, diluted. Get an ounce of peroxide of hydrogen and mix it with the same quantity of water; apply to the roots of the hair with a soft, clean toothbrush.

Before using this application the hair should be thoroughly shampooed and dried. If the first application is not sufficient to create the shade desired wait a few days and make another. Peroxide of hydrogen used too frequently is entirely harmless.

Developing the Bust.

MRS. A. M.—You do not wish an astrigent which reduces the bust, but a tissue food to increase the bust. I give you a formula for a treatment which is said to be very successful. It is highly recommended by the originator, Dr. Vauclaire:

Liquid extract of ginseng (disgorg), 10 grains; lacto of phosphate of lime, 10 grains; tincture of iodine, 10 grains; single yolk, 400 grains.

The dose is two spoonfuls with water before each meal. Dr. Vauclaire is a French physician of excellent repute.

Treatment for Headaches.

A YOUNG LADY OF EIGHTEEN.—You should consult a physician for your headaches.

A Rough, Red Skin.

N. A. V.—Try this cosmetic water, which is said to be most effective.

Fresh almonds, 1 ounce. Pound in a marble mortar, add little by little 1 ounce of rose water. When these are perfectly blended add 1/2 of an ounce of tincture of benzoin. The benzoin must be added drop by drop. This strain, when the liquid is ready to use. It may be applied several times a day.

Wrinkles such as you describe from the corners of the eyes to the mouth, if they are not caused by the extraction of teeth, are best treated by massage.

Injured by a Lotion.

MRS. V.—It is astonishing that people will use preparations concerning which they know absolutely nothing. Of course I have no idea what the mixture is which has injured your face, and therefore I cannot possibly advise you.

GOOD LOOKS.

Answers to Sunday Post-Dispatch Readers' Inquiries by Mrs. Ayer.

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What Shall She Eat?

KATHLEEN.—Buttermilk is very good for the complexion. Case and sweets certainly are not.

You should eat simple, wholesome food, avoiding greasy, spicy dishes, hot breads, pastries and sweets.

Green vegetables and ripe fruits and salads are all wholesome.

I do not think a girl can long retain a beautiful, natural skin if she indulges in food which is ruinous to her digestive organs.

For Falling Hair.

LIZZIE.—You should take a course of scalp massage; have your hair shampooed once a week with the shampoo for which I give you formula and use after thoroughly drying the tonic for which I also give you formula. Here is the shampoo:

Yolk of 1 egg, 1 pint of hot rain water, 1 ounce of spirits of rosemary. Beat the mixture up thoroughly and use it warm, rubbing it well into the skin of the head. Rinse thoroughly with warm water.

This wash is good for dandruff where the ordinary shampoo fails.

For falling hair use this tonic:

Cologne, 8 ounces; tincture of capillaire, 2 ounces; spirits of camphor, 2 ounces. Apply once a day.

Effect of the Low Corsets.

ANXIOUS.—I think it very unlikely that the low corset has anything to do with the relaxed condition of your bust, but if you think this is the cause the remedy suggests itself. You would better return to a high-bust corset.

I do not know whether you have children, but if such is the case and you have a baby it is usual after nursing children that one's bust shrinks. In fact, the bust is never as firm after nursing as before.

Dr. Gersuny's Treatment.

MRS. C.—I think you are wrong in supposing that Dr. Gersuny advocates the injection of vaseline into the tissues. I have heard and read a good deal of paraffine as recommended by Dr. Gersuny, but I have never seen anyone who had submitted to the treatment. I believe, however, it is conceded that the paraffine creates no nutrition and is kindly received, but it remains imbedded in the tissues, and to the touch is a hard lump, and I should say would scarcely enhance the appearance.

I do not know where the treatment is to be had in this country.

The electric treatment for the removal of the smallpox pittings is certainly not cheap.

If I were in your place I should not attempt to remove the mole. There is always danger of a scar when this operation is done by an amateur. I should go to a surgeon. The expense cannot be great and the operation is an extremely simple one.

Bay Rum as a Substitute.

HIRSTUTS.—No, bay rum would not do as a substitute for cologne. It is not sufficiently stimulating.

Falling Hair From Fever.

MRS. H.—Undoubtedly your hair is falling out as a result of your fever. Take a course of scalp massage at least once a week and use this tonic, which is especially recommended for falling hair after fever.

Penic acid, 2 grains; tincture of oak bark, 75 grains; tincture of red clover, 50 grains; tincture of catnip, 2 grains; cologne, 180 grains; sweet almond oil, 60 grains. Apply to the roots of the hair with a soft sponge or twice a day.

This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

Effect of a Hair Tonic.

MRS. E.—Yes, I think the tonic to which you allude would certainly give a reddish tinge to white hair.

I should not use it if I were in your place if you do not want this effect.

The treatment for the bust to which you refer is harmless. You can make a compress by folding several thicknesses of old linen. Do not attempt to tamper with the hair preparation you are using. There is no known safe effect it might produce to rub the chemicals.

Concerning a Foreign Face Wash.

MRS. H.—I do not recognize the wash from your description. There are innumerable liquid foreign washes on the market. I give you, however, a formula for a very simple and wonderfully effective liquid cream. I think you will find it just what you need.

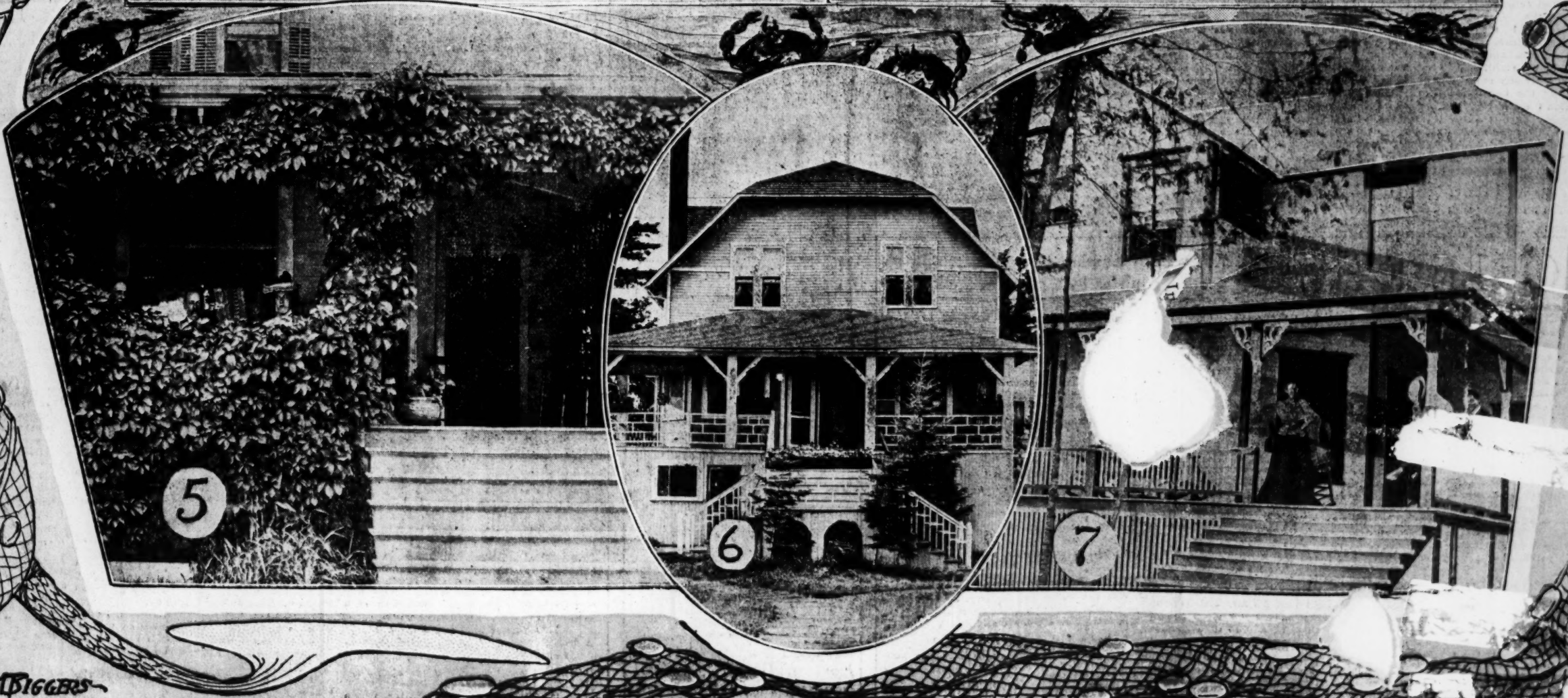
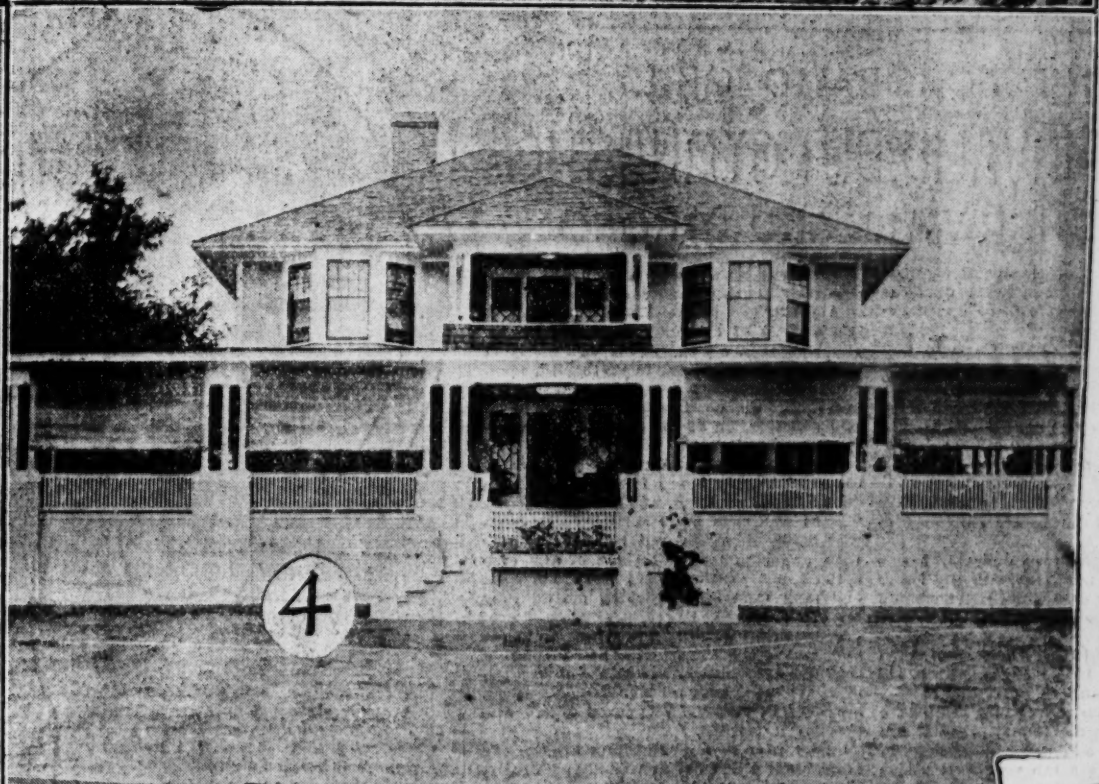
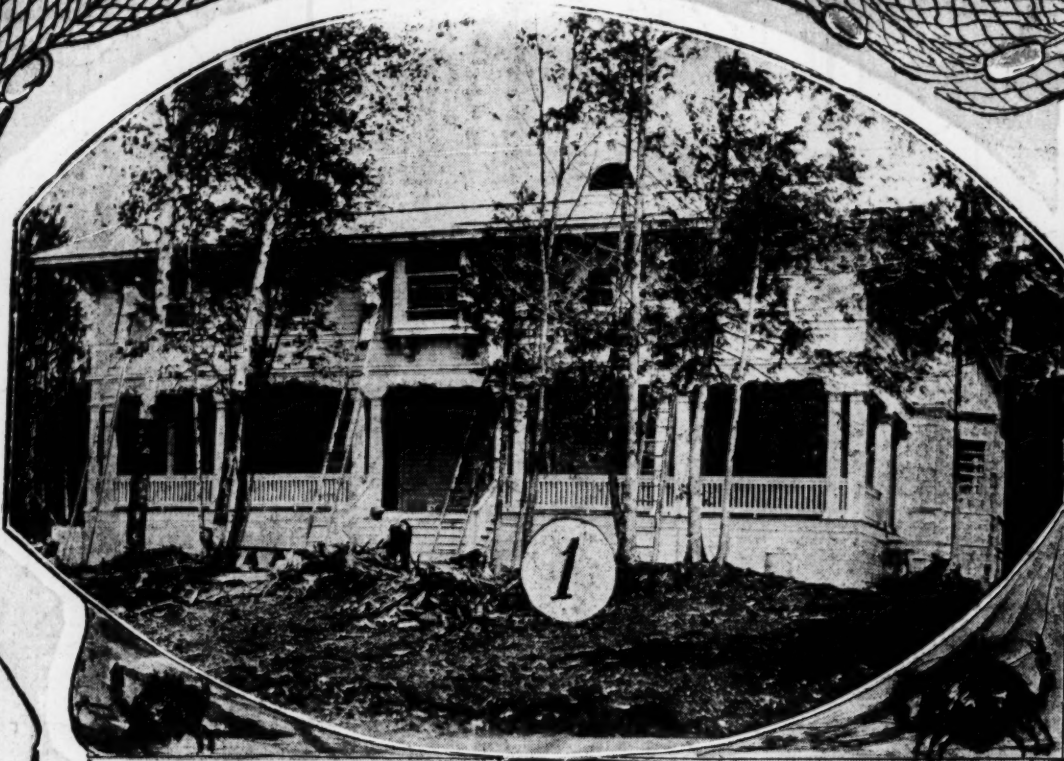
Pure oxide of zinc, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 dram; rose water, 1 ounce; essence of rose, 4 drops. Stir the oxide, dissolve it in hot water, add the rose water to cover it, then add the glycerine, and the remainder of the rose water. Shake well and apply with a soft sponge or an antiseptic gauze.

The face must be wiped off before the liquid dries or it will be streaked.

Wanted Name of a Complexion Lot.

BELLE S.—I am sorry not to be able to give you the name of the complexion lot you address in this column.

COTTAGES OF ST. LOUISANS AT PETOSKEY WEQUETONSING AND HARBOR POINT



- No. 1. New Summer Residence of Thomas H. West of Westmoreland Place Nearing Completion Near Roaring Brook.
 No. 2. Summer Home of Mrs. Ashley D. Scott of 3516 Morgan Street Right on the Brink of Lake Michigan, Between Wequetonsing and Roaring Brook.
 No. 3. "The Archway," the Beautiful Summer Home of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Little and Family of 3820 Washington Boulevard at Wequetonsing.
 No. 4. "Cherryvale," Cottage of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Edgar of 4040 Washington Boulevard at Wequetonsing.
 No. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Rockwood and Their Daughter, Miss Lilla Rockwood of 4124 Washington Boulevard in Their Vine-clad Cottage at Petoskey.
 No. 6. Cottage of J. D. Bascom of Westmoreland Place at Harbor Point.
 No. 7. Mrs. Franklin P. Hunkins of 4266 Washington Boulevard and Her Daughter, Mrs. John T. Donnell, Ashley D. Scott and a Modest Friend From St. Louis at Wequetonsing.

C. M. DICKERSON



FUNNY SIDE OF

The St. Louis POST-DISPATCH

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE
ST. LOUIS
POST-DISPATCH,
SUNDAY,
AUG. 11, 1901

St. Louis, August 11, 1901

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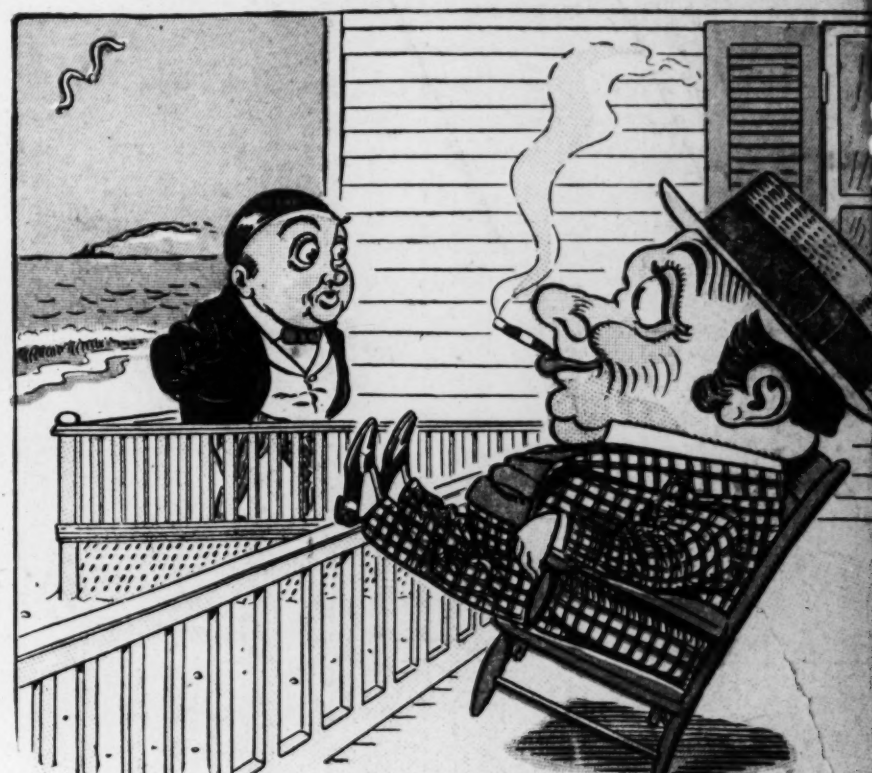
MAN PROPOSES, BUT WOMAN DISPOSES.



Mr. Slaveleigh (wearily)—Well, I've worked over these books in this hot office all summer and haven't taken an unnecessary minute off. I'm completely worn out. I'll just run down to the shore and spend a couple of days with my family.



Mr. Slaveleigh—Yes, my dears, I've thrown off the yoke of business and have come down to spend a week with you, throwing all business and financial cares to the winds.



Mr. Slaveleigh (smoking his after-dinner cigar)—Ah, this is glorious! I feel like a boy again, free from all care and worry. Ah, here comes my host.



Mine Host—I don't like to bother you about money matters, Mr. Slaveleigh, but I have some large bills to meet Monday morning, and if you could settle the bill for your family it would help me out greatly.



Livery Stable Keeper—Yes, I remembered you from last year, Mr. Slaveleigh. Would it be any inconvenience to you to let me have the amount of this livery bill? Your family knows it's all right and I'm hard pressed for money.



Confectioner—You're Mr. Slaveleigh, ain't you? Well, I've been furnishing your wife and family with confections and so forth, and they said that when you came down you would settle the bill. If you will pay me spot cash I'll throw off 2 per cent.



(A whisper to her daughters)—Yes, my dears, I see them that way, so he could see them as soon as he would have it over with.

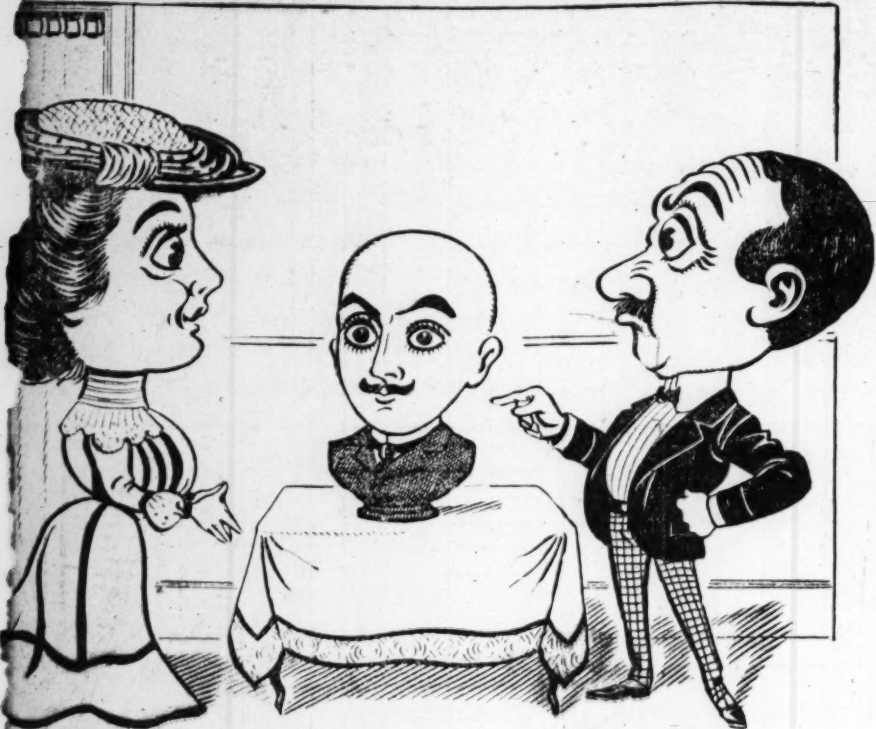


Mrs. Slaveleigh—Oh, John, I have the greatest news to tell you. You should be awfully proud of our Mary. She has engaged herself to a real artist. The poor boy is outside waiting to see you. He is entirely out of cash and wishes to borrow \$100 until he sells his latest picture.



Mrs. Slaveleigh (as papa chases for the first train next morning)—Girls, let me warn you. Never marry a man who is a slave to his business. Here your father comes down here for a few days' rest and does he stay? No. He has the money-making fever so bad he has to take the first train back to the city.

MRS. BOWERS MAKES A PURCHASE AT AUCTION WHICH SOON BECOMES USEFUL.



Mr. Bowers (disgusted) - Mary, I believe auction rooms are driving you insane. How what in the world good is that wax figure?
Mrs. Bowers - I am sure I don't know, Henry, but it was very cheap and I couldn't resist buying it at that wigmaker's sale. I will put it away, it may become of use some day.



Mr. Bowers - Well, I never in all my life. These bothersome flies will drive me crazy. I can't read, I can't smoke, I can't do anything for them. Spend \$75 for window screens and then still be devoured by flies!



Mrs. Bowers - Have patience, Henry; just wait one moment until I return. I think I can fix it for you.



Mr. Bowers (on return of Mrs. Bowers) - Well, well, well! What are you going to do with that thing? Set it on the table where when I look at it, it will make me so mad I will forget all about the flies? Or is the wax so soft you think the flies will get their feet stuck in it and hold them there?



Mrs. Bowers (sweetly) - No, Henry, dear. You just contain yourself until those flies see this figure. See! They have spied it already.



Mr. Bowers - Well, I never in all my life saw the best of that woman. I knew how flies like bald heads, but what a genius Mary is! Now for a peaceful hour.

FARMER OATCAKE AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.



1-HE ARRIVES AT 12 NOON.



2-12:15 P. M.



3-12:30 P. M.



4-12:45 P. M.



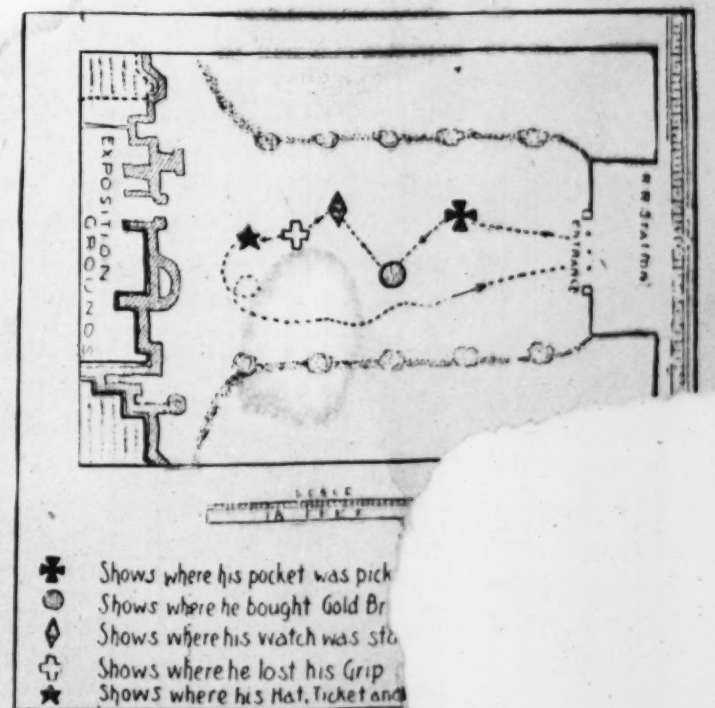
5-12:47 P. M.



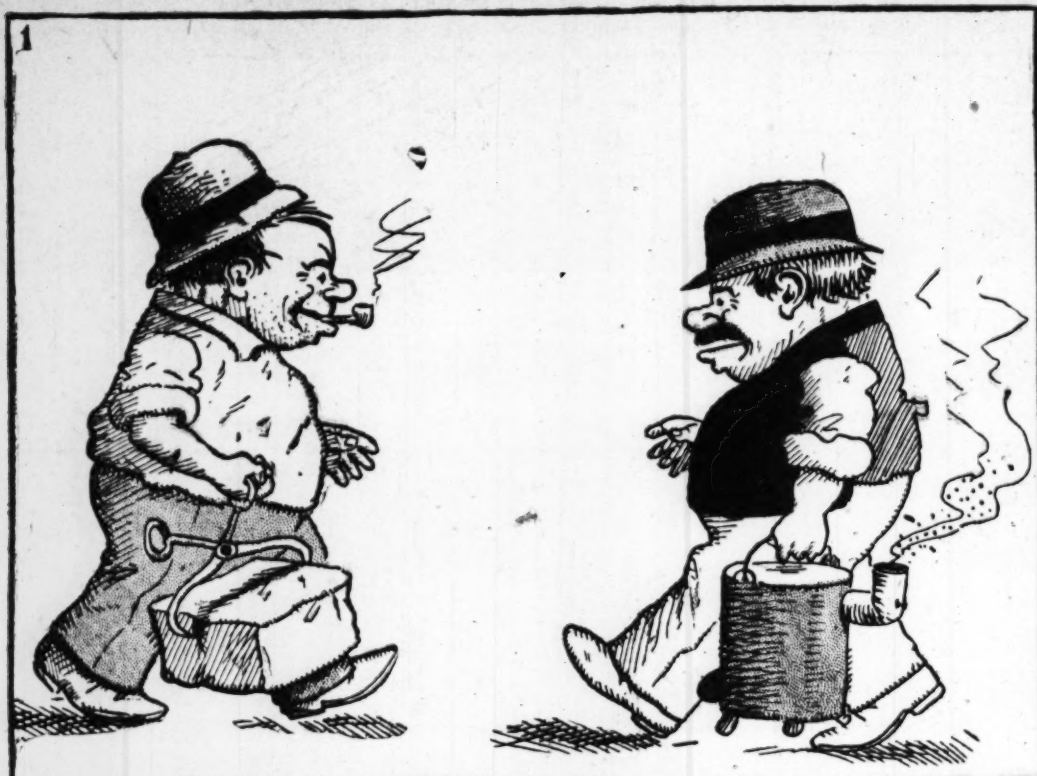
6-12:49 P. M.



7-12:50 P. M.



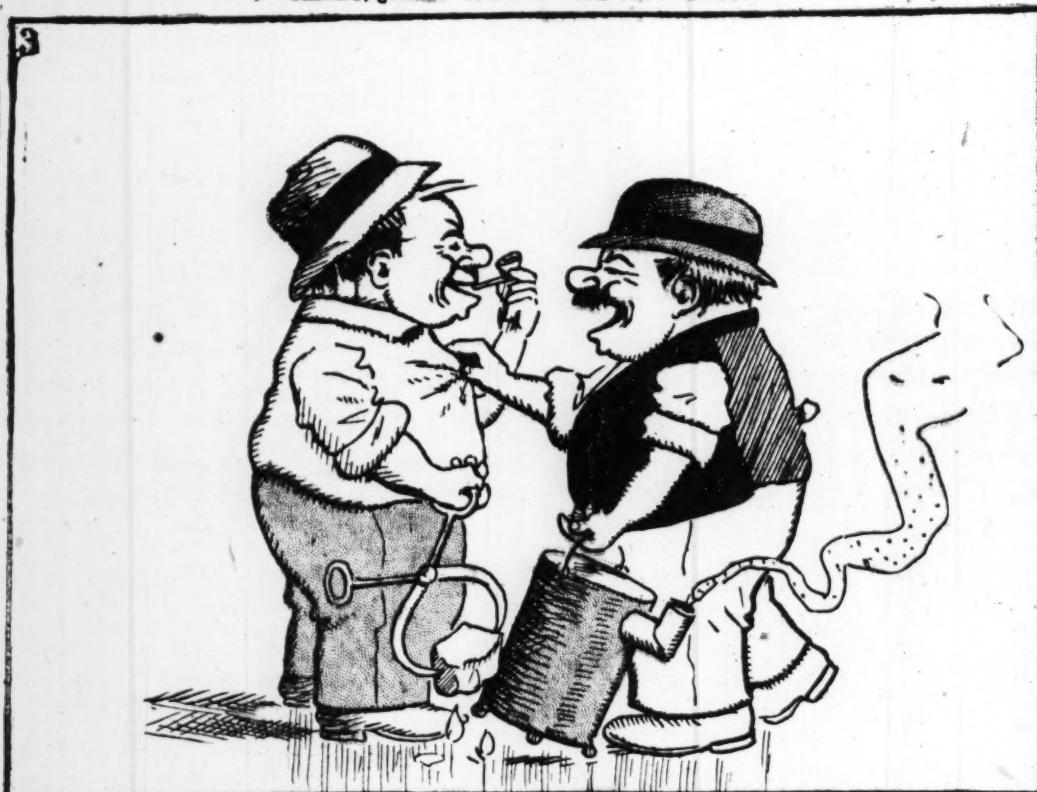
THE PLUMBER'S LITTLE JOKE.



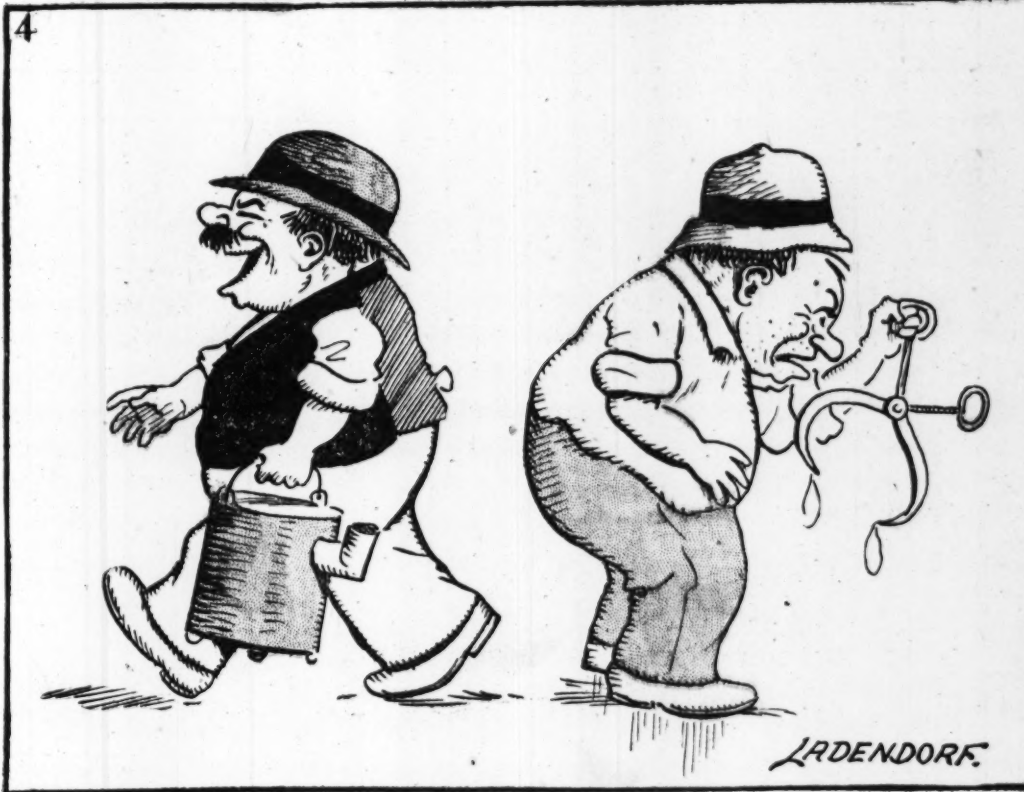
1—"HELLO, JAKE! HEARD THE NEW STORY?"



2—"YOU SEE IT WAS THIS WAY."

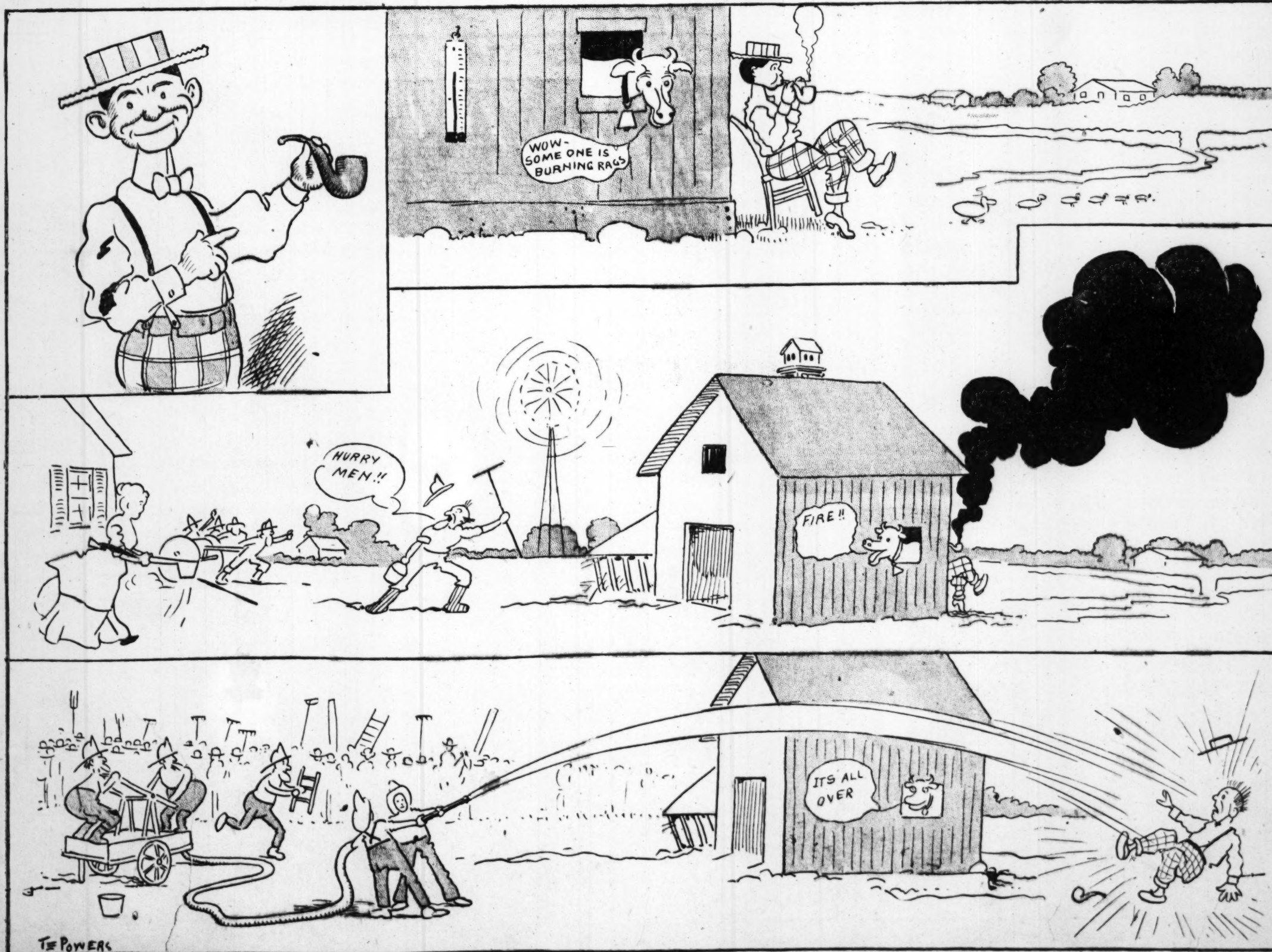


3—"PRETTY GOOD, SEE?"



4—"BUT THE ICEMAN DOESN'T SEE IT."

Willie and His Pipe.



SCOFFERS REBUKED!

LEMONOSKY CONFOUNDS

Extraordinary Investigation of
Methods and the Lemonos

OLD DOCTOR LEMONOSKY PROVES HE I

(Special Edition of Our Own Health Department—Co-

This is the age of scoffing and cynical disbelief. When Dr. Lemonosky announced to a wondering world that he had made his marvelous medical discoveries of Clothes-Horse Bitters, Tincture of T-Rail, or Essence of Iron; Hankypank Soap for Health and Happiness, Purple Pellets for Pallid People, Health Haberdashery, or Collars and Cuffs for Coughs and Colds, immediately the scream of the carillon condors of envy and malice rose in a vain attempt to drown the chorus of commendation and pagans of praise. Mingling with the grateful applause of those for whom the Lemonosky marvels of medicine had done so much was the raucous cry of the meddlesome and malignant: "Lemonosky is a fraud! There ain't no such person!"

Our first impulse was to treat these vultures of virtue with the silent scorn they merited. But in justice to our friends and those who have sent us money we deemed it best to break our dignified silence. Hence we appointed a "Lemonosky Day" and invited all the world to come to Old Dr. Lemonosky's magnificent estates, "Booseley Terrace, Alko Hall-on-the-Hudson."

Upon the appointed day a vast crowd assembled on the lawn surrounding the Lemonosky estates. Many were firm believers in Old Dr. Lemonosky, and many were those who had been his harshest critics. Judge of the joy of the first and the chagrin of the latter when promptly at noon the dignified

stores HOME-MADE Health Food great for it. The acid will show the in



Ingredients of

ky's Health

the making of O Home-Made Health Food does not know ingredients and are yet in doubt. Illustration, write a letter, securely sealed, does this because know what results identically to show American people.

Livestock on Dr. Lemonosky's

form of Old Dr. Lemonosky appeared upon the upper piazza!

He bowed to the assembled multitude, but did not address those present, although there were loud cries of "Speech!" and "Hurrah for Old Dr. Lemonosky!"

Dr. Lemonosky made a stately bow, and it was then noticed he held in his hand a bottle of his celebrated "Clothes-Horse Bitters." An attendant handed him a glass, and, bowing again to the crowd, Old Dr. Lemonosky took the prescribed dose for adults.

At this there was more cheering, but when the venerable high priest of hypo-

A LETTER FROM

Dear Dr. Lemon

We send you

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used only Eng

Ver:



Little Joe

This is a good ad offer a prize of \$500 to best-looking child Lemonosky's Remedies. We announce that the \$5,000 prize will be for the picture we print herewith, Lemonosky's. If you have wonderful babies send Dr. Lemonosky Remedies. Every child enters

Cheering for Dr. Lemonosky.

chondria proceeded to take a dose of his wonderful Tincture of T-Rail, or Essence of Iron, and followed that by ten of his tried and true Purple Pellets for Pallid People, the enthusiasm knew no bounds.

After the demonstrations of good will had subsided somewhat Old Dr. Lemonosky nodded to his entourage, and the crowd grew silent again as it breathlessly watched the great Lemonosky as he proceeded to wash his hands, before all present, with his Hankypank Soap for Health and Happiness, after which he donned his newest and greatest discovery in medical therapeutics, The Lemonosky Health Haberdashery, or Collars and Cuffs for Coughs and Colds! Having thus cheered all his following

En route to Dr. Lemonosky's

and silenced the scoffers, Dr. Lemonosky retired. Immediately after which the gates of his estates were closed, and none was allowed to leave the place without purchasing a copy of Dr. Lemonosky's great book on "Getting Well in Your Mind."

It was a great day for Old Dr. Lemonosky and his faithful followers.

THE HAPPY HYPOCHONDRIAC.

The above extract from "The Happy Hypochondriac," the paper published for the followers of the great and only Lemonosky, shows how the discoverer of the Lemonosky remedies stands today in the estimation of his countrymen who believe in him. Now that it has been proved that there is such a person as Old Dr. Lemonosky, we will pay no further attention to adverse criticism unless it is accompanied with money, in which case we will pocket the insult.

I Would Sooner Make Medicine than Money.—Lemonosky.

A NEW DEPARTURE—OLD DR. LEMONOSKY'S HOME-MADE HEALTH FOOD.

I can say unhesitatingly that Home-Made Health Food possesses qualities that no other health food the market possesses. I want everybody to try my Home-Made Health Food. Be assured that there is health food in the world like it, require at all grocers' and dr.

Little Lion

Little Lion

Little Lion

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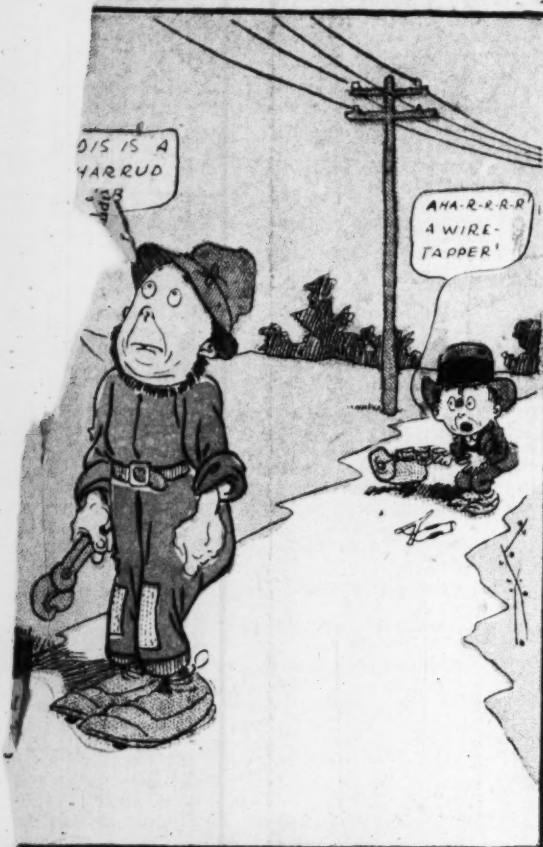
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SHERLOCK SAM DISCOVERS A WIRE-TAPPER.



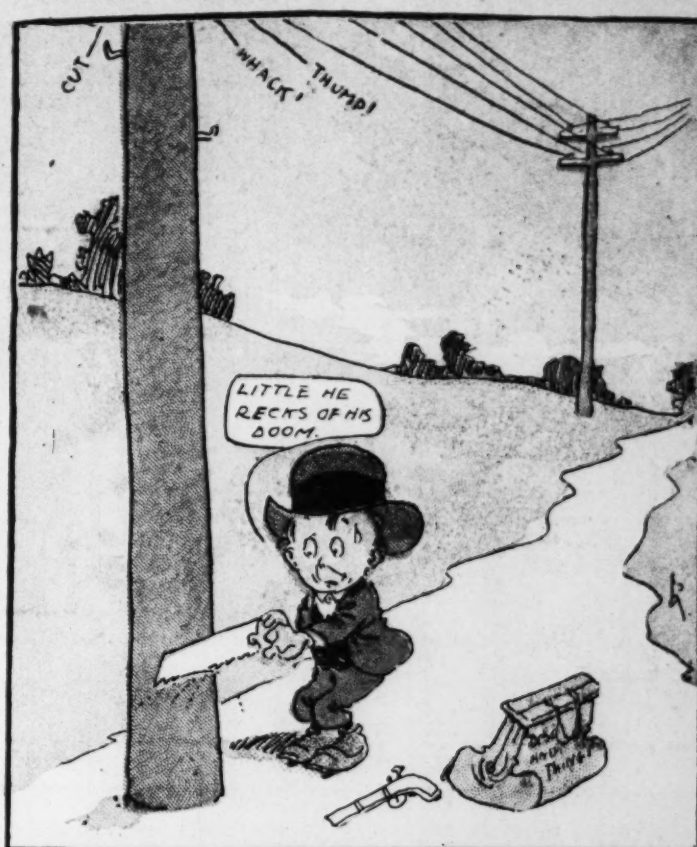
1.—"AHA! A WIRE-TAPPER!"



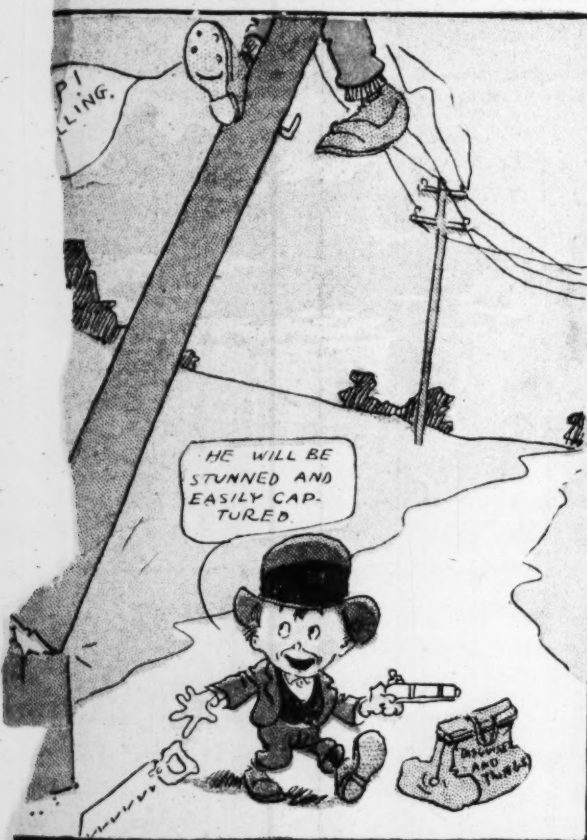
2.—"SEE! HE CLIMBS THE POLE!"



3.—"BUT I AM ON HIS TRACK!"



4.—"UNFORTUNATE WRETCH."



5.—"AHA! MY PLAN WORKS!"



6.—"NOW TO CAPTURE HIM!"



7.—"YOW!"



8.—"JUST THEN A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED."

LITTLE WILLIE, THE GOAT, MADGE, PERCY AND THE HAMMOCK

